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THE
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2. *Remarques de M. FAYE à l'occasion de la Lettre de M. LEVERRIER.* Id. Id., p. 383–386.
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4. *Note sur la Planete intra-Mercurielle.* Par M. RADEAU, Prof. dans l'Université de Königsberg. COSMOS, Feb. 10, 1860, vol. xvi., p. 147.
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7. *Future Observations of the supposed New Planet.* By M. R. RADEAU. Monthly Notices of the Astron. Soc., March 7, 1860, vol. xx., p. 195.
8. *Sur la Nouvelle Planete annoncée par M. Lescarbault.* Par M. EMM. LIAIS. Astronomische Nachrichten, No. 1248, p. 373, April 14, 1860.
9. *Reponse à M. Liais.* Par M. RADEAU. COSMOS, vol. xvi., p. 473, May 4, 1860.
10. *On some previous Observations of supposed Planetary Bodies in transit over the Sun.* By R. C. CARRINGTON, Esq. Monthly Notices Astron. Soc., vol. xx., p. 192.

IN our articles on the Revelations of Astronomy,¹ and on the Discovery of the Planet Neptune,² we submitted to our readers

¹ *N. Brit. Rev.*, vol. vi., p. 206–256.

² *Id. Id.*, vol. vii., p. 207–247.

a popular account of the bodies of the solar and sidereal systems, and of the comets, or wandering stars, which occasionally cross them in their path. Since that time important discoveries have been made in the science, by the use of fine telescopes, and improved methods of observation; and speculation, which has hitherto performed but a small part in accelerating the march of astronomy, has begun to assert its just influence, not only in predicting the existence of new planets, but in exploring the inner life of the planetary system.

Within a few years, new satellites have been found circulating round some of the remoter planets, while the structure and condition of the planets themselves have been studied with the improved telescopes now in the hands of astronomers. No fewer than *fifty-eight* new planets, or asteroids, as they have been called from their smallness, have been discovered between Mars and Jupiter; and, what is more interesting still, M. Leverrier, one of the discoverers of Neptune, had, from theoretical considerations, suggested by irregularities in the motions of Mercury, predicted the existence of a planet, or a ring of planets, between that body and the Sun; and M. Lescarbault has actually discovered this intra-mercurial planet, while it was passing in the form of a round black spot over the disc of the Sun.

The history of this discovery, if it is a discovery, is one of the most curious chapters in the annals of science. It has been characterized as "the Romance of the New Planet;" and astronomers of no mean celebrity are now marshalled in hostile array in discussing the question of its existence.

On the 2d January 1860, M. Leverrier communicated to the Academy of Sciences a remarkable paper on the Theory of Mercury. In studying the 21 transits of that body over the Sun between 1697 and 1848, he found that the observations could not be represented by the received elements of the planet, but that they could be all represented, nearly to a second, by augmenting by 38 seconds the secular motion of the perihelion of Mercury. In order to justify such an increase, we must increase the mass attributed to Venus *one-tenth at least* of its value, which, from sixty years' meridian observations, has been found to be the four hundred thousandth part of that of the Sun. If we admit this increased mass of Venus, we must conclude, either that the secular variation of the obliquity of the Ecliptic, deduced from observations, is affected with errors by no means probable, or that the obliquity is changed by other causes wholly unknown to us. If, on the other hand, we regard the variation of the obliquity of the Ecliptic, and the causes which produce it, as well established, we must believe that the excess of motion in the perihelion of Mercury is due to some unknown action.

"I do not intend," says M. Leverrier, "to decide absolutely between these two hypotheses. I wish only to draw the attention of astronomers to a grave difficulty, and to make it the subject of a serious discussion." We must therefore, as he suggests, find a cause which shall impress upon the perihelion of Mercury these 38 seconds of secular motion, without producing any other sensible effect upon the planetary system.

M. Leverrier then shows that a planet between Mercury and the Sun, the size of Mercury, situated at half his mean distance from the Sun, if moving in a circular orbit slightly inclined to that of Mercury, would produce the 38 seconds of secular motion in his perihelion. But when he considers that such a planet would *have certainly a very great brightness*, he cannot think that it would be invisible at its greatest elongation, or during total eclipses of the Sun.

"All these difficulties," he adds, "disappear, if we admit, in place of a single planet, small bodies circulating between Mercury and the Sun;" and he thinks their existence not at all improbable, seeing that we have already a ring of 58 such bodies between Mars and Jupiter. As these bodies must frequently pass over the Sun's disc, he advises astronomers to search for them with care.

With the view of discovering these bodies, M. Faye, the distinguished colleague of M. Leverrier, has submitted the following plan of operation. Considering that the brightness of the region round the Sun will not permit us to see such small planets as those indicated by M. Leverrier, he proposes that observations should be made during the darkness of solar eclipses, and particularly during that of July next. Instead of following the Sun to the last moment of total darkness, he suggests that the observer should keep in the dark for a quarter of an hour, in order that his eye should be more sensitive at the decisive moment, in order to perceive the smallest speck of light that may radiate from the neighbourhood of the Sun. We would add to the suggestion, that if he fancies he sees such a luminous speck, he should look away from it, in order to throw its image on a more sensitive part of the retina,—a process which has enabled astronomers to see a satellite of Saturn, invisible when looked at directly. In such a search, it is not less important that the pupil should, if necessary, be expanded by belladonna or hyoscyamus, in order to embrace the whole pencil of rays which fall upon the object-glass of his telescope.

M. Faye proposes also, as suggested by Sir J. Herschel, that in several observatories, suitably chosen, the Sun should be photographed several times a-day, by the help of a large instrument. "I have myself," he says, "shown how to give to these photo-

graphs the value of an astronomical observation, by taking two impressions on the same plate after an interval of two minutes. It will be sufficient to superpose the transparent negatives of this size, taken at a quarter of an hour's interval, to distinguish immediately the moveable projection of an asteroid in the middle of the most complex groups of small spots."

While these two distinguished astronomers were occupied with this inquiry, and inventing methods of discovering the disturber of Mercury, they were little aware that a humble individual had cut the knot which they proposed to untie.

During the last century, various continental astronomers had observed, among the spots that so frequently appear on the Sun's surface, one more round than the rest, and had fortunately recorded the fact, and the date of its appearance. They do not seem, however, to have suspected that it might be a planet, and therefore did not attempt to trace it across the Sun's disc, or to watch for its reappearance. The phenomenon was at last seen by a more sagacious observer, who was able to appreciate its importance, and anxious to trace it to its cause. This observer was M. Lescarbault, a doctor of medicine of the Faculty of Paris, and carrying on his profession at Orgeres, a small town in the arrondissement of Chateaudun, in the department of the Eure and the Loire. Having been fond of astronomy from his infancy, and having since 1837 observed that the law of Bode was far from representing accurately the distances of the planets from the Sun, he imagined that, independently of the four small planets, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, which Piazzi, Olbers, and Harding had, between 1801 and 1807, discovered in the wide space between Mars and Jupiter, there might be another elsewhere. But as he was then situated, he found it difficult to make the necessary observations.

When he was watching the transit of Mercury over the Sun, on the 8th May 1845, the idea occurred to him, that if there was any other planet between the Sun and the Earth than Venus and Mercury, it ought to be seen in its passages across the disc of that luminary; and that, by frequently observing the margin of the Sun's disc, we ought to see the appearance of a black spot entering upon the Sun, and traversing his disc, in a line of a greater or less length.

At this time it was impossible for him to institute this plan of observation, and it was not till 1853 that he was able to commence it. Between 1853 and 1858, he seldom directed his telescope to the sun; but in 1858, when he had a terrace at his command, he constructed a rude instrument, by which he could measure, within a degree nearly, the angle of position; and he tested its accuracy by measuring the position of spots on the

Moon, and comparing his observations with a map of that satellite published by John Dominique Cassini.

This instrument was a telescope, with an object-glass about four inches in aperture, and four feet ten inches in focal length, made in 1838 by M. Cauche, and having a magnifying power of 150 times. The finder of the telescope magnified six times. In the focus of both telescopes were placed three parallel vertical wires, and three parallel horizontal ones, the distance between the two outermost being from 32 to 34 minutes. A circle of card-board, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and divided in its circumference to half degrees, was placed on the eye-piece of the finder, and concentric with it. The telescope had a vertical and horizontal motion, and was supported by a wooden pillar with three feet, the points of which rested on a frame also with three feet, and having screws, in order to level the instrument.

With his telescope thus mounted, and by the aid of other pieces of rude apparatus, which it is unnecessary to describe, he was able to measure the distance of any well-defined spot on the Sun's disc from its margin.

Whenever our observer expected that the duties of his profession would allow him a little leisure for observation after mid-day, he regulated his watch by the Sun's passing the meridian, by means of a small transit instrument; and having adjusted the rest of his apparatus, he directed his telescope to the Sun, and, during a period varying from half an hour to three hours, he surveyed the whole contour of the Sun's disc, keeping his eye at the eye-glass.

After these repeated surveys of the great luminary, he was at last gratified with the object of his ambition. On the 26th March 1859, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he saw a black point enter the Sun's disc. Its circumference was well defined. Its angular diameter, as seen from the Earth, was very small; and he estimated it as much less than one-fourth of that of Mercury, which he had seen with the same telescope and the same magnifying power when it passed over the Sun on the 8th May 1845.

The following are the observations which he recorded.¹

The black spot entered upon the Sun's disc at a point $57^{\circ} 22'$

¹ The position of Orgeres on the best map of France is in

North Latitude,	40° 8' 55"
Longitude W. of the Observatory of Paris,	0 2 35

On the 26th March 1859,

The Mean time at True Noon at Orgeres was	Oh. 5m. 53.05s. P.M.
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The Sidereal time at Mean Noon,	0 13 35.47 P.M.
---------------------------------	-----------------

The True time at Mean Noon,	11 54 6.87 A.M.
-----------------------------	-----------------

30' to the west of the upper extremity of the vertical diameter of the Sun, at

True time at Orgerea,	3h.	59m.	46s.	P.M.
Mean Solar time at Orgerea,	4	5	36	P.M.
Sidereal time,	4	19	52	
Mean Solar time at Paris,	4	8	11	P.M.

In these numbers there is a possible error of from 1 to 5 seconds, which must be added.

The black spot emerged from the Sun's disc at a point 85° 45' 0" to the west of the lower extremity of the Sun's vertical diameter, at

True time at Orgerea,	5h.	16m.	55s.	P.M.
Mean Solar time at Orgerea,	5	22	44	P.M.
Sidereal time,	5	37	14	
Mean Solar time at Paris,	5	25	18	P.M.

The black spot was at its least distance from the centre of the Sun at

True time at Orgerea,	4h.	38m.	20s.	P.M.
Mean Solar time at Orgerea,	4	44	11	P.M.
Sidereal time,	4	58	33	
Mean Solar time at Paris,	4	46	45	P.M.

The time which the black spot took to pass over the Sun's disc was,

In Mean Solar time,	1h.	17m.	9s.
In Sidereal time,	1	27	22

The least distance from the Sun's centre was 0° 15' 22.3"

The distance between the points of entry and emergence was 9' 13.6", and

The Sidereal time necessary to describe the Sun's diameter would have been 4h. 29m. 9s.

After giving these results, M. Lescarbault expresses his conviction that, on a future day, a black spot, perfectly round and very small, will be seen passing over the Sun in a line situated in a plane comprised between 54° and 74°, and that this orbit will cut the plane of the Earth's orbit towards 183° in passing from the south to the north.

"This point," he continues, "will very probably be the planet whose path I observed on the 26th March 1859, and it will be possible to calculate all the elements of its orbit. I am persuaded also that its distance from the Sun is less than that of Mercury, and that this body is the planet, or one of the planets, whose existence in the vicinity of the Sun M. Leverrier had made known a few months ago, by that wonderful power of calculation which enabled him to recognise the conditions of the existence of Neptune, and fix its place at the confines of our planetary system, and trace its path across the depths of space."

The letter of which we have given the substance was dated the 22d December 1859, and was brought to M. Leverrier by M. Vallée, Honorary Inspector-General of Roads and Bridges; and he was led, from the details which it contained, to place in them a certain degree of confidence. He was surprised, however, that M. Lescarbault, when he had made such a remarkable discovery, should have allowed *nine months* to elapse without communicating it. This delay, which was not sufficiently justified by the statement that he wished to see the black spot again before he made his discovery public, induced M. Leverrier to set out immediately for Orgeres, to which he was accompanied by M. Vallée, Junior Engineer of Roads and Bridges.

On their arrival at Orgeres, without any previous notice, they found in M. Lescarbault a man who had been long devoted to scientific pursuits, surrounded with instruments and apparatus of every kind constructed by himself, and provided even with a small revolving cupola. He permitted his visitors to examine in the most careful manner the instruments which he used, and he gave them the most minute explanations regarding his works, and especially regarding all the circumstances of the transit of the planet over the Sun.

The entry of the planet on the Sun's disc was not observed by him, as might be inferred from his letter. It had, before he saw it, described a line of some seconds on the Sun's face, and it was only from an estimate of its velocity that he deduced the time of its entry.

The angles of position relative to a vertical line were measured in the way he has described in his letter; and it was by transferring these observations to a celestial sphere that he was able to determine the length of the chord described by the planet, and to ascertain the time that it would take to traverse the whole disc of the Sun.

The explanations of M. Lescarbault, and the simplicity with which they were given, inspired M. Leverrier and his friend with the most perfect conviction that the observations deserve to be admitted into science, and that the long delay in publishing them arose only from a modest and calm reserve, which may be expected at a distance from the agitation of towns. It was an article in *Cosmos*, on M. Leverrier's theory of the perturbation of Mercury, that induced M. Lescarbault to break the silence which he had so long preserved.

In submitting to calculation the data supplied by observation, M. Leverrier has found that the chord described by the planet over the Sun's disc is $9^{\circ} 17'$, and the time of traversing the whole disc 4h. 26m. 48s.,—numbers which differ very little from those of Lescarbault, and proving that he had taken great pains in the graphical deductions from his observations, and that the

observations themselves possessed a certain accuracy in spite of the imperfect means by which they were obtained.

The time of the planet's transit will give us its distance from the Sun only on the hypothesis of a circular orbit. On this hypothesis, half the major axis of the orbit will be 0.147, that of the Earth being unity. Hence the time of its revolution will be 19 days 17 hours.

The angles of position have enabled M. Leverrier to compute the geocentric longitudes and latitudes of the planet at its entrance and emergence; and, by assuming its distance from the Sun as 0.1427, to determine the heliocentric longitudes and latitudes, and fix the inclination of its orbit at $12^{\circ} 10'$, and the longitude of the ascending node at $12^{\circ} 59'$.

According to M. Lescarbault's observation of Mercury when passing over the Sun in 1845, the diameter of that planet was certainly quadruple of the apparent diameter of the planet observed on the 26th March 1859. Considering the masses as proportional to the volumes, M. Leverrier concludes that the mass of this last planet is only the *seventeenth* part of the mass of Mercury,—a mass too small, at the distance at which it is placed, to produce the whole of the anomaly which he had found in the motion of the perihelion of Mercury.

The new planet, in consequence of the small radius of its orbit, will never have a greater elongation, or distance from the Sun, than 8° ; and as the whole light which it sends to us is, according to Leverrier, more feeble than that of Mercury, we may readily understand why it had not hitherto been seen.

Such is the account M. Leverrier gave, at the public meeting of the Academy of Sciences on the 2d of January last, of his visit to Orgeres, and of the conclusions which he has drawn from M. Lescarbault's observations. It excited, as might have been expected, the liveliest interest in Paris. Exaggerated in its details, and embellished every time it was told, the scientific melodrama of Orgeres was the only topic of converse at the seances of philosophy and in the salons of fashion. Garibaldi and the weather ceased to interest the Parisians; and the village doctor, in his extempore observatory, and his round black spot, appropriately bearing the name of VULCAN, were the only subjects of discussion, and the only objects of learned and unlearned admiration.

Leverrier was of course the lion in every gay salon, and was obliged to recount the story of his journey to Orgeres in its dramatic phase, and without the reserve which was required in his communication to the Institute. On one of these occasions, when he was detailing the motives, the incidents, and the results of his visit to Lescarbault to a brilliant party at the house of his father-in-law, M. Choquet, he was fortunate enough to have

among his audience the celebrated savant M. L'Abbé Moigno, who has reproduced in his *Cosmos*¹ the fascinating history, as it fell from the lips of the greatest astronomer of the age.

For a long time M. Leverrier refused to attach any credit to the reports which reached him on the subject. He could not believe that the discovery of a new planet could have been kept secret for *nine* months, and that a humble village doctor could have been the person to discover it. As the Director of the Imperial Observatory, however, it was his duty to inquire into the truth of the report; and having a personal interest in the question as the predictor of a planet near the Sun, he resolved to enter upon the investigation. Lescarbault's letter to himself, of the 22d December, confirmed him in this resolution; and though he had a secret conviction that the story might be true, yet the predominant feeling in his mind was to unmask an attempt to impose upon him, as the person more likely than any other astronomer to listen to the allegation that his prophecy had been fulfilled.

He accordingly set out from Paris by railway, on Friday the 30th December, accompanied by M. Vallée as a witness of the stern inquisition which he was about to institute. Orgeres was unfortunately twelve miles distant from the nearest station, and our travellers were obliged to perform the journey on foot. On their arrival at the house of M. Lescarbault, M. Leverrier knocked loudly at the door; and when the Doctor himself had opened it, his visitor declined to give his name and his titles.

"One should have seen M. Lescarbault," says Abbé Moigno, "so small, so simple, so modest, and so timid, in order to understand the emotion with which he was seized, when Leverrier, from his great height, and with that blunt intonation which he can command, thus addressed him: 'It is then you, sir, who pretend to have observed the intra-mercurial planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your observation secret for nine months. I warn you that I have come here with the intention of doing justice to your pretensions, and of demonstrating either that you have been dishonest or deceived. Tell me, then, unequivocally what you have seen.' The lamb, as the Abbé calls the Doctor, trembled at this rude summons from the lion, and, unable to speak, he stammered out the following reply: 'On the 26th March, about four o'clock, I directed my telescope to the Sun, as I had been in the habit of doing, when, to my surprise, I observed, at a small distance from its margin, a black spot well defined and perfectly round, and advancing with a very sensible motion upon the disc of the Sun. Unfortunately, however, a customer arrived. I came down from

¹ January 6th, 1860, vol. xvi., p. 22.

the observatory, and in this painful situation I replied as I best could to the inquiries which were made, and returned to the observatory. The round spot had continued its transit; and I saw it disappear at the opposite margin of the Sun, after having been projected upon his disc for nearly an hour and a half.' 'You will then have determined,' asks Leverrier, 'the time of the first and last contact; and are you aware that the observation of the first contact is one of such extreme delicacy that professional astronomers often fail in observing it?' 'Pardon me, sir,' replies the Doctor, 'I do not pretend to have seized the precise moment of contact. The round spot was upon the disc when I first perceived it. I measured carefully its distance from the margin, and, expecting that it would describe an equal distance, I counted the time which it took to describe this second distance, and I thus determined approximately the instant of its entry.' 'To count the time is easy to say, but where is your chronometer?' 'My chronometer is a watch with minutes, the faithful companion of my professional journeys.' 'What! with that old watch, showing only minutes, dare you talk of estimating seconds? My suspicions are already too well founded.' 'Pardon me,' was the reply, 'I have also a pendulum which nearly beats seconds.' 'Show me this pendulum,' says Leverrier. The Doctor goes up stairs, and brings down a silk thread, to which an ivory ball was suspended. 'I am anxious to see how skilfully you can thus reckon seconds.' The lamb acquiesces. He fixes the upper end of the thread to a nail, and after the ivory ball has come to rest, he draws it a little from the vertical, and counts the number of oscillations corresponding with a minute on his watch, and thus proves that his pendulum beats seconds. 'This is not enough,' replies the lion; 'it is one thing that your pendulum beats seconds, but it is another that you have the sentiment of the second beaten by your pendulum in order that you may count the seconds in observing.' 'Shall I venture to tell you,' says the lamb, 'that my profession is to feel pulses and count their pulsations? My pendulum puts the second in my ears, and I have no difficulty in counting several successive seconds.'

"'This is all very well for the chapter of time,' says the Director; 'but in order to see so delicate a spot, you require a good telescope. Have you one?' 'Yes, sir, I have succeeded, not without difficulty, privation, and suffering, to obtain for myself a telescope. After practising much economy, I purchased from M. Cauche, an artist little known, though very clever, an object-glass nearly four inches in diameter. Knowing my enthusiasm and my poverty, he gave me the choice among several excellent ones; and as soon as I made the selection, I mounted it on a stand with all its parts; and I have recently indulged myself with a re-

volving platform, and a revolving roof, which will soon be in action.' The lion went to the upper story, and satisfied himself of the accuracy of the statement. 'This is all well,' says he, 'in so far as the observation itself is concerned; but I want to see the original memorandum which you made of it.'

"'It is very easy,' answered the Doctor, 'to say you want it; but though this note was written on a small square of paper, which I generally throw away or burn when it is of no further use, yet it is possible I may still find it.' Running with fear to his *Connaissance des Temps*,¹ he finds the note of the 26th March 1859 performing the part of a marker, and covered with grease and laudanum. The lion seizes it greedily, and, comparing it with the letter which M. Vallée had brought him, he exclaims: 'But, sir, you have falsified this observation; the time of emergence is four minutes too late.' 'It is,' replied the lamb. 'Have the goodness to examine it more narrowly, and you will find that the four minutes is the error of my watch, regulated by sidereal time.' 'This is true; but how do you regulate your watch by sidereal time?' 'I have a small telescope—here it is—which you will find in such a state as to enable me to obtain the time to a second, or even to some fractions of a second.'

Satisfied on this point, Leverrier then wished to know how he determined the two angular co-ordinates of the points of contact, of the entry and emergence of the planet, and how he measured the chord of the arc which separates these two points. Lescarbault told him that this was reduced to the measuring the distances of these points from the vertical, and the angles of position, which he did by the systems of parallel axes we have mentioned, and the divided circle of card-board placed upon his finder.

Leverrier next inquired if he had made any attempt to deduce the planet's distance from the Sun from the period of four hours which it required to describe an entire diameter of the Sun. The Doctor confessed that he had many attempts to do this, but, not being a mathematician, he had not succeeded; and that this failure was the reason why he had delayed the announcement of his discovery. Leverrier having asked for the rough draught of these calculations, the Doctor replied, "My rough draughts! Paper is rather scarce with us. I am a joiner as well as an astronomer. I calculate in my workshop, and I write upon the boards; and when I wish to use them in new calculations, I

¹ The Abbé Moigno here adds, parenthetically, the following mysterious passage:—"For he possesses the *Connaissance des Temps*; and he does not leave it in the state of a book with its leaves uncut, as we have seen in the Imperial Observatory, where, for a season, the *Nautical Almanack* reigns sovereign."

remove the old ones by planing." On visiting, however, the carpenter's shop, they found the board, with its lines and its numbers in chalk still unobliterated.

When this cross-questioning, which had lasted an hour, was finished, Leverrier was convinced that an intra-mercurial planet had really been seen, and, with a grace and dignity full of kindness, he congratulated Lescarbault on the important discovery which he had made. Anxious to obtain some mark of respect for the discoverer of Vulcan, Leverrier made inquiry concerning his private character, and learned from the village curé, the juge de paix, and other functionaries, that he was a skilful physician, and a worthy man. With such high recommendations, M. Leverrier requested from M. Rouland, the Minister of Public Instruction, the decoration of the Legion of Honour for M. Lescarbault. The minister, in a brief but interesting statement of his claim, communicated this request to the Emperor, who, by a decree dated January 25th, conferred upon the village astronomer the honour so justly due to him. His professional brethren in Paris were equally solicitous to testify their regard; and MM. Felix Roubaud, Legrande, and Caffé, as delegates of the scientific press, proposed to the medical body, and to the scientific world in Paris, to invite Lescarbault to a banquet in the Hotel de Louvre, on the 18th of January.¹ A similar offer had been made to him by his professional admirers in Chartres and Blois; but he declined all these invitations, pleading as an excuse his simple and retired habits, and the difficulty of leaving the patients under his care.

The interesting documents which we have attempted to analyze and abridge, excited the greatest sensation in every part of Europe; and the records of astronomical observations were diligently searched, in order to find if any round black spots had been seen on the disc of the Sun. Astronomers, too, of all ranks, whether occupying well-furnished observatories, or supplied only with a telescope and a darkening glass, have been watching the little planet during the time when it was likely to pass over the Sun. No rediscovery of it, however, has yet been made; but very interesting cases have been found in which a round black spot has been seen upon the Sun.

M. Wolff of Zurich, in his last publication on the solar spots, had, in 1859, given a list of no fewer than twenty observations or affirmations, made since 1762, that a black spot had passed across the Sun. Mr Carrington has added other cases, the most important of which are contained in the following list:—

Dlaudacher, . . .	1762, End of February.
Lichtenberg, . . .	1762, November 19th.

¹ *Cosmos*, Feb. 3e, 1860, vol. xvi., p. 115.

Hoffmann, . . .	1764, Beginning of May.
Scheuten and Crefeld, . . .	1764, June 6th.
Daugos, ¹ . . .	1798, January 18th, 2 p.m.
Fritsch, . . .	1802, October 10th.
Capel Loft, . . .	1818, January 6th, 11 a.m.
Stark, . . .	1819, October 9th.
Stark, ² . . .	1820, February 12th, 12h.
Steinhübel, . . .	1820, February 12th.
Schmidt, . . .	1847, October 11th, 9 a.m.

Upon comparing the three observations of Daugos, Fritsch, and Stark, made in 1798, 1802, and 1819, M. Wolff found that they were satisfied by a planet whose period of revolution is $38\frac{1}{2}$ days, or, what is the same thing, $19\frac{1}{2}$ days; which agrees so remarkably with the number 19.7, deduced by Leverrier from the observations of Lescarbault, that we cannot ascribe it to chance.

Upon the supposition that the black spots seen upon the Sun by the astronomers above-mentioned are bodies between Mercury and the Sun, M. Wolff is of opinion that the observations can only be reconciled by the admission of at least *three* intra-mercurial planets.

In the number of *Cosmos* of the 10th February 1860, M. Radeau, of the University of Königsberg, has submitted to calculation the observations of the French physician, and he finds, upon the supposition of a circular orbit, that the mean distance of the planet from the Sun will be 0.143, and its period of revolution 19.7 days. But as we are not authorized to adopt a circular orbit, he assumes 0.25 as the superior limit of the distances of Vulcan, and finds that the aphelion distance ought still to be less than 0.25; and in making it vary from 0.206 to 0.25, he concludes that the eccentricity ought to exceed a limit which varies from 0 to 0.176, and that the superior limit of the mean distance of

¹ *Astron. Jahrbuch*, 1804, p. 185.

² This black spot was nearly twice the apparent diameter of Mercury. "At noon," says Canon Stark, "this spot was 11' 20" distant from the east limb, and 14' 17" from the south limb of the Sun; and at 4h. 23m. in the evening it was no longer to be seen. The appearance was rather indicative of the transit of a planetary heavenly body, having its path included within that of Mercury, than of a solar spot."—*Meteorologische Jahrbuch*, 1820.

This remarkable observation has been confirmed, says Mr Carrington, in a passage of a letter from Olbers to Bessels, dated 20th June 1820 (*Corr.*, vol. ii., p. 162): "What do you say to Steinhübel's observation of a dark, round, well-defined spot, which on the 12th of February of this year completed its transit across the Sun's disc in *five* hours? If the thing is a fact, it indicates a planet interior to the orbit of Mercury."

The spot, called small and sub-elliptic, and 6 or 8 seconds in diameter, seen by Capel Loft on the 6th January 1818, was observed about 2½h. p.m. considerably advanced on the Sun's disc, and a little west of the Sun's centre. It was seen also by Mr Acton. "Its rate of motion seemed inconsistent with that of the solar rotation, and both in figure, density, and regularity of path, it seemed utterly unlike floating scoria. In short, its progress over the Sun's disc seems to have exceeded that of Venus in transit."—*Monthly Magazine*, January 10, 1818.

the planet will vary from 0.206 to 0.221. The mean distance, therefore, will always be less than 0.221, and the period of revolution less than 38 days.

These results he endeavours to confirm by the aid of the two German observations, of the 10th October 1802, and the 19th October 1819. M. Wolff combines them with the observation of the 18th January 1798; but M. Radeau objects to this, as the angular distance between January 18th and October 10th being only 100 degrees, he must, on the hypothesis of a period of 38.5 days, give the orbit an inclination of less than $1^{\circ} 5'$, in order to explain two transits taking place at distances of at least 40° from the nodes, and less than $2^{\circ} 5'$ even for a period of 20 days; whereas the inclination of the orbit of Vulcan is certainly between 11° and $12^{\circ} 2'$. The planet, or rather the black spot of 1798, cannot have been Vulcan, if we wish to identify with it the planet of 1802 and 1819.

Our limits will not permit us to follow M. Radeau in his other calculations, from which he calculates that it will be possible, in China, to see Vulcan upon the Sun's disc on the 4th of April, at 2 o'clock in the morning; and that transits continuing about 4 hours, would be visible at Paris on the 29th March about noon, on the 2d April between noon and 5 o'clock, and on the 7th April between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M., continuing 4 hours. None of these transits, however, have been seen.

In the copy of M. Radeau's paper communicated to the Astronomical Society¹ by M. D'Abbadie, we find the following concluding paragraph:—

"On July 18th, 1860 (the day of the great total eclipse), the places of Vulcan, excluding irregularities of motion, would be, on the four suppositions that the periods are 32.0, 27.35, 30.73, and 26.99,

Geocentric latitude, . . . $+1^{\circ} 1', +0^{\circ} 6', +1^{\circ} 2', -1^{\circ} 3'.$
 Geocentric longitude, . . . $112^{\circ} 5', 122^{\circ}, 119^{\circ}, 125^{\circ} 5'.$

The Sun's longitude will then be 116° , that of Jupiter 124° , and its latitude $0^{\circ} 5'$.

"On that day, therefore, Vulcan must be looked for in a zone beginning at 2° , or *four* Sun's diameters to the south of Jupiter, passing a little to the west of the latter, in nearing the Sun within 1° or *two* diameters, and finishing 4° to the south-west of the Sun."

In a letter to M. Laugier, published in the *Comptes Rendus* on the 5th March 1860, M. Rod. Wolff discusses the four observations of black spots on the Sun which were observed between 1798 and 1859.

¹ *Notices*, March 9th, 1860, vol. xx., p. 197.

Dangos,	1798, January 16th,	1,725 days =	82 × 21·037 days.
Fritsch,	1802, October 10th,	6,208 "	= 296 × 20·973 "
Stark,	1819, October 9th,	126 "	= 6 × 21·000 "
Stark,	1820, February 2d,	14,287 "	= 6·0 × 21·010 "
Lescarbault,	1859, March 26th.		

M. Wolff concludes from the above numbers that these five transits may be explained by a planet whose synodical revolution is 21 days, and sidereal revolution 19·9 days; and he adds, that the factors, 82, 296, 6, and 680, being even numbers, would entitle us to adopt a synodical revolution of 42 days—a result which the observations of M. Lescarbault do not authorize.

The history of astronomy presents us with few instances in which her observations have proved false, or her observers faithless. The telescopes of one age have corrected, doubtless, the imperfect forms of sidereal groups and planetary bodies as observed in another, and the astronomical tables of the present day have thrown into the shade the calculations and predictions of earlier times; but we have no instance in which the discovery of a primary planet, or even of a satellite, has been long the subject of doubt or of controversy. Such a case has now occurred, and one which may long remain a source of disquiet, personal, if not national, in our planetary annals.

When the astronomers of the Old and the New World, and especially our distinguished friends beyond the Channel, were rejoicing in the discovery of a planet in the very presence of the Sun—a discovery predicted by one French astronomer and confirmed by another, and one likely to suggest some new phase in the condition of planetary life,—when this excitement was at its height, the fortunate astronomer decorated with the Legion of Honour, and the salons of fashion instinct with scientific life,—an eminent astronomer, and that astronomer a Frenchman, has presented himself boldly in the face of Europe, not only to question the existence of such a body, but to charge its discoverer with dishonesty, and impugn the very theoretical principles on which one of the greatest astronomers of the age had foretold its discovery.

M. Liais, a French astronomer in the service of the Brazilian Government,¹ and himself the discoverer of a comet on the 26th February last, has just published in a Danish journal a severe criticism of the letter of M. Lescarbault and the calculations of Leverrier. This paper, entitled *Sur la Nouvelle Planete annoncée par M. Lescarbault*, is divided into four heads, as follows:—

1. The observation of Dr Lescarbault is false.
2. Contrary to the assertion of M. Leverrier, every planet

¹ M. Liais is President of the Commission charged with the revision of the map of the coasts of Brazil.

nearer the Sun than Mercury will be more visible, with telescopes, in the vicinity of the Sun than he is.

3. That in eclipses of the Sun the planet of Lescarbault **has** not been seen.

4. M. Leverrier's hypothesis, that there is a powerful disturbing cause between Mercury and the Sun, is founded on **the** supposition that astronomical observations have a precision of which they are not susceptible.

1. In support of the first of these bold assertions, our author states that, *at the very time* when the French astronomer was looking at the black spot on the Sun's face, he, M. Liais, was examining the Sun with a telescope of *twice* the magnifying power, and did not perceive it. This observation was made in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, at St Domingos, when M. Liais was carefully determining the decrease in the luminosity of the Sun from its centre to its circumference, and from its equator to its poles. The first of these observations was made between 11h. 4m. and 11h. 20m., and from the interruption of clouds the second was made between 12h. 42m. and 1h. 17m., on the very part of the Sun where M. Lescarbault saw the planet enter, and at a time when it must have been during a period of 12 minutes on the Sun's disc, and 1'4 from its margin. "This quantity," says M. Liais, "is too great to be accounted for by the difference of the parallaxes of Orgeres and St Domingos;" and consequently, when I made my last comparison, I ought to have seen upon the Sun the black spot in question if it had been seen at Orgeres." It is certainly not easy to conceive how M. Liais could have missed seeing the black spot, when he was using a fine telescope, and making such a nice observation on the light of the Sun's disc at the very place where the planet should have been; and had he continued his observations even for a few minutes longer, we should have admitted the force of his argument; but *twelve* minutes is so short a time, that it is just possible that the planet may not have entered upon the Sun during the time that he observed it. Still, however, he is entitled to assert, as he does, "that he is in a condition to deny, in the most positive manner, the passage of a planet over the Sun *at the time* indicated."

M. Liais proceeds to support his astronomical fact by a moral argument, which, we think, has not much force. He says, what is true, that Lescarbault contradicts himself in having first asserted that he saw the planet enter upon the Sun's disc, and having afterwards admitted to Leverrier that it had been on the disc some seconds before he saw it, and that he had merely inferred the time of its entry from the rate of its motion afterwards.

¹ The difference of longitude of Orgeres is assumed to be 3h.; but if this is not correct, the conclusions of our author are untenable.

"If this one assertion then," says M. Liais, "be fabricated, the whole may be so;" a conclusion which we cannot accept. These arguments M. Liais considers to be strengthened by the assertion, which, as we have seen, perplexed Leverrier himself, that if M. Lescarbault had actually seen a planet on the Sun, he could not have kept it secret for nine months.

2. The assertion of our author, in opposition to that of Leverrier, that the planet, if one existed, ought to be seen in the vicinity of the Sun, is not so easily answered.

In support of this opinion, he enters into an elaborate calculation of the brightness of the planet Vulcan compared with that of Mercury. He asserts that, from its proximity to the Sun, it must be $7\frac{1}{2}$ times brighter than Mercury. But Mercury has been seen by himself and others within 7° or 8° of the Sun, and therefore, assuming the diameter of Vulcan to be $2''\ 5$ (for which he assigns good reasons from Lescarbault's observations), the total light which it sends to the Earth will be nearly double that of Mercury; and consequently Vulcan, Leverrier's Ring of planets, ought to have been frequently seen by astronomers in the vicinity of the Sun, when they were searching for planets and comets in that locality.

3. The assertion, that the planet of Lescarbault has not been seen during eclipses of the Sun, is of course true.

As the planet Mercury has been frequently observed during solar eclipses, we might reasonably expect to have seen Vulcan; and during the many observations which will be made in the vicinity of the Sun during the time of the total eclipse in July next, and doubtless both before and after it, with this object in view, Vulcan may possibly be seen.

Taking, then, into consideration the numerous observations that have been made on the Sun and in its vicinity by so many astronomers, and with such fine telescopes, M. Liais concludes, "That if the motion of the perihelion of Mercury is due to the attraction of matter lying between the Sun and this planet, this matter does not form planets, properly so called, but must be in the state of cosmical dust, and form a part of the solar nebulousity or zodiacal light."

4. M. Liais's last observation, questioning the existence of a disturbing force requiring for its cause the existence of a planet or planets, merits, doubtless, the attention of astronomers.

The motion of the perihelion of Mercury has been deduced from twelve observed passages of this planet. Admitting the time of the planet's entrance upon the Sun's disc to be affected with refraction, M. Liais has obtained by calculation a motion of the perihelion so much less than that assumed by Leverrier, that

he can account for it by supposing the mass of Venus to be from the 10th to the 15th part greater than it is supposed to be. By admitting a possible error in the obliquity of the Ecliptic of $2\frac{1}{4}''$, and consequently an increase of one-tenth in the mass of Venus, M. Liais asserts that the whole motion in the perihelion of Mercury may be explained; and he further asserts, that by abandoning the invariability of the mean motions, which supposes a constancy in the masses of which there is no proof, the position of Mercury may be explained without supposing so great a motion in his perihelion as has been alleged.

To this remarkable paper no reply has yet been made by Leverrier, or any French astronomer. In the *Cosmos*, however, of the 4th May, we find a letter of the Abbé Moigno prefixed to a reply to M. Liais, by M. Radeau, of Koenigsberg. The Abbé is justly offended at the expression of M. Liais, "that the observation of M. Lescarbault (in reference to his not having seen the entry of the spot) is partially fabricated (*apres le coup*), on after consideration." He considers it as dispensing him from refuting it; and he adds, that in order to leave no doubt in the matter, he cheerfully accepts the short reply of M. Radeau.

Although we have great confidence in the honesty of M. Lescarbault, and anxiously hope that he has made a great discovery, we cannot admit that Professor Radeau has, on any essential point, *refuted* either the assertions or the arguments of Liais. In the first place, he states, on the authority of the *Connaissance des Temps*, that the difference of longitude between Orgeres and San Domingos is 3h. 2m., in place of 3h., as adopted by Liais; but, as he allows that the difference of parallaxes would have retarded the entry of the planet only about half a minute at San Domingos, he admits the great fact, that the planet ought to have appeared on the Sun's disc during the *eleven* minutes that M. Liais was surveying it. He then asks if M. Liais may not have made the interval of his observations—namely, 12h. 42m. to 1h. 17m.—too wide, so as to permit us to reduce these *fatal eleven* or *twelve* minutes, as he calls them, and keep the planet so much nearer the margin of the disc as to escape the notice of Liais, whose observation he considers as simply a negative one that proves little. To this M. Liais will doubtless reply, that the limit of 1h. 17m. was the limit recorded in two notes, and must therefore be held as correct.

M. Radeau then replies to the argument, that in consequence of Vulcan's superior brightness to Mercury he ought to have been seen near the Sun. Liais himself had seen Mercury within 1° of the Sun on the 14th July 1858, and with the naked eye

near the horizon, within 7° of the Sun; and therefore, *a fortiori*, a brighter, though a smaller planet, ought to have been often seen in the same region. In reply to this, M. Radeau says, that the distance, 0.1427, at which he finds Vulcan's brightness to be 7.36 times that of Mercury, is not the result of M. Lescarbault's observation, as he says it is, and that *we may, without inconvenience, suppose it equal to 0.22*; and the true distance of Mercury being 0.33 on the day mentioned, the ratio of their distances will be as 2 to 3, and the ratio of their brightness as 9 to 4—that is, as 2.25 to 1, in place of 7.36 to 1. "Hence," continues M. Radeau, "the total light emitted by Vulcan will be only *one-half*, in place of *double* that of Mercury, on the supposition that Mercury has a disc *four* times greater than that of Vulcan."

The assumption of 0.22 as the distance of Vulcan, is, we must say, wholly unjustifiable. Liai's number, 0.1427, is that which Leverrier has deduced from Lescarbault's observations; and Radeau himself, in his first paper, actually makes it, as we have seen, 0.1423, though he afterwards reduces it. It is, therefore, unfortunate that he should not have at least mentioned this important fact. His other argument, that Mercury must always be *less full*, at the same distance from the Sun, than Vulcan, though true, has no real bearing on the question; for Mercury has been very distinctly seen, and Vulcan not, when the latter was more full than the former.

Since the first notice of the discovery of Vulcan, in the beginning of January 1860, the Sun has been anxiously observed by astronomers; and the limited area round him in which the planet *must be*, if he is not upon the Sun, has doubtless been explored with equal care by telescopes of high power, and processes by which the Sun's direct light has been excluded from the tube of the telescope as well as the eye of the observer; and yet no planet has been found. This fact would entitle us to conclude that no such planet exists, if its existence had been merely conjectured, or if it had been deduced from any of the laws of planetary distance, or even if Leverrier or Adams had announced it as the probable result of planetary perturbations. If the finest telescopes cannot rediscover a planet that has a visible disc, with a power of 300, as used by Liai, within so limited an area as a circle of 16 degrees, of which the Sun is the centre, or rather within a narrow belt of that circle, we should unhesitatingly declare that no such planet exists; but the question assumes a very different aspect when it involves moral considerations. If, after the severe scrutiny which the Sun and its vicinity will undergo before, and after, and during his total eclipse in July, no planet shall be seen; and if no round black

spot, distinctly separable from the usual solar spots, shall not be seen on the solar spots, we will not dare to assert that it does not exist. We cannot doubt the honesty of M. Lescarbault; and we can hardly believe that he was mistaken. No solar spot, no floating scoria, could maintain, in its passage over the Sun, a circular and uniform shape; and we are confident that no other hypothesis but that of an intra-mercurial planet can explain the phenomena seen and measured by M. Lescarbault—a man of high character, possessing excellent instruments, and in every way competent to use them well, and to describe clearly and correctly the results of his observations. Time, however, tries facts as well as speculations. The phenomenon observed by the French astronomer may never be again seen, and the disturbance of Mercury which rendered it probable, may be otherwise explained. Should this be the case, we must refer the round spot on the Sun to some of those illusions of the eye or of the brain, which have sometimes disturbed the tranquillity of science.

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- ART. II.—1. *Funeral Sermons, preached on occasion of the Death of John Brown, D.D.* By A. THOMSON, D.D., and JAMES HARPER, D.D.
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Edited by John Brown, D.D. 1853, etc.
24. *Of the Light of Nature.* A Discourse by Nathanael Culverel,
M.A. Edited by John Brown, D.D. 1857.

THIS long list of books, great and small, learned and popular, exegetical and doctrinal, experimental and polemical, tracts for the times and discussions on truths of permanent moment, proves their author to have been, at least, a busy man. But when it is borne in mind that he was, during the period of this prolific production, pastor of a very large congregation in Edinburgh, doing constant duty, and liable to perpetual interruptions, teaching "publicly and from house to house," occupied also with ecclesiastical matters, and bearing his part in such religious and benevolent associations as every great city sustains, the preceding catalogue shows him to have been a man of incessant and extraordinary labour. Nor was it with Dr Brown as with men of an earlier period, who seem to have published all they wrote as a thing of course; for large stores of his manuscripts remain behind, not in the shape of note-books, discourses, meditations, or diaries jotted down "at sundry times," but treatises and commentaries, formally and finally prepared for the press. Nor are these books named at the head of this article collections of sermons first preached, and then cunningly remoulded and thrown into printed circulation. Each of them has a specific object,—is the elaborated defence of some truth, or the definite exposition of some book of Scripture. We could name several series of popular books, both practical and prophetic, which resemble stucco images flung out of the same mould, all very like, but none of any value, and scarce to be distinguished from one another by some slight variations of feature or attitude. But Dr Brown's works are like a gallery of statues, in which, indeed, you may see the style and mannerism of the same hand; but each piece has a history, unity, individuality, and purpose of its own. The mere ambition of authorship did not move him to this fertile diligence—it was not in youth, but in age, when he was midway between sixty and seventy, that he published the majority of his works—not to let the world see what he could do, or what he had been doing, and what now was the harvest of his life. No; he employed the press, as solemnly and prayerfully as he had used the pulpit, for the work of his Master, the welfare of the Church, and the service of the age. And he had been in no haste to assume the responsible task—one of his finished Expo-

sitions had lain in his repositories twice the Horatian period. His earliest productions, too, are the smallest; he made no precocious effort to astonish or dazzle the world when a younger man. He walked in the river when "the waters were to the ankles," ere he threw himself on the deeper billows and swam. In a word, this wondrous and successful industry sprang from the profound and unsleeping consciousness of his being a servant, with whom sloth is treason, and whose hiding of the talent is as wide a breach of trust as the squandering of it, for he felt himself bound to trade to the best advantage with all his gifts, in the hope of being greeted at length with his Lord's approval. Few men have better realized, or more steadily laboured and prayed to realize, what it is to "serve his own generation by the will of God," ere he "fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers," than he whose life, character, and works, are the subject of the following paragraphs.

Few incidents are furnished to a biographer by the life of a faithful and diligent minister, especially if he has not kept a diary, engaged in an extensive correspondence, or been tossed into stormy prominence by the current of events, but has clung to his proper functions, and tried to fulfil his course, or, like Dr Brown, has lived in his library, and not gone much into the stirring world around him. His *Life*, written by a devoted and admiring pupil, himself of no mean eminence and promise, will not startle any of its readers. Dr Cairns has not made an idol of his minister and theological teacher. He does not place him in a niche, bend the knee, and call upon others to emulate his idolatry. He has evidently written under great self-restraint, and has studiously kept himself out of view. He never kindles as he narrates, or deviates into eulogy as he advances. He breaks into no enthusiasm, but has compiled a plain unvarnished tale chiefly about the outer life of Dr Brown. He has tracked him from home to school and college, from the Divinity Hall to license and ordination, from Biggar to Rose Street and Broughton Place, from the pulpit to the professorial chair, and from health to sickness and death, and has briefly and honestly chronicled how he did his duty in these successive scenes,—what trials he met with, and how bravely he rose above them; how he preached, visited, and lectured, and what success attended his labours; how he gathered, loved, and handled his numerous books, and entertained visitors and students in his library; what volumes he has published, and what their character and their general reception. We dissent from scarcely a single word which Dr Cairns has written; but we confess we should have liked some fuller exhibition of Dr Brown's mental and spiritual progress, something more than the mere footprints of his visible career, some deeper glimpse into his inner nature,

some analysis of those minute and complex elements that make a man what he is, and which, in carving out his work for him, gird him with ability to do it. Dr Cairns will, however, be thanked by the Christian public for his calm, impartial, and graceful story, in which he simply narrates without pronouncing a verdict, presents the premises quietly and unaffectedly, and permits his readers to form their own conclusions.

The Browns have been a famous name in Scottish Dissent, or perhaps, as we may be allowed to call it, Scottish theology. The name has passed through more than one generation, like that of the Casaubons, Scaligers, Buxtorfs, Vitringas, and Turretines of other times, and the Lawsons, Heughs, Bonars, M'Cries, Gilfillans, Cooks, Vaughans, and Hills of a more recent period. The first John Brown of Haddington, so well known for his "Dictionary of the Bible" and his "Self-interpreting Bible," was a self-taught man, cradled in hardship and battling with difficulty, while he gathered in boyhood his Latin and Greek as he followed the sheep on the braes of Abernethy. Though never within the walls of a college, he acquired remarkable erudition, and was chosen at length to occupy a chair of theology. He was known throughout Scotland for his piety and learning, his retired and studious habits, and his earnest desire to throw such light on the sacred volume as should make all ordinary readers feel it to be an instructive and blessed book. It may, indeed, be said of his literary and biblical labours, as was said of his Divine Master's preaching, "the common people heard him gladly." The second John Brown, of Whitburn, was a man of primitive worth and manners, who lived and laboured in a rural district with quiet, lowly, and unostentatious zeal. The doctrines and the memory of the "Marrowmen," and other divines of Boston's period, were dear to him, and he laboured to spread and perpetuate them; for those spiritual heroes of his admiration did good work in a former day, and bore up the banner of evangelical theology when it was about to fall from other and feebler hands. His sermons were filled with quaint and pithy illustrations of Divine truth, hallowed with a savoury unction, and delivered with that musical cadence and modulation which the older people lovingly called a song.

The third and greatest John Brown has left a name more illustrious than that of his father or grandfather. Having finished his academic course at the age of sixteen, when he should have been only commencing it, he was sent out into the world to fare as best he might; for, like the majority of Scottish students, he was obliged to support himself by teaching during his theological curriculum. Leaving home with a guinea and his good father's benediction, the stripling went to Elie, on the east coast of Fife, and there taught himself and the village boys and girls

for several years. The plan so largely followed by English Non-conformists, of giving gratuitous board and education to young men studying for the ministry, is the other extreme to our thrifty mode. The Anglican way is, however, very expensive, and is attended with many failures; for after the term of study is completed, many lads of piety and promise are found to be deficient in such gifts as are essential to popular preaching. True, indeed, with us the prime student does not always turn out the prime preacher, while he who passed through the Hall unnoticed may astonish by his audacious elocution, and his self-command in the pulpit. Still, the youth who in early life is left to his own resources, and thrown into the current either to sink or to swim, is drilled into the best of lessons—that of self-reliance under the Divine blessing; for he is brought face to face with wants which nothing but his own ceaseless toil can relieve: is taught how to value money rightly, and to calculate how best to spend it, for he has earned it; and thus comes to learn what nerve and resolve are in him, and to take the measure of himself by means of those suggestive experiences and conflicts through which he has passed. Such to a young man is the lesson of lessons, and he can get it only by a process which may humble him far oftener than it may flatter him. Cramming for a competitive examination cannot impart it, and success in such rivalry is no proof that it has been mastered; for a competitive trial, which from its very nature shows the possession only of cleverness and memory, but not of general talent, leaves ungaued the noblest elements of moral tuition and discipline.

On being licensed, John Brown became at once a popular preacher, and was called to Stirling, but by Synodical decision was ordained at Biggar, 6th February 1806, the congregation there having also chosen him. Thence, after fifteen years' service, was he removed to Rose Street, and thence, after a ministry of seven years, to Broughton Place, in the pastorate of which he spent the remaining thirty years of his long life. His removal to Edinburgh gave the Secession Church a position which it had not hitherto enjoyed in the critical and literary metropolis of Scotland. Hall, indeed, was there, a man of popular gifts and dignified eloquence; and Peddie, proverbial for the ingenious inferences and the keen practical sagacity of his expositions,—qualities not confined to his discourses, for his reply to Dr Porteous of Glasgow was declared by Dugald Stewart to be one of the best specimens of the *reductio ad absurdum* in the English language. Jamieson was there too, renowned for his Scottish erudition, and not less noted for the massive thought and the earnest gravity of his sermons. We abstain on purpose from saying a word on others not belonging to Dr Brown's denomination, or we might

have referred to the shrewd and discriminative preaching of the historian M'Crie, one of whose printed discourses Dr Brown declared to be among the best ever published; to Henry Grey, so tender, impressive, and catholic; to the fervid and spiritual Gordon; and to Andrew Thomson, whose robust genius clothed itself in a fitting masculine style, and spoke with a fresh and manly elocution. Dr Brown's pulpit appearances soon attracted large audiences, many of whom came to enjoy his discourses as a literary treat; for they were clear, accurate, sober, and ratiocinative—now working out some thought with steady skill and accelerating progress, now proving some doctrine from Scripture with accumulative energy, and now urging truth on heart and conscience with the honest vehemence and majestic authority of one who felt it to be his function to “persuade men,” to “pray them in Christ's stead.”

Dr Brown's preaching, then and afterwards, had four marked characteristics. It was clear, always clear. Its clearness was its brightness. No hearer was ever at a loss for his meaning: every paragraph stood out with mathematical precision and distinctness. It was the truth given out with luminous prominence—not delicately shaded off, on the one hand, into clouded obscurity, or feebly fading away, on the other hand, into dim and intangible vagueness and uncertainty. He felt with good old Richard Baxter, that “it takes all our learning to make things plain.” He spoke of God's grace, man's guilt, Christ's love, the Spirit's influence, and the nature and necessity of faith and holiness, so lucidly, that nobody could misunderstand him, or wonder what he meant. No paragraph ever resembled the impalpable image of which Eliphaz says, “It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof.” Dr Gillies, in his biography of his father-in-law, the eminent Maclaurin, says that his style, which was clear in his younger days, grew more obscure as he grew older. No one could make such a complaint about Dr Brown. Even in those critical dissertations in which he sometimes, perhaps too often, indulged, he was easily followed step by step by a trained and intelligent audience. He had no long and involved constructions, like those of Milton, Hooker, or Sir Thomas Brown, “with many a winding bout of linked sweetness long drawn out,” but clause came after clause, each very distinct in itself and in its connection. His expositions of Divine truth were, in their uniform clearness, like the sharply-defined edges and ridges of a hill seen against the cloudless sky of a summer evening. His preaching was also “with power.” Even when, in advanced years, he took to the slavish reading of his manuscript, his “natural force was not abated.” Nothing was weak, tawdry, or effeminate about him in the pulpit: all was vigo-

rous, elevated, and effective. A living energy pervaded all his discourses. His style was felicitous, because it was the exact transcript of his thoughts, without any spasmodic abruptness, or any affectation of classic purity and grace. In the mere manufacture of periods he had no pleasure. He was a slave neither to the chaste and tuneful charms of Addison, nor the sonorous and measured parallelisms of Johnson—the twin-gods of literary homage at the commencement of the century. He did not imitate the concealed art of the one, or the open effort and laboured sweep of the other. His loud, hale, and hearty tones were no less in keeping, while his quick eye, noble form, symmetrical figure, and snowy “crown of glory,” contributed to the general impression. At the same time, he employed no rhetorical arts of intonation and gesture. He would not stoop to discharge such mimic thunder. Occasionally he raised his voice to such a pitch that one might call it a shout, and the ceiling rang again; and occasionally, as he warmed into a climax of argument or indignation, he stamped his foot so lustily, that it stilled and overawed the congregation. He preached the Gospel in its simplicity and majesty. He knew full well that the giving of mere instruction was not his whole duty, but that men’s spirits must be aroused and dealt with, and that the preacher must use every effort, work on every passion, enlist every motive, and bring every appliance to bear on those to whom he appeals. In doing this, he trusted to the power of the truth. He never entranced his audience by a series of dissolving views of marine or rural scenery. He did not wander among woods and meadows, and tell of the song of the bird or the hum of the bee, the hue of flowers or the scent of herbs; nor did he ever flit like a meteor over regions on which hovered a light that “ne’er was seen on sea or shore.” You never thought of complimenting any sentence by saying, “That’s fine;” but you were often inclined to say of a paragraph, “That’s masterly.” His power was not that of imagery, passion, or pathos, but that of ripe and solid thought. Every listener felt that the preacher had something to say, for the “burden of the Lord” was upon him, and that he must say it. His occasional hesitancy for want of the right word or selected epithet, made him all the more emphatic and memorable. A sermon of his, when in his better days, was not like a lazy rivulet, creeping in stillness through a level English landscape, but like a Scottish stream, that battles its way over every obstacle, sometimes leaps and foams, and is always showing itself to be “living water,” by its forcible current and visible speed.

Dr Brown’s preaching was eminently scriptural. We mean, not merely that he preached the truth of Scripture—a compli-

ment due to every evangelical minister—but that, in a full and felicitous way, he made Scripture its own interpreter. He had a special tact in “comparing spiritual things with spiritual;” and his frequent and favourite illustrations of Scripture were taken from Scripture. The emphatic way in which he quoted a clause was often a striking commentary upon it. We remember, for example, hearing him many years ago on Heb. viii. 1, and on the clause, “We have such an high priest.” He was telling how the sacerdotal office of Christ had been modified, explained away, and denied; how the Socinian spoke of having a friend, a counsellor, and a sympathizer, and how the Jew imagined that Christianity had no one like Aaron to stand between the living and the dead, when he gradually warmed to a white heat, and, repeating the clause, pronounced “We have” with such a resolute accent, and in a tone of such assertatory vehemence, that the delivery of the two words not only contained the whole sermon within it, but gave edge and life to the subsequent illustration. His sermons were rich in apposite quotations, the “golden pot” was filled to overflowing with the precious manna. While his discourses ranged through every portion of the Bible, its central truths were his chosen theme. To him the cross was the centre of revelation, to which all its doctrines are united in happy harmony, and from which emanate their life and splendour. He delighted to expatiate on the Gospel as the Divine scheme of mercy, and often said of the Law, in contradistinction from the Gospel, “The law never made a bad man good, nor a good man better.” “Law doctrine was never in his blood,” said one of his venerable rustic admirers. His was no negative Gospel—no tossing of Christ’s cross out of view into His tomb. He had great faith in the old Gospel—the Gospel of Peter and Paul—and had no sympathy with those philosophical harangues which sometimes either take its place, or profess to adapt it more thoroughly to the wants and tendencies of the present age. If such an attempt was only to simplify the system or improve its nomenclature, he might not object; but if, with insidious change of terms, there was also a change of belief, then he would “give place by subjection, no, not for an hour.” He held that what had achieved such triumphs in the first century could repeat them in the nineteenth century; and that the Gospel was not to be set aside by civilisation as unnecessary or superseded by philosophy as antiquated. For the spiritual relations of man to his Maker are unchanged by such adventitious circumstances; so that what was preached in Antioch, Athens, Corinth, and Rome, must be preached still in Edinburgh, London, Paris, and New York. The moral disease being radically the same, the same benign remedy must still be applied. The enlightenment of these times no more

alters man's relation to God, than it changes the elements of his humanity; and there is no need, therefore, for "another Gospel, which is not another."

Lastly, Dr Brown's preaching was, as his biographer also remarks, distinguished by its tone of authority. Not that there was any assumption of sacerdotal prerogative in it, or any attempt to acquire or wield dominion over men's faith. It was not dogmatism, on the one hand, nor the feeble and uncertain teaching of the scribes, on the other. But he did not speak in hesitation, as if he doubted what he said, or needed formally and cautiously to prove it. He was not for ever appealing to evidence, and fencing with logical parade, as if his statements were liable to challenge; but, with his open Bible before him, he solemnly and boldly announced its truths as eternal and indisputable verities. His own mind was made up; and he could not but appropriate the Apostle's motto, "We believe, therefore we speak." He was never like one arguing a case, resting it on probabilities, or placing it at the hazard of succeeding experiments; for he knew that the Gospel has a witness in every man's conscience, and he fearlessly appealed to what Tertullian has called *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*. Therefore his teaching was, to use the epithet which Longinus applies to the style of Paul, *anapodeictic*, undemonstrative—not searching for truth, but pointing it home; not deducing it, but applying and commending it as "worthy of all acceptance."

According to universal testimony, Dr Brown's preaching differed much in his riper years from what it was at the commencement of his ministry. Not that, as was the case with Chalmers at Kilmany, it ever wanted the evangelical element, or was only ethical and discursive; but it was couched in scholastic phrase, and embroidered with juvenile ornament. As the style of Edmund Burke, from its naked simplicity in his youth, grew more and more luxuriant in imagery, till in his old age it had the stiffness and the almost ungraceful richness of brocade, so Dr Brown's preaching became more and more wealthy in evangelical statement and unction, and had shed around it more and more the incense of a devotional spirit. Some of his later sacramental addresses, in tenderness and simplicity, equal, if they do not surpass, the apostolic pastorals of the late Principal Lee. We should not, therefore, call Dr Brown's preaching philosophical, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, or in the sense in which it might be applied to the sermons of Archer Butler, which, in magnificence of thought and in moral grandeur, have rarely been surpassed. Nor should we call it intellectual, in the vulgar acceptation of the epithet, as when it is applied to a style of discoursing which apes the "enticing

words of man's wisdom," and strives to mitigate the offence of the cross by obscuring the view of it, or speaking of the agonies endured upon it more as a tragedy than as an atonement, rather as a martyrdom than as a propitiation. But if the meaning be, that there is grasp of thought, visible and positive vigour of mind put forth—no dull or jejune repetition of commonplaces, but mental action creating sympathy with itself, and calling forth a hearty response and acquiescence—then Dr Brown's preaching was intellectual beyond that of many. He never neglected nor tampered with pulpit preparation, self-indulgence or procrastination was not among his sins. His commission was, "Give ye them to eat," and he strove to store up nutriment for them, in the hope and dependence that He who gave the commission would lay liberally to his hand. He never, at any period of his life, trusted to extemporaneous utterance. Every discourse was carefully thought out, and the ideas, and often the exact words, were committed to memory. A sermon was to him a solemn work, involving immense responsibility, and not merely a task to be got over on Sabbath as easily and as passably as he could. The pulpit was the scene of his power; and he would not weaken its influence by negligent preparation; "saying away," as the phrase is; filling up the prescribed period with a succession of words and sentences so loosely strung together, and so utterly inane and devoid of consecutive thought, that if a hearer falls asleep and in the course of twenty minutes awakens again, he will find the preacher much about where he left him. Dr Brown was always roused into unwonted rage when he referred to such slovenly and unfaithful practices. To show his idea of the importance of a sermon, and the anxious care and toil which it of necessity demanded, he used to quote a saying of Robert Hall's to himself: "A man of genius, sir, may produce one sermon in the week; a person of average talent may compose two; but nobody but a fool, sir, can write three." "This witness is true," though couched in the form of a paradox. Every one remembers how Lord Brougham, in his recent inaugural address as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, insists on earnest and continuous preparation and study as indispensable to successful public speaking.

Conscientious and incessant preparation was all the more needed by Dr Brown, for he was not an orator in the high sense of the word, or in the sense that Mason, Hall, and Waugh were orators. To speak of the last, as he belonged to Dr Brown's own communion, there was no comparison in many points between the two men. Dr Waugh was not simply a consummate speaker—he was an orator. While he prepared sermons with care, and could deliver them with ease and effect, still he could, on the inspiration of the moment, throw off gleaming thoughts, and pour

out streams of tenderness. He did not need, in such moods, to think continuously what he was to add, or to ponder prospectively how he was to get to a rounded conclusion. What next to say, never troubled him; how to say it, was born with him. Idea led on to idea, sentence linked itself with sentence, image rose after image, his eloquence baptized into the Spirit of Christ, and his sermons as devout as other men's prayers. His subject hurried him along, and he yielded to the impulse. Ordinary speakers, though they are good speakers, never venture far from shore, or lose sight of the headlands; but orators such as Dr Waugh, fearlessly leave all known landmarks, and commit themselves to the deep, assured that they will neither sink nor lose their way, but can return at will after their adventurous wanderings. A great deal of our best preaching, even when not given from a paper, is but the reading of manuscript by the eye of memory; but in genuine oratory, every power is brought into tense and vigorous play: not only are previous trains of cogitation brought up, but new trains are suggested and ardently pursued; the reasoning faculty soaring on the pinions of imagination, and having a wider sweep of view from its height; every fact within reach being laid under contribution, and many a stroke suggested by the consciousness that an impression is being made; language all the while starting up as it is wanted, and not waiting to be pressed into service,—the right word leaping into the right place without effort or confusion. Dr Waugh often realized this description. Earnest, self-possessed, and imaginative, he often surprised his audience by some felicitous and unexpected allusion, frequently a Scottish one,—as when illustrating the second verse of the 46th Psalm, he exclaimed, "What!" says distrust or weak faith, "were the Cheviot hills to be cast into the sea, could the shepherds be blamed for trembling?" or when, describing the revulsion of soul in the prodigal, he pictured him casting a glance at his squalid countenance and tattered robes reflected in the streamlet, then starting, looking up to heaven and shrieking in panic, "God of Abraham, is it I? To what a wretched plight have I brought myself." We might also have referred to Shanks of Jedburgh, spoken of by the elder brethren as unsurpassed in vivid description and appeal—"an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures" when preaching from a tent at a sacrament; to Jameson of Methven, a man of uncommon stamp, sometimes creeping indeed, but majestic when on the wing; and to Young of Perth, whose ardent and philosophical mind did its grandest achievements of oratory when left to itself, and unfettered by the notes of preparatory meditation.

From what has been said, it will be inferred that Dr Brown's mind was distinguished more by its vigour and clearness, than

by its depth and acuteness. His ideas were always judicious, if not always original or profound. He cared not to range among subtle and daring speculations, and though he could appreciate and admire them, he did not indulge in them. His devotion to the useful kept him from being fascinated by the novel and the recondite, by what was too high to be bound down to immediate utility, or too fine to be yoked to every-day business. Locke and Edwards seem to have been his favourite metaphysicians, on account of their clear and palpable reasonings. We say not, that he held all their views, but he reckoned them masters of thought, and maintained that it was only by a wicked and one-sided interpretation of Locke, that Condillac, Helvetius, and Comte could claim him as a patron of Sadducean sensationalism. Idealism of every form he could not away with; Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, or Ferrier, had no attractions for him. Owen, Howe, and Baxter were a triumvirate which, from familiar knowledge, he delighted to extol. Dugald Stewart also moved his admiration, though he had not been allowed to attend his class, there being the impression among evangelical men of that day—an impression not without foundation—that teachers of moral philosophy were often little better than baptized pagans. It was apparently forgotten, however, that moral obligations spring out of man's nature, and exist independently of Christianity, though it is very far wrong to refuse the light which Christianity casts on man's being and relations, and ignore the existence of that new motive power to which faith gives existence and permanence within him. Dr Brown relished the elegance and culture of Stewart's mind, the grace and purity of his style, and the precision and distinctness of his views; for he never hides himself in cloud-land, or vanishes from view amidst transcendental subtleties. Dr Brown was fond of poetry in his youth, and some of the minor poets, such as Langhorne, Penrose, and especially Charlotte Smith, were among his favourites. But his tastes grew more select as he advanced in years, though we do not think that the ethereal beauties of Wordsworth, Shelley, or Tennyson, could ever captivate him. In his later writings, as we have already intimated, there was little of the garniture of fancy. He rarely employed imagery; his illustrations were plentiful, but usually homely, and it is surely a mark of his good sense that he did not strew his pages with faded garlands. He coveted beauty of form more than luxuriance of drapery—the severer beauty of unity and life which belongs to just or striking conceptions. His mind was not like the orchard in the rich bloom of spring, but like the orchard plenshed with fruit in autumn; not like the parterre, gay with colours and laden with perfume, but like the field of grain which presents a harvest to the sickle.

From the days of Knox and Melville, the Church of Scotland had endeavoured to secure a learned ministry, trained to a knowledge of the sacred tongues and of the languages of the earliest and best versions of Scripture, and instructed in the canons of criticism, as well as in the principles, history, and application of exegetical erudition. The First Book of Discipline sketched a plan of study, wiser and wider by far than had hitherto been attempted. The literary history of the University of Glasgow begins with Melville's regency. An improved curriculum, which had been advocated by no less a man than Buchanan, was introduced into St Andrews; the College of St Mary, with four professors, was to take charge of theological tuition, in which the interpretation of the Old Testament and comparison of it with the Chaldee paraphrases and Septuagint, and the interpretation of the New Testament and collation of the original text with the Syriac version, occupied a prominent place. But the example set by the early reformers was lost in succeeding troublous times. None rose up second to Buchanan, the translator of the Psalms, and none appeared like Andrew Melville, the reformer and principal of two universities—*qui Athenas et Solymam in Scotiam induxit*. Thus the original purpose of these noble remodellers was neither definitely nor successfully carried out. No chair for the special study of the New Testament existed in any of the colleges. Systematic Theology became the engrossing study; and so minute, metaphysical, and protracted was the treatment of it occasionally, that the story goes of an Irish student, who had been a session under Dr Finlay, at Glasgow College, and who, on being asked by his presbytery, preparatory to examination, what theme had occupied the professor's time, naïvely answered, "Half an attribute." At the period of the first Secession, theological tuition was a subject anxiously pondered. Wilson, the first professor, was the most scholarly of the "Four Brethren;" but his life was short, and the professorate was held from time to time by different persons, as by Brown of Haddington on the one side, Moncrieff of Alloa and Bruce of Whitburn on the other. Lawson of Selkirk, the Christian Socrates, as Dr Brown terms him, held a chair for above thirty years. Paxton, author of the well-known "Illustrations of Scripture," was teaching at the period of the union of the Burgher and Antiburgher parties, but did not join the united church; in connection with which, and by an extension of the system, Biblical Literature was first formally lectured on by Dr Mitchell, who in 1804 had won the Claudius Buchanan prize for the best essay on the Civilisation of India, and whose praise is yet in all the churches; while Dogmatic Theology was taught by Dr Dick, whose published system has gained for itself general approval. At Dr Dick's

death, the Synod, urged mainly by Dr Brown, appointed a committee to consider the whole subject of theological education; and that committee, guided also by him, proposed an enlarged scheme which was at once adopted. Four chairs were agreed on: one of Hermeneutics, that of Dr Mitchell; one of Exegesis, to which Dr Brown was chosen; one of Systematic Theology, filled by Dr Balmer; and one of Pastoral Theology, occupied by Dr Duncan. The arrangement still continues, but is so far modified that Pastoral Theology is joined to Systematic Theology; and to the fourth chair is appointed the important subject which the Germans call *Dogmen-geschichte*, or the history of doctrine, ritual, and government.

Dr Brown had a special talent for exegesis, and it is by his exegetical labours and publications that his name will be perpetuated. It was not till some time after his ordination that he turned his mind to the critical study of Scripture, and there seem to have been few previous symptoms of such a latent taste within him. What first developed the liking it is difficult to say, but once developed, it never paused—was never satiated. Onward and onward for forty years did he advance, day after day being given to the careful and prayerful exposition of the word of God. Commentary, either more popular or more academic, became “everywhere and in all things” the business of his life, and “This one thing I do,” might have been inscribed over his study. Not only were his lectures in the pulpit exegetical, but his sermons had no little of the same aspect and character. His thoughts and conversations ranged round the unvarying themes,—editions of the Greek Testament, introductions, grammars, dictionaries, concordances, commentaries, disputed passages, difficult clauses, reconciliation of textual difficulties, better translations, and comparative merits of expositors. Dr Brown had many qualifications for an expositor besides his ardent attachment to the study—that attachment being itself the sure token of possessed qualification. The Bible was the book on which his life’s labour was spent. He felt the necessity of such a record and disclosure of God’s purposes and acts, and was wholly and vehemently opposed to all theories which taught the possibility of subjective piety without an objective revelation,—a form of spiritualism which places all religions on the same low level, and pictures each as the native outgrowth of the soul modified by temperament, experience, and education. In the inspiration of Scripture he had a firm faith. Perhaps he had no precise theory which he could minutely and scientifically expound, but he held the Bible to be God’s book—not in thought only, but in language—prophets, evangelists, and apostles, being guided by the Divine Spirit to those words by which ideas divinely communicated were expressed

without any possibility or shade of error. Therefore, in his view, the Bible could not deal loosely with facts, or fallaciously with arguments. In the Old Testament the religious revelation is imbedded in the common history, but it is never, as some pretend, like truth set in falsehood. The one cannot be disengaged from the other. If the prophet deliver a religious message not in naked purity, but in connection with some event in the annals of the people, then if the outer illustration is liable to error, the thing illustrated is not secure against corruption. How can we accept the truth expounded, if we may not receive the expository material with implicit confidence? Dr Brown therefore held to a plenary inspiration producing a book of universal and unchanging truth. Unchanging we say, for though the books of Scripture were specially adapted to the age in which they appeared, they never lose their adaptation to all ages. They may be stripped of their Hebrew costume, but eternal truth remains behind. The altar, victim, blood, vail, and priest may be taken away, but there remains behind a foreshadowed atonement in the Old Testament, and an actual propitiation in the New. Dr Brown, therefore, could not yield to the theory of Jowett, which regards the Bible as behind the age, and he has entered his stout protest in the preface to his Exposition of Romans.

As an expositor, Dr Brown had but one desire, and that was to discover the mind of the Spirit in His own word. Few expositors have felt this desire so uniformly, or have so consistently carried it out. His two questions were, What was this oracle in sense to those who first received it, and what is it still to us? And he was patient in coming to a conclusion. As when Luther and Melancthon, in translating the original Scriptures into German, sometimes spent a month over a word, so anxious were they to select the proper term, so Dr Brown, in lecturing through a book, sometimes paused in his course for weeks, when he came to some dark or difficult passage, so conscientious was he in seeking to ascertain its true meaning. This dictum, too, was often on his lips, when referring to some current but false exegesis, "This is truth, important truth, and truth taught elsewhere in Scripture, but not *the* truth contained in this passage." No one was better aware than he of the mischief done to interpretation by the application of any reigning philosophy, whether it be Aristotelian, Platonic, or Neoplatonic, whether it be that of Kant, or Locke, or Hegel; for it twists and tortures revelation to its own uses, and carries with it the sense which it proudly imposes on Scripture. Few expositors, indeed, can thoroughly divest themselves of philosophical or theological predilections, and their exegesis is unconsciously warped. They see as they wish to see, and find what they secretly hope to find.

What is in them, they read as being without them. We are bound to say that we find little or nothing of this in Dr Brown's commentaries. There are many things with which we may not agree, many points on which others seem to have led him astray, but we do not discover that any statement is the result of a foregone conclusion. These lines of Cowper were often quoted by him:

"Of all the arts sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's consent,
The worst is Scripture warped from its intent."

He valued systems very highly, and had studied the best of them, as Turretine, Mastricht, Stapfer, and Pictet. He estimated creeds and confessions at their due value, but he felt that often, when right in doctrine, they were wrong in the interpretation of many of the passages by which they defended it. He could not, therefore, linger by the cistern, where the water is apt to stagnate, but pitched his tent under the green oak, and by the living fountain. To say that he admitted the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence and enlightenment for the correct understanding of the lively oracles, would be a very feeble and inadequate statement, because his soul was filled with such a conviction, and it surrounded and hallowed all his Biblical toils. For the author of a book best knows the meaning of it, and the Spirit of truth is promised to guide into all truth. *Bene orásse est bene studuisse* is oftener quoted to point a paragraph, than actually believed and realized. But Dr Brown's friends knew that he was always as earnest and continuous in asking light from on high, as he was diligent in seeking it by literary study and research. He lived and laboured in faith, for no man is saved by theology, or a theoretic knowledge of religion. The beggar by the wayside gets as much of the sun's radiance as the astronomer who studies and understands its physical laws and constitution.

Learning is no less indispensable to honest and accurate exposition of Scripture. Dr Brown's erudition was immense and varied; ever growing, and stretching out into many spheres. For his time, his scholarship was good. In his youth, the means now at hand were not to be had; and the study of the classic tongues was, and, alas, is, not pursued in our northern universities, till authors are mastered, and the soul of the language is caught; a crude acquaintance with flexions and syntax being all that is ever dreamed of. In those days, so far as Greek was concerned, Matthiæ, Thiersch, Buttman, Kühner, Madvig, Bernhardt, and Krüger, had not given the fruits of their grammatical studies to the world. Nor did there exist many other philological treatises, that now form the best implements of the exeget. Not a few of them, either written in Latin or translated into English, Dr Brown could use at a later period; and

he did use some of them to great advantage. But his scholarship was not what it would have been, had such instruments and appliances been found in his earlier years. It was not till 1810 that Planck definitively settled the nature of New Testament Greek; and Winer's Greek Grammar, now in its sixth edition, appeared first in 1822. The first edition of the Hebrew-German Lexicon of Gesenius appeared in 1810, and the first of his Latin Manuals in 1833; his smaller Grammar was published in 1813, and his larger in 1817, but both in German. No one will suppose us to mean that Dr Brown was deficient in scholarship; but it wanted somewhat of edge, precision, and familiarity with minutiae, which nothing but early culture can furnish. Nor do we think that scholarship forms the distinctive excellence of his commentaries. While there is, generally, the manifestation of it, the exegesis is indebted more to a sound head than to acute linguistic erudition; relies more on a searching and thorough analysis, than on grammatical and lexical investigation; and appeals more to what the writer has been saying for the meaning of what he now says, than to the subtle doctrine of cases and particles, idioms and mysteries of syntax. But of this again. Though he was not a Hebrew scholar, like the men of other days, such as Lightfoot, Pocock, and Robertson, yet it may be safely asked, who of his contemporaries approached him in Hebrew exegesis, or has even published anything that may afford ground for comparison with his able exposition of the eighteenth Psalm, and of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, in his "Sufferings and Glory of the Messiah?" The system of Masclef, Parkhurst, and Wilson, so popular in his youth, had well-nigh banished the study of Hebrew from our country; and we believe that Dr Mitchell was among the first, if not the first, who publicly taught Hebrew as expounded by continental Hebraists. In all the universities at the time it seems to have been taught without points, as the technical phrase is, that is, in a meagre and miserable form.

And for this work Dr Brown had furnished himself with a magnificent library. When in Biggar he originated a ministerial library, which was provided by the congregation, and augmented yearly through its liberality. The plan was adopted in 1852 by the United Presbyterian Synod; and now there are 150 such libraries, each the property of the congregation, yet selected by the minister and kept solely for his use. But his own library was the growth of a lifetime, and its augmentation never ceased. It consisted at his death of about nine thousand volumes,—not confined to one department of literature, but having books of all kinds and ages. Many volumes of rare pamphlets issued in connection with various old Scottish controversies and the stirring questions of the day, are to be found in it; and will make

it of great value at some future period, to any plodder given to such researches. By far the larger portion of it, however, was biblical: hosts of commentaries; the best grammars, lexicons, and concordances; with seventy-two different editions of the New Testament, and more than a hundred copies of it altogether. There are also in it rare and costly editions of works: nine editions of Thomas à Kempis; first editions—*editiones principes* of many foreign and English classics. The great majority of these books are in the best order—his tasteful eye liked a fine binding—and one in unison with the age or the character of the book. His library was deficient in the department of the Fathers—for what reason we know not. In the enumeration, in his preface to “Galatians,” of commentators on the Epistle consulted by him, he quotes Chrysostom, with an English title (Oxford, 1845), and makes no mention either of the Latin Jerome or the Greek Œcumenius and Theodoret. Of this immense collection of books he had a perfect mastery; a mastery in our experience unequalled, and as the redundancy of his notes to many of his volumes testifies. This tendency to a farrago of appended notes is peculiar to some men, and seems to grow with them. They tell first what they have to say, and then what all other men have said. We do not refer to such supplementary notes as are attached to Hare’s “Mission of the Comforter,” or to Magee’s “Dissertation on the Atonement;” but to Dr Brown’s “Law of Christ,” or to “Parr Spital Sermon,” which last, according to Sydney Smith, had “an immeasurable mass of notes about every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man, since the beginning of the world.” In Dr Brown’s volume referred to, notes are found from all sources,—from Hutten and Marvell, Cartwright and Chatham, Atterbury and Clarendon, Gower and Simon Browne, King James and Lord Melbourne, Sully and Adam Smith, Chillingworth and Usher, with crowds of others far too numerous to be specified.

But we refer to a more special mastery than this ability to gather notes, which may be done from a general knowledge of the contents of a book, and by means of an index—an instrument that often produces a specious and cheap array of erudition. Dr Brown seemed to know not only where each book was, but what was in it. His visitors were usually received in his library, and it was the resort of his evening parties. As the conversation wandered from point to point, or questions were started, or the opinions of other men were doubted or canvassed, he was in the habit of taking down volume after volume, to verify, illustrate, or diversify the topics of discourse. There might be on the part of some one a reference to John Newton; and then he would lay hold of some forgotten volume, or bound

up series of magazines, and read of Newton's quaint and humorous conversations with an aged dame, who lived by keeping poultry, and who, though very poor, yet never lost faith in God, her provider, for she felt that He would not feed His chickens, and allow His children to starve. Or he would next, if the theme were started, read one after another of numerous English and Scottish rhymed versions of the Psalms, of which he had a unique collection, and compare their beauties and merits. Or a lady might doubt the propriety of her son's going to study in Germany; and he would open for her at once one of Tholuck's most beautiful passages on the Ascension. Or some young aspirant might speak of the rich and gorgeous style of the older English philosophy; and he would immediately bring Henry More, and recite one of his Platonic paragraphs in his own emphatic style. Or the reformers and their mutual relations might be spoken of; and then would he, with a smile which so well became him, turn to Luther's apologetic Latin preface to Melancthon, for stealing and publishing his notes on Romans, and give it with great relish. Or he would show an original copy of the *Areopagitica*, with what he complacently believed to be John Howe's autograph upon it. Or he might hand round for admiration some copy of an Elzevir or Foulis classic, which he had recently picked up. Or he would take some book, and give you its pedigree, tell you to what collection it had belonged, and how much it fetched at Pinelli's, Macarthy's, Heber's, or the Duke of Sussex's sales, and how it had passed from one to another, till it reached himself. Or, in fine, if his favourite studies were asked about, and editions of the New Testament lovingly inquired after, he would open with delight the first edition of Erasmus, the earliest published in 1516; then Stephen's first, the *O Mirifica*, in 1546; then Beza's first, in 1565, based on the third of Stephens; then the first Elzevir, in 1624; and then the second Elzevir, which called itself, *Textum ab omnibus receptum*, out of which mendacious statement sprang the received text. No man in Scotland was better acquainted with authors and the various editions of their works. With books out of the way he had uncommon familiarity, and when occasion came he could employ them with astonishing success. It did one's heart good to see him kindle up in this antiquarian field, for its dust did not suffocate him, and the rarity of its lore did not unduly elate him.

Dr Brown had not studied German, and knew little of modern treatises written in that marvellously flexible and expressive tongue. But for many years, up till within the last forty years, the German *literati* mostly wrote in Latin, and Latin was as familiar to him as English. The recent German commentaries were therefore neglected by him, even for his last work, such as Philippi

and Umbreit on Romans, two of the best of their class. But with all the divines and critics of the period succeeding the Reformation he had an intimate acquaintance,—Witsius, Deyling, Vitringa, Lampe, Marck, Calovius, Calixtus, Carpzoff, Schultens, Turretine, the elder Michaelis, the authors contained in the immense tomes of the *Critici Sacri*, and the accompanying *Thesauri* of tracts and dissertations. He was the first in this country to give an account of the New Testament edited and annotated by Koppe and his coadjutors, Heinrichs and Pott,—an account which, in the form of an extract from the “*Christian Monitor*,” has been reprinted by Horne in the various editions of his “*Introduction*.” This mass of books was stored and valued chiefly for its connection with Scripture. For its illustration did he become a scholar, and gather large and varied erudition. He had read much, and all his reading was at his command; critics and commentators were his daily tributaries. He had many rare books, many old books, many curious and costly books, but the Bible was his book. His delight was with all helps in his power to exhibit the mind of God as found in it, so that his literary labours were all professional, and all he wrote was on the Bible or about the Bible. Its life enlivened his own composition; and even other men’s opinions, when reviewed, as must be often done, by the interpreter, appear on his pages, not as a collection of dry twigs without leaves, but rather like so many fruit-bearing branches engrafted into the trunk, and partaking “of the root and fatness.” The wonder is, that among so many books he did not get confused. But he had a very tenacious memory, and, we believe, he would say something of the history and contents of every volume in his vast collection. So quietly did he do the work of consultation, that nobody seems to have caught him at it, even at simultaneous consultation when he was writing his expositions. No one seems to have found him with piles of opened volumes about him. The floor of his study was at no time covered with such miscellaneous litter as often lies about in other literary workshops. He had no slovenly habits; neatness and elegance characterized his book-rooms, his clothes, his handwriting, and his manuscripts.

As the early Manichean notions of Augustine, though formally renounced by him, seem still to mould and modify some of his latest thoughts and images, so we have often thought that some of those commentators whom Dr Brown studied in his first love of Biblical Science, exercised an unfavourable influence over him. Those interpretations which are the least to be commended, are usually found in Koppe or his co-editors. We could instance, in the *Exposition* of Peter, his making of

the phrase, "sufferings of Christ" (1 Peter i. 11), mean "sufferings of the people of God till Christ should come,"—a notion different from that of many who yet identify Christ and His people; and in the Commentary on Galatians his reluctance in some clauses to give to the word "Spirit" its high and distinctive personal sense of the Spirit of God. From the same school he seems to have learned also his habit of transposing clauses, in order, as he thought, the better to bring out the meaning, though he sternly condemned Lowth's perpetual emendations of the text as unscholarly and unwise; for, as Gesenius has observed, there is not one of the Bishop's pressing difficulties that a more thorough knowledge of Hebrew Grammar would not have enabled him to solve. Among scholars and exegets, Storr was his special favourite. The two had much in common. Both were untrammelled and patient critics, and both bowed to the supreme and final authority of Scripture, as a Divine and infallible record. The Scottish and German minds resembled each other in the characteristic production of broad and vigorous thought. Both had a singularly full and accurate knowledge of Scripture, especially of illustrative words and clauses, their memory being stored like a volume of marginal references; but both so misled occasionally by the application of parallels as to content themselves with a verbal connection and analysis, as if one were to trace a river, not by the sight of its water, but by the verdure and willows on its banks.

The exegetical studies begun by Dr Brown in the calm retreat of Biggar were long cultivated by him, ere he thought of publication. Many years passed by, nay, he had been fourteen years a professor, before he sent any learned work to press. But from 1848 to 1857 eleven octavo volumes were issued by him in rapid succession, besides some minor tractates; and all this when he was beyond the grand climacteric. His delight in publishing was equal to what it had been in studying. He did not live, however, to fulfil his task; and there remains among his papers a commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, a work which he sentenced "to sleep till he slept." To pass a critical and discriminative judgment on all these volumes, would carry us beyond due bounds. A few remarks, therefore, must suffice.

The "Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of Peter" was the first-fruits of the coming harvest. The Epistle had for sixteen years occupied his attention in a variety of ways, while he was expounding it to his people, and it has probably on that account a great fulness of illustration. He had been preceded by Leighton, whom he used so often to call the "good Archbishop" in his course of pulpit lectures, that he did not need to name him. Leighton was a man of refined and spiritual taste and insight, with

no little of that holy tact which supplies the want of erudition. Passages occur in him of great depth and penetration, in which the beauty of the thoughts breathes itself into the style—thoughts not unlike those of Anselm and Augustine in their serene unction and ardent piety. Besides hosts of writers of the class with which he was most familiar, Steiger had also gone before Dr Brown; but his work, like many juvenile performances, is ambitious and discursive. Dr Brown's lectures have many excellencies. They are elaborate and thorough, while they are popular in form. The meaning has been anxiously sought for, and is clearly given out without the parade of learning or the technicalities of exegesis. The spirit of the inspired writer is often vividly caught and reproduced—that bold and chivalrous spirit that stamped its image on every sentiment and action. He loved the Apostle's constitutional ardour, chastened in his age by the memory of his failings. He sympathized with that sanguine spirit which, though sometimes in error as to judgment, always obeyed its first promptings without fear or reserve. He gladly followed him in his numerous allusions to the Old Testament; for, as the Apostle of the Circumcision, he unconsciously clothed his conceptions in the diction and imagery of his nation's oracles. He was not disturbed by the absence of lengthened demonstration in the Epistle, or by its apparent want of aim,—the marks of an unlettered mind; and he admired the rapid interchange of doctrine with direct and desultory precept and warning, springing out of the old and open-faced honesty of the Galilean fisherman. The commentary is marked by its sound and consecutive arguments; and if there are not many great passages standing out in relief, there is nothing flat or feeble. Though there are no heights in it, a tone of spiritual elevation pervades it. The author says, "If he has been able in any good measure to realize his own idea, grammatical and logical interpretation have been combined, and the exposition will be found at once exegetical, doctrinal, and practical." But while, from their didactic and practical nature, these volumes do not give a fair specimen of Dr Brown's critical abilities, they show his marvellous power of putting erudite statement in a plain and unlearned form, and teach us that an expositor needs not be always showing his learning while he is bringing out its results, and that Scottish lecturing, entering so deeply into the subject, and not merely skipping over the surface of the water and only now and then wetting the wing, is the most solid and instructive form of ministerial teaching. It is but right to add what is so touchingly said in the preface: "The author would probably never have thought of offering these illustrations to the world, had not a number of much respected members of his congrega-

tion earnestly solicited him, before increasing age should make it difficult, or approaching death impossible, to furnish them with a permanent memorial of a ministry of considerable length, full of satisfaction to him, and he trusts not unproductive of advantage to them." But ten years of constant labour were yet before him; and in 1856 he published "*Parting Counsels*,"—"more last words"—an exposition of the first chapter of 2d Peter—marking in the preface, that "from the nature of its contents it seems peculiarly fitted to form the subject of a communication from a pastor who has passed more than half a century in official labour to those whose spiritual interests he has ministered to." He would not, however, venture to expound the remaining chapters till "better informed, and more fully assured," for many difficulties occurred in them; a token that he was now feeling one of the symptoms of age, in being "afraid of that which is high."

In 1807 Dr Brown had begun to lecture on the Gospel of John; and during the intervening 43 years—that is, till 1850—the Gospels, especially the discourses of Christ other than the parables, had occupied much of his time. In 1850 he published "*Discourses and Sayings of our Lord Jesus Christ, illustrated in a series of Expositions*." The sayings of our Lord—what awe and joy one feels at the phrase! The sayings of our Lord—what He said who spake as never man spake, what words flowed from the lips of incarnate Love, words laden with wisdom and fraught with truth for all ages—words ever repeated, and never losing their bloom and freshness—words familiar as the sunbeam, and yet, like the sunbeam, bright and welcome every morning—words that find an echo in the heart, and lodge themselves in it as the germ and nutriment of a new and spiritual existence—words that have passed into proverbs, Christendom feeling their weight and edge, and the toil and sorrow of every-day life lightened and cheered by them—words which, like winged seeds wafted by an invisible power, plant themselves where no one dreams of, and bear such fruit as no one anticipates—words that thrill in their unearthly tone and volume as they burst from the Speaker, looking up to His Father on the hill-top, in the upper room, or on the cross—words that touch us with more than woman's tenderness, as when He says to the distressed Magdalene, "Why weepest thou?"—words that astound us by their superhuman energy, as when, rising in the storm-tossed skiff, and His locks streaming for a moment in the breeze, He speaks to the billows, and their foaming crests crouch under Him into stillness—words which flashed and pierced like lightning among the masses of people surrounding Him—words, too, of Divine reach and penetration, and serene pathos and charm as he unbosomed Himself to His inner circle—or words, in fine, clothed in those vivid and

memorable stories which are read and relished by the child for their simple beauty, and by the sage for their unfathomed depth and disclosures, "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Dr Brown's volumes on the "Discourses and Sayings of our Lord" are freer and less elaborate than some of his other volumes of exposition. Independent judgment is seen in all the opinions; but a good deal of foreign material, as from Brewster on the Sermon on the Mount, is inwoven, as indeed he intimates generally in the preface. Dr Brown never plagiarized; he quoted from others when it suited his purpose, and thanked the original owners. At the same time, while much of a popular and practical nature fills these pages, a deep critical vein, cropping out in a thousand ways, underlies all the discussions. Were we to characterize the work in a few clauses, we should say that it is distinguished by mature thought and just discrimination; that many passages of stirring and hearty eloquence occur in it; that in the portions explaining the Sermon on the Mount there is a keen and thorough search into the train of the Divine argument as it moves in majesty from topic to topic, with searching descriptions of character and analyses of motive based on a knowledge of human nature which a sagacious and self-recording experience only could furnish; that the sections treating of the Discourses in John are not only solemn and weighty, as is most due, but earnest and joyous, exhibiting intellectual skill and exegetical acumen with a softened splendour, as if they were veiled while illumined by the Shekinah; and that the entire work, while it presents a full body of evangelical truth, and shows the perfect harmony of law and gospel, as it develops and adjusts the various doctrines of theology, is exuberant in wealth of instructive notes from many a source, striking excerpts from the best of authors, and multitudinous references from Holy Scripture. Especially in the supplemental volume, on the "Intercessory Prayer," is the fulness of Dr Brown's heart manifested; for he felt that the place on which he stood was holy ground, and that an exposition of that marvellous prayer was like drawing aside the vail, and passing with unsandalled foot into the inner and awful shrine. It is adventurous to construe such an Intercession, to subject such a Farewell to exegetical handling. "The disposition to inquire," as he says in the preface, "is lost in the resistless impulse to adore." These four volumes also show us that the Redeemer's Person was to him of living central interest; since He whose words are expounded is not some being far removed beyond the stars, but an ever-present Sympathizer and Saviour. For the Bible does not expound a religion, but it teaches of God; and the New Testament does not vaguely lay down the tenets of Christianity, but it portrays Christ. The merits of Dr Brown in this

work are his own,—though there had been before him, as expositors of the whole or parts of these sections of Scripture, such writers as Kuinoel, whose notes, with a show of learning, are often superficial, and sometimes worse than superficial; and Olshausen, whose merit, as Tholuck says, is his “presenting the thought in its unfolding,” and who is always fresh and spiritual, if not always lucid and conclusive. Lücke had also written his Commentary on John—sincere, learned, masterly, and minute; Tholuck, too, had published several editions of his work on the same Gospel, not the fullest or most learned of his many works, but simple and delightful, enriched with a glowing spirit of earnest meditation, a true knowledge of the spirit of the Gospel and its adaptation to the spirit of man. The elder Tittmann and Lampe had commented on John years before,—their books very different in form and size as well as materials,—Tittmann excelling in acuteness, and Lampe in breadth,—the one resting more on strict grammatical investigation and the literal sense, and the other more on the scope and connection which he elaborates patiently and illustrates ponderously in his three quartos. Stier’s “Words of the Lord Jesus” have been given to the world since Dr Brown’s “Discourses and Sayings;” and though he could have no great sympathy with his brilliant peculiarities, they delighted him on his dying bed. For Stier’s mind is very singular; subtle and creative, penetrating and profound, rich in allusion, fertile in suggestion, audacious in deduction, scorning opposition, attracted by the odd and the angular; sparkling and scholarly in his exegesis; often asserting that to be the truth contained, which after all is only an inference; his nervous system so finely strung as to be easily jarred; his thoughts ever and anon blossoming into poetry; inclined to a devout mysticism and looking more to Christ within as Life, than to Christ without as Mediator and Sacrifice; while a fervent piety is ever welling up, and throwing from many jets its prism-tinted spray over all his arguments, vindications, and criticisms.

In 1852 Dr Brown published the “Resurrection of Life,” an exposition of the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. A wondrous chapter truly,—in which the Apostle, starting from first principles, soars away on daring wing to the heights of ineffable glory; argues out the truth of Christianity from the empty grave of the Redeemer, and affirms that His resurrection was the pledge, and is the pattern too, of that of His people; describes in sentences dim to us by reason of their splendour the relation of the psychical to the spiritual, and of the animal nature that now is to the ethereal frame that shall be; and then sweeps away in rapture to sing his pæan over the death of death, when it “shall be swallowed up in victory.” This expository volume excels in

compacted analysis and in wealth of illustration, and, touching many mysteries, occasionally lifts the curtain, if it does not throw it aside. The difficulties are boldly faced; there is no attempt to evade them, or to write round them. If the knot cannot be untied, there is never exhibited the impiety of attempting to cut it. In the course of the exposition many points start up of a kind which Dr Brown delighted to discuss by the light of the context, the analogy of faith, and the help of previous expositors,—such as “baptism for the dead,” and the “delivering up of the kingdom.” Those sudden changes of person and appeal, not unlike conversational turns, which occur in the chapter, he opens up with great facility—with equal clearness and power. But these mysteries are not as yet to be fully comprehended; and it is to such paragraphs that Peter seems to refer, when he says that in the epistles of his “beloved brother Paul,” when he speaks of “these things,” are “some things hard to be understood.” “These things” transcend all experience, and may not be known till we enjoy them. The life to come is so unlike the present life,—for it shall not be under the same restrictions of time and space; the spirit being freed also from all physical hindrances, so that its powers are augmented and its capacities multiplied; still in contact with matter, but without sensation, and waiting to put on its “house from heaven,”—a lovely pavilion for a lovelier tenant.

The commentary on Galatians, a special favourite with Dr Brown himself, is more academic in its structure than those volumes now referred to, and is marked by its clearness and precision, its terseness and learning, its careful review of opinions, and its firm and decided conclusions. Reasons, brief but strong, are assigned for differing or agreeing with any other commentator, and there is no dogmatic or one-sided exegesis. Every kind of help has been consulted, and his opinions were revised and modified during a long series of years. He had long been fascinated by the Epistle, not more by its vehement and vigorous arguments on behalf of a free and un mutilated gospel than by the glimpses it presents of the Apostle's mind as he was writing it. For his emotions cannot be suppressed,—surprise that his Galatian converts had been so soon and so easily seduced, sorrow at their perilous state, and indignation at the vile arts by which the Judaizing teachers had imposed upon them. The pains and labour bestowed on the exposition have been immense, though they do not in every case lead to a satisfactory result. Yet if any one read him on the verse, of which above three hundred interpretations have been given, “Now a mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is one,” he will see how lucidly he can arrange discordant judgments, and classify and dispose of them; how he

can show the weakness of this one and the mere plausibility of that one; point out how one group of opinions is tainted by a radical fault, and another group must be given up for want of harmony and adjustment, even though after all he has not adopted what we reckon the view least cumbered with difficulties. He traces very perspicuously and accurately the connection between the law and the gospel; maps out their boundaries, where they seem to touch and where they are remote from each other; smites legal bondage, and vindicates zealously and oft the spiritual freedom and elevation of the Church of Christ. He was not wedded to old opinions or old books: what a hearty welcome he gives in one of his notes to the magnificent quartos of Conybeare and Howson! The only things we object to in Galatians come plainly from the school in which he first studied exegesis, and the influence of that school he was never able entirely to shake off. The volume, it may be added, is very different from the rugged and resolute commentary of Martin Luther, and is a mighty advance upon such expositions as those of Dickson, Slade, M^r Knight, Pyle, or Ferguson.

The "Analytical exposition of the Epistle to the Romans" differs wholly in character from the commentary on Galatians. Its history is somewhat singular. He had prepared a regular commentary on the Epistle,—“grammatical, historical, and logical,”—but he felt that he might not live long enough to complete it; “yet,” as he says, “I was unwilling to go hence without leaving some traces of the labour I have bestowed on this master-work of the Apostle. Forbidden to build the temple, I would yet do what I can to furnish materials to him who shall be honoured to raise it. For the last twelve months my principal occupation has been, so to condense and remodel my work, as to present, in the fewest and plainest words, what appears to me to be the true meaning and force of the statements contained in this Epistle of the doctrine and law of Christ, and of the arguments in support of the one and the motives to comply with the other; and to do this in such a form as to convey, so far as possible, to the mind of the general reader, unacquainted with any but the vernacular language, the evidence on which I rest my conviction, that such is the import of the Apostle’s words.” Dr Brown confines himself in the main to logical exposition. He tells us, that for more than forty years the Epistle had been an “object of peculiar interest, and the subject of critical study.” He adds, too, that his early illustrations, “corrected and enlarged by an increasing acquaintance with the inexhaustible subject, have in substance been repeatedly, though in different forms, presented to Christian congregations and to classes of theological students.” We believe that even in its present compacted form the exposition was delivered to his congregation; and surely it must have been

"strong meat" even to "them that are of full age." For it naturally assumes the varying character of the Epistle, which is so rich in evangelical statement and so masterly in concatenated demonstration; so melancholy in first pressing home so staunchly, and without a word of whispered sympathy, its awful indictment against fallen humanity, and then so exuberant in reasoning out a free and complete justification,—the previous gloom relieving and yet intensifying the brightness.

We have been careful to give Dr Brown's own account of the origin and character of this work, so simple and unpretentious in his estimate, because he seems to be unconscious that it is really his greatest and most successful effort. It was his last work and it is certainly his best. He was far up in years, and had nigh reached his zenith, when he published it,—his path resembling the sun, who, when highest and farthest from us in summer, pours most light and lustre on the earth. The Analytical Exposition brings out his best powers and peculiarities as an interpreter. His *forte* was not in discussing separate words and shades of meaning. His mind, like Calvin's, was better fitted to trace the course of ideas, and develop the chain of argument; and this he has done with unparalleled clearness, terseness, and cogency. Step by step does he mark out the Apostle's line of thought, and exhibit it in all its bearings, or, separating from it what is subordinate in detail or parenthetical in position, he throws it out into bold relief. Brevity and maturity characterize the illustrations—one stroke and no repetition, one flash and the cloud closes again. The entire comment shows the perfect mastery of the commentator, his long familiarity with and close study of the book, and his psychological oneness with its author. The book had been the delight of his youth when he began to essay his critical strength, and this was his last work and comfort when he was "an old man and covered with a mantle," soon to pass into that land where theology is waited on by the eternal melodies, where Scripture has been crowned by higher revelations in a tongue that needs no interpreter, and where logic and analysis are for ever eclipsed and superseded in that light diffused by the throne of God and the Lamb. From explaining and defending a gratuitous justification, as maintained by the Apostle in the earlier chapters, he ascended to enjoy its fruits without pause or end; from insisting on the necessity of sanctification effected by the Spirit of God and inseparably connected with the pardon of sin, as detailed in the wondrous seventh and eighth chapters, he was translated to enjoy for ever its purity and triumph; and from dwelling in profound veneration on the sovereignty of God, in the choice, rejection, and future ingathering of His people, as the Roman Epistle represents it, he was taken to the

"general assembly and church of the first-born," where the hundred and forty and four thousand sealed ones of the tribes of Israel stand side by side with the great multitude which no man can number, out of all the races and kindreds of the Gentile world.

No one can read these voluminous commentaries without perceiving manifold traces of inordinate industry, patient investigation, and independent thought. How consistent and uniform he is even in his errors, as in taking "righteousness" to denote always the plan or way of a sinner's justification, while in many places it means very plainly not the method but the basis of justification ! Dr Brown dealt very cautiously and honestly with the views of other critics, and took special pains to show what was to be accepted and what was to be avoided in them. His aim was, by all means to discover fully and to tell plainly the sense of Scripture. If he wrote much about any clause, it was not for ornament or ostentation, but to set out clearly what was in it, and how he came to hold his expressed views about it. He hammered every inch of the quartz, that he might lose no particle of the precious ore. Learned interpretation was with him the source and fence of true interpretation. Yet his commentaries are to us defective, in that they try to hold a medium between a popular and an academic style, between the *concio ad plebem* and the *concio ad clerum*. That he has made the compromise as well as it can be made, may be admitted ; but our opinion is, that it should never be attempted at all, that what is meant for the people should be in material and texture written for the people, and that what is intended for the scholar should in basis and structure be adapted to the scholar. We grant that in the case of men who, like the Professors in the United Presbyterian and other churches, are unwisely obliged to bear the double burden of a pulpit and a chair, there is a strong temptation to adopt such a diagonal course. And yet it is to be noted to their honour, that some of the greatest Biblical critics and expositors have composed their works while doing duty as ministers. Calvin was as laborious in the pulpit, as he was prolific from the press. Bochart ministered daily while building and filling his erudite storehouses, his Phaleg and Hierozoicon,—his Sabbath lectures on Genesis leading to the one, and his week-day addresses to his people preparing materials for the other. Owen was incessant in preaching while his Exposition of Hebrews was in progress ; Lightfoot never failed in parochial duty while he was amassing his wealth of Talmudic literature ; Lardner and Pye Smith had a charge in London, and so has Hartwell Horne ; Bloomfield is a vicar ; Trench, Alford, and Ellicott were among the working clergy when they planned their learned works, and published a large portion of them ; Stier was a

pastor till lately, and Ebrard is so still ; Henry, Scott, Doddridge, and Adam Clarke were assiduous and able ministers. We do not forget that a mere scientific theology is a dead thing ever to be shunned and deplored, and that a working pastor is not liable, as a professor, to adopt and teach it. For, as he is daily brought into contact with humanity sinking and dying and tossing about for comfort, and sees how eagerly it grasps the promises and leans steadily on them,—when he observes how the simplest truths are laid hold of by it in implicit confidence, and in their first and plainest meaning, and how, when it comes to die in this faith, it has nothing to do but to die,—then he surely learns, after all his analysis and penetration, his erudite labour and critical inspection, that it is not truth in its sublimer but in its humbler aspects that blesses and saves—that it is not truth stoled in philosophic phrase, or traced to first principles or ultimate relations, that pacifies a stricken conscience, or soothes a wounded spirit, but the truth which a child may comprehend, and which may be all told in monosyllables. Still we think, that while all this is true in practice,—for theology ought never to be divorced from religion, and while none but a religious man is qualified to interpret a religious record, the case is different in the publication of a work ; for in proportion as it is composed for two opposite circles of readers, it is fitted for neither. The one purpose neutralizes the other. Dr Brown succeeded in this difficult task better than any other man, and he far outstrips such men as Doddridge, Chandler, Pierce, or Benson. That his commentaries will live we have little doubt, though a great portion of theological literature is ephemeral. Books may be popular in one age, as being adapted to it, but wholly uncared for by another age, not being fitted for it ; just as Dr Brown's early appearance in the pulpit in "light-coloured corded knee-breeches and Hessian boots" belonged to a fashion which in his last years would have created blank dismay. But what is written on Scripture, if at all deserving the name of exposition, partakes somewhat of the vitality of Scripture. Chrysostom is more read now than he was for three centuries after he died. What Buchanan says of bards may be applied to divines :—

"Sola doctorum monumenta vatum
Nesciunt fati imperium severi,
Sola contemnunt Phlegethonta et orci
Jura superbi."

Thus, while Matthew Henry is as popular as ever he was, who ever thinks of reprinting "Whitefield's Discourses" or "Harvey's Meditations"? "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever," and all words inspired by it partake of its life and permanence.

The last ten years of Dr Brown's life were thus passed in extraordinary diligence, and in the quiet of his "Tusculan" retreat, at the base of Salisbury Crags. His work was incessant, and not done in fits. Every day saw its appointed task completed, but no visitor ever caught him as if oppressed by labour. He had none of the littlenesses of some students, and few of the habits of many of them. He was never ink-stained, slovenly, or unkempt in appearance. He neither rose early nor sat late, but he gave the day to the day's work. His fame and usefulness are owing as much to toil as to original gift; and, indeed, the love of toil is a special gift of itself. True, without talent there is nothing to trade with, but trading is essential to outcome and "usury." Genius demands hard study, bends to it, supports under it, and vitalizes all its fruits. The sculptor's ideal is realized by the patient labour of the chisel and mallet. Dr Brown's love of labour was with him identical with love of usefulness—as may be seen from his first attempts at village-preaching during his sojourn at Biggar, and his editing two magazines in succession, to his last literary efforts in gathering and publishing three volumes of scarce and excellent tracts, and in 1857 annotating an edition of Culverwel's "Discourse of the Light of Nature." His fondness for literature brought him relaxation—his relish for the best productions of our literature and our English classics secured him relief from severer studies—as the virtue of the soil is preserved by rotation of crops. There were few new books of any note that did not find their way to his library table, a literary passion which has come down by intellectual entail to the gifted author of the genial and popular "*Horæ Subsecivæ*." At the same time, composition was an easy work with him, and his fluent employment of words in writing was quite in contrast to his want of them in speaking. Usually he had carefully thought over the subject on all sides, and had not to search for ideas and illustrations when he took pen in hand. So that he rarely blotted, though he might interline; he added, but he seldom altered. His three volumes on the "*Discourses and Sayings of our Lord*" were printed from the first copy, which itself was prepared for the pulpit, and his small and elegant handwriting was a luxury for compositors. Nor must it be forgotten that for by far the greater part of his official life Dr Brown had abundance of work out of doors in visitation, and in the performance of other parts of the pastoral office,—all of which he discharged to the best of his ability. Not that he excelled equally in all departments of official duty, or had the ease, versatility, or conversational fluency which distinguish some men as visitors and preachers to the household. He was somewhat formal both in speech and act in this subordinate sphere of labour, for as in duty bound he gave

himself "constantly to prayer and to the ministry of the word." Yet so far did he strive to make and keep himself acquainted with his large congregation, that he realized what He whom he served gives as the characteristic of a good shepherd, "he calleth his own sheep by name." And of his congregation, who for so many years joined in prayers so eloquent in their formal quaintness, and listened to sermons delivered with his bold and impassioned utterance, it might be said, "they knew his voice."

We will not affirm that Dr Brown founded an exegetical school in Scotland, but we may say that he inaugurated a new era. Commentators and scholars of no mean note had been before him, such as Principals Rollock, Boyd (Bodius), Malcolm, Row, and Cameron, the last one of the most noted scholars and theologians of his time, who, though he taught in the colleges of Bourdeaux, Sedan, and Saumur, held a chair also, at one period, in the University of Glasgow, the city of his birth. One of the Simpsons was the first in Scotland to publish on Hebrew literature, two others of them were devoted to biblical studies, and Weemse made himself useful by various treatises on the illustration of Scripture. We might refer to Cockburn, Ferme, the younger Forbes, Ker, Brown of Wamphray; and to Gerard, Campbell, and Macknight of a more recent period.¹ But no permanent influence was produced by these men, who flourished at various periods during the last three centuries. Dr Brown's lot was cast in more favourable times, and by his expository discourses from the pulpit, and his prelections from the chair—by his published commentaries, and the impulse and shaping he gave to other and younger minds—he has certainly given popularity to exegetical study. Nay, we read the other day such a sentiment as this in a contemporary journal, that now there was danger lest systematic theology should be neglected in the more favourite and general pursuit of exegesis.

Dr Brown more than once in his life felt the disturbing influence of controversy. In the Apocryphal Controversy he took a part against the British and Foreign Bible Society, but ultimately clung to them when they resolved to abandon the course which they had been following in the circulation of the Apocrypha. Dr Brown was a Dissenter because he was a High Churchman, and therefore took an active part in the Voluntary Controversy, not for any political reasons, but on the great spiritual ground of ecclesiastical independence. The extreme view, which he often and emphatically propounded, that church courts should have dealings with Government at no time and on no subject, was never endorsed by many of his brethren. His refusal to

¹ See our article on "Biblical Literature in Scotland" in the fifth number of this Review.

pay the Annuity Tax subjected him to no little obloquy, and he nobly defended himself against the most virulent of his defamers in his "Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience,"—a treatise which vindicates civil liberty on scriptural grounds, and breathes the old Scottish spirit of protest and defiance against tyranny in all its shapes. Well might Lord Brougham write to the late Lord Cunninghame—"I have never seen the subject of civil obedience and resistance so clearly and satisfactorily discussed." The slavish theories of Hobbes, Parker, and Filmer are exposed and blasted with scorching eloquence; for certainly some of the theories which he refutes vilified the martyrs and murdered patriots of all times, and would, if strictly carried out, have ordained the hundred and twenty members of the Church at Jerusalem to pay an assessment to defray the expense of the execution of their Friend and Master, had Pilate or Caiaphas seen fit to impose it.

Dr Brown's theology was eminently Calvinistic. We have never heard higher Calvinism from any pulpit than from that of Broughton Place. It was Calvinism after Calvin's own type, and not after that of some of his successors. The Atonement Controversy in the United Secession Church clearly showed that he held firmly to Calvinism, but held it in perfect harmony with what most other men practically preached, but to which they do not give such theoretic prominence. He did not hold the hypothetic universalism of Cameron and Amyrauld, which had disturbed the Reformed Churches in France, and against which, in 1675, was launched the famous Swiss Formula Consensus. He taught the theology of Boston, of the Erskines and Adam Gib, and taught it in the language of the minor symbolical books of the church to which he belonged. Dr Balmer also, who, as Dr Brown's colleague, was implicated in certain charges, cheerfully and eloquently defended himself, but was soon removed from the scene of quarrel, hidden by the Master in His "pavilion from the strife of tongues." We cannot, however, in this journal review the controversy, only remarking, as we pass, that the dispute became at length a logomachy, and that Calvin, in whose system the elective Divine sovereignty holds such prominence, in his testament made four weeks before his death, prays to be purified and washed, sanguine summi illius Redemptoris effuso pro *humani generis* peccatis—universal applicability with limited application. Dr Brown, indeed, had peculiar views as to the nature of faith, and it is said that his worthy father was wont to tell him that he had "clipped its wings." His knowledge of all the various forms and modifications of Calvinistic theology was minute and extensive, and his writings remain a witness that he held tenaci-

ously by the leading tenets of Scottish theology, and regarded it as a system thoroughly compacted, and as imparting strength and symmetry to vital godliness. Yet it is a system which, while disowned by the creeds of some other churches, may yet be read in their hymns and heard in their prayers, for it probes man's deepest spiritual necessities and supplies them.

Dr Brown was no mere man of books, though he had such delight in them. He loved the scenery of nature—hill and dale, wood and water. During his residence at Biggar, when a thunderstorm occurred, he used to throw up his window, gaze with great delight on the conflict of the elements, and listened to its reverberations among the hills. His soul could not be confined to sect or party; he was a lover of all good men. He hailed the Evangelical Alliance at its origin, and always adhered to it. On the memorable day of the Disruption, he was in Tanfield Hall ready to welcome Dr Welsh and the protesting phalanx which followed him. In the missionary enterprise he was ever fervent, and, along with Dr Heugh, contributed not a little to give the United Presbyterian Church that impulse which is still far from being exhausted.

He was very conscientious, and yet very charitable. But he could not bear pretence and affectation, nor could he admire some German commentators with "their unduly high estimate of themselves, and their unduly low estimate of the sacred books and their authors." His absorbing interest in his own studies did not weaken his interest in all his friends—in all, especially, who were afflicted or bereaved. Many letters of condolence and sympathy were written by him, in a simple and scriptural style, without extravagance of phrase or feeling. One of these letters he sent to one of the bluntest of his accusers, on whom a severe domestic affliction had fallen; and it so melted him that he spoke of the writer of it in unbounded eulogy, as if up to that period he had grievously misunderstood him. At some inconvenience, and in peculiar circumstances, he went to the funeral of one of the two brethren who had formally libelled him; and it is remarkable that, in the biography of that venerable minister, published some years after, there is not a syllable of allusion to the most momentous and responsible act of his life,—his formal accusation of one of the professors of his Church for holding and teaching grave theological error. Dr Brown's bearing was manly, generous, and noble, and his smile was a benediction. A prince in Israel, he was a kind and genial host in his own house. He had little outflow of words, and his conversation soon became a professional monologue on books and authors. He was often ludicrously hampered in expressing himself, and seemed sometimes helpless for want of topics of common interest. Key-words, oft recurring,

characterized both his sermons, prelections, and ordinary talk. He seemed almost unable to express the same thought in two different phrases. When he had formed an opinion of a man or a book, he delivered it usually in the same unvarying words. To his old age he retained much of the sensibility and fervour of youth—"a young lamb's heart amidst the full grown flocks." Humour sometimes gleamed in his conversation, as when some one, speaking of a certain individual, said, "Some say he is a little vain," and he replied, "Some say he is not a little vain." This species of humour depends mainly on the position of words, and the accent given to them. Thus too, after he and Dr James Buchanan exchanged cordial salutations in the Hall at Tanfield on the day of the Disruption, the latter said, "Dr Brown, I am glad to see *you* here," he at once replied, "And I am glad, sir, to see *you* *here*." He had passed his ministerial jubilee, which was solemnly celebrated, and at which he gave a last and striking proof of his generous nature, when he became enfeebled, and his constitution began to break up. Yet, as he lay on that couch of suffering, his mind was ever active, and literary plans were begun and so far prosecuted, for his faith never wavered, and his hope was never clouded. His was calm and unruffled assurance. Doubts, fluctuations, and uncertainties never perplexed him, for he had the confidence that knows no shaking, and the "perfect love" that "casteth out fear." After passing through a crisis in which death seemed imminent, he remarked to his daughter how near eternity he had been, but, alluding to the Pilgrim, added, "I felt the bottom, and it was good." Nor did he ever mourn, as Niebuhr did in his want of faith and spiritual support. Counting himself an unprofitable servant, he still felt that he could not be accused to his Lord of having "wasted his goods," though he might murmur with Tycho Brahe, *Ne frustra vixisse videar*. He used to say that the lives of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith were a reproof to Christians, for these men seem to have acted up to their imperfect religious convictions. His bed was often filled with books, but a large print Bible had always the post of honour at his head. He felt, probably as most men do, that he was willing to work, but he was not so sure if he was as willing to suffer. As often happens, too, the simple and more devotional parts of Scripture were his last and favourite readings, so much so, that he remarked to a friend that he thought David was going to displace Paul. At length he passed away peacefully, on the morning of October 13, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and the city of Edinburgh, with ministers from many churches and denominations in Scotland, did honour to his remains on the day of their interment.

In conclusion, and in estimating Dr Brown's influence, we are far from affirming that studious minds are incapacitated for active exertion. With Brougham and Gladstone before us as living examples of the combination of scholarship and aptitude for public business, and with the reproof of Socrates to "the handsome and clever Hippias" ringing in our ears, we will not make the assertion. But we must add that it is a common but a fallacious measurement, when it is supposed that a man who has lived more in thought has less influence for good than another who has lived more in action. The latter makes a more immediate impression, but his own hands may reap the entire harvest which he has sown; whereas the former, by the silent tuition he has imparted to other minds, often transmits through them his influence to distant lands and other ages. The pulpit wields a greater energy than the platform; more power is generated in the study than in the committee room, but the press of to-day may perpetuate thoughts which shall not have grown obsolete or feeble at the end of a century. Few are or can be equally great in all these departments, and little choice of spheres is left to a diligent Scottish clergyman. Dr Brown appeared in all the three spheres. He was good on the platform, better far in the pulpit, and his wisdom was listened to in the midst of counsellors framing modes of business. But though these opportunities have gone, by his printed writings, "he, being dead, yet speaketh," and will speak. And in years to come, when the children's children of those who enjoyed his ministry shall have passed away, and traditionary anecdotes of his person and character shall have waxed faint and few, he will yet hold his place as an expositor of Scripture, and wear the title first proudly given to the Grecian Alexander and then to the Arabian Averroes, for he has earned it in a higher sphere than theirs—the title of *ὁ ἐξηγητής*, the Commentator. In a word, it was his consecration to the Master of himself and all his mental endowment and furniture, that made him what he was, one of the most accomplished divines of his age and country; for, to use inspired language, "if such brethren be inquired of, they are the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ." How delightful, then, the thought, that they who have served Him on earth shall be assembled with Him in the skies, where no alienation shall happen, and no cloud overshadow their intercourse; where they can part from each other no more than they can part from Him; where the coffin, the procession, and the sepulchre, shall never be witnessed; where the services never terminate, and the song never loses its newness; and where the complaint shall never be raised in surprise or sorrow, "Our fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live for ever?"

ART. III.—*Scottish Nationality—Social and Intellectual*: Installation Address of the Right Hon. HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, etc., etc.

THE installation address recently delivered by the venerable and famous Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, amongst many other questions of wider interest, stirred several which appeal peculiarly to Scotchmen, and which, in some form or other, are rarely absent from their thoughts. The questions to which we refer are :—Whether Scotland still possesses a separate nationality, and, if so, in what this nationality consists, and has consisted, since the political autonomy of the country ceased? Whether it is of such value to Scotland, and to the kingdom generally, as to render its preservation desirable? and lastly, supposing the latter question to be answered in the affirmative,—By what means, if any, can its existence be perpetuated?

It is true that these questions were rather suggested than stated by Lord Brougham, and that the answers which he would have given to them were rather indicated than announced. But even indications of opinion from such a quarter deserve at all times our very serious consideration, and more particularly when they have reference to a subject regarding which Lord Brougham is probably more in a position than any living man to make up his mind. That even he has done so, is more than anything which he said would warrant us in assuming, for he is too wise to dogmatize on a subject which, in some of its aspects at all events, is hidden by the future. But it seems to us that the solution which he hinted at had at least the merit of limiting the question, by placing the true issue before us; and by showing us that *if* we possess now, and in any sense are to continue to occupy, a distinctive and individual position amongst the nations of Europe, that individuality is, and in future must more and more become, not political, or even institutional, but social, and, above all, intellectual.

Those of our readers who remember the line of argument which we adopted several years ago, when, alone amongst our contemporaries, we advocated those measures of University reform which have borne at least the one good fruit of Lord Brougham's appointment, know that the train of thought which he has thus awakened is by no means new to the pages of the *North British Review*. Our object in the present article shall be to test its validity, and, in so far as we are able, to follow it out into its practical consequences. We commence with a slight historical retrospect of the various phases through which the question of Scottish nationality has passed in the minds of our countrymen, since the union of the crowns in 1807.

"A Scotchman," said Dr Johnson, "must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth: he will always love it better than inquiry; and, if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it." The remark, for anything we know, may convey to us a caution of which we are still in want in prosecuting such an inquiry as we contemplate; and it is not long since we were reminded of it by a conversation with a friend, who boasted a name which placed his Caledonian antecedents far beyond question. We had mentioned to him a fact, which we believe was dragged to light some two or three years ago by the unsparing figures of the Registrar-General, and which seemed little to the credit of Scottish morals,—the extraordinarily large proportion of illegitimate births north of the Tweed. "That fact," he replied, with a decision which the Doctor might have envied, "proves, not the immorality of Scotland, but the worthlessness of statistics."

But though the unexpected appearance of so provoking a fact as this will occasionally call forth illustrations of the truth of Dr Johnston's remark even in the present generation of Scotchmen, there can be little doubt that it touched our grandfathers far more nearly. So much indeed were his northern contemporaries aggravated by this, and other sayings of a similar import, which proceeded from the same sarcastic oracle, that towards the end of last century a sort of Scottish controversy arose, in which there is reason to fear that along with other less objectionable weapons, the long bow was pretty unsparingly bent on both sides.

This literary warfare, in which, perhaps for the last time, those feelings of jealousy which had so long kept alive a family feud between the nearest of national relatives, found articulate utterance, exhibited itself as a perpetual "aside" to the great Ossianic controversy, and was, no doubt, the means of lending to it an asperity which zeal for the main issue could never have awakened. Several of the stoutest champions of the bard had not a drop of Celtic blood in their veins, or a spark of Celtic feeling in their hearts; and if the Son of Fingal had been an Irishman or a Welshman, they would have discussed the authenticity of his pretended works with as little passion as if they had been inquiring into the individuality of Homer, or endeavouring to discover the extent to which the Socrates of Plato, the Socrates of Xenophon, or the Socrates of Aristophanes, or any, or all, or none of them, is to be regarded as the historical Socrates.

But in professing to inquire whether there was, in the poems in question, any appreciable element of thought or feeling which could not have been communicated to them by a man not differing in essentials from an Englishman, they felt as if they were

inquiring whether, in Scottish character itself, there was anything more special, more permanent, and more worthy of preservation, than those trifling external peculiarities which always distinguish the inhabitants of different portions of the same country. To have submitted in silence to the transformation of one Celtic bard into a myth—nay, if need had been, to have suffered all the “colleges” of all the bards, and senachies, and pipers, to go screaming out of the world of reality into the shadowy regions of the second sight,—would probably have caused no very bitter regret to such men as Blair, or Gregory, or Kames; but, for Scotchmen of that day, to be driven from one of the historical groundworks of a separate national character, was a very different matter, and they fought hard accordingly.

This was, as we have said, perhaps the last occasion on which Scottish national feeling, as represented by persons of respectability and intelligence, assumed an attitude of hostility to England; and it is curious to contrast it with the deeper manifestations of the same sentiment which appeared in the generation which preceded, and its more superficial appearances in those which have followed.

To such men as Belhaven and Fletcher of Saltoun, Scottish nationality meant a separate and independent national life,—moral, social, and political. The national party that opposed the Union knew nothing of half measures. Either Scotland was to cease, and there were to be Scotchmen no longer, or they were both to exist as they had existed since the war of independence, and as, relying on what seemed to them the respectable authority of Buchanan, they supposed them to have existed from the beginning of time. The idea of political identity with a larger, richer, and more powerful nation—of a system of centralization which should embrace all the springs of internal government and external defence, whilst it left untouched, not only the private rights of the citizen and his religious convictions, which, for a time at least, might be protected by positive stipulation, but his modes of thinking and speaking, his habits of living and acting—everything, in short, which, in our sense, constitutes a Scotchman,—was, to them, utterly unintelligible. It was equivalent to saying that the same thing was at once to be, and not to be.

It is true that their own previous history had made Scotchmen familiar with international relations of an unusually intimate kind. Before the union of the Scottish Crown with that of England, it had for a brief period been united with that of France. On this occasion, a complete legal internationalization was effected.¹ But long before this event, circumstances had

¹ See the Scottish statute 1558, c. 65, in which Queen Mary narrates an act of Henry of France, giving Scotchmen the privileges of natural born subjects,

brought about, between the citizens of the two countries, a contact far closer than commonly results from political alliances. Before they were made Frenchmen in law, Scotchmen were continually becoming Frenchmen in fact; and for generations they seem to have accomplished the transmutation with scarcely less frequency, and with even greater facility, than they became Englishmen after the union of the crowns, or than they do at present, when there are said to be more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh. But the frequency with which it was renounced took nothing from the completeness of the national character whilst it remained. A Scotchman was not less a Scotchman, that he might become a Frenchman when he chose; nay, he was all the more a Scotchman on that account, because the faculty of abandoning it was one of the distinctive marks of the genuineness of the character.¹ And as it was with France before the accession, so it had been with England from that period down to the Union;—the Scotch, as before, had continued “praising Scotland and leaving it.” But to the patriot who left it, as much, perhaps more, than to him that remained, it was an autonomous nation, distinct and separate from every nation on earth, and the amalgamation of which with any other nation, if not exactly a conquest, would still have been a lowering of the personal dignity, a diluting of the spirit of every citizen that it contained. That many Scotchmen should go to England and become Englishmen, was an idea altogether in keeping with previous modes of thinking and acting; but that all Scotchmen in Scotland should become Englishmen, in any sense however limited—nay, that Scotland itself should become a sort of lesser England,—was, to men like Fletcher or Belhaven, a notion strange and intolerable. In addition to the historical peculiarities which thus marked the Scottish feeling of country, it had specialties too,

and returns the compliment in favour of Frenchmen. Mr Chambers mentions two instances, the one in 1615, the other in 1627, in which the peculiar privileges of the Scotch were recognised. On the latter occasion, a hundred and twenty English and Scottish ships were seized. “The Scotch, however, continued to make themselves appear as still connected with France by an ancient league,—a league which, it is to be feared, only existed as a friendly illusion common to the two nations. Out of deference to this notion, the Scotch vessels were all dismissed, while the English were retained.” The “friendly illusion” unquestionably was the statute above quoted, which probably retained its validity till the Union.

¹ One single note, amongst many that might be selected from Sir William Hamilton’s “Discussions,” will serve to bring out this notorious fact. “It is,” he says, “a curious illustration of the ‘*Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*,’ that there were *five Camerarii*, five Chalmerses, all flourishing in 1630; all Scotsmen by birth, all living on the Continent, and there all Latin authors,—viz., two Williams, two Davids, and one George. The preceding age shows several others.” As the name Chalmers was never a very common one, and as this statement applies to men of letters alone, it may give some conception of the extent to which continental emigration was carried.

resulting from the genius of the people and the physical character of the land, which have all along distinguished it from the national feeling of the English, and which still often cause it to be misunderstood by them. A Scotchman's nationality has something abstract, and, in a certain sense, ideal about it. It is not so much as the scene of actual comfort and wellbeing, as in the light of the centre of his conceptions of social perfection, that he loves Scotland. He holds it dear, not so much for what it is, or ever has been, to him or to his,—for to both it has probably proved but an *areda nutrix*,—as for what he conceives or hopes it may become, or under more favourable circumstances might have been made, through his own instrumentality or that of others; and hence it is, that, though the greatest of grumblers at home, he is the staunchest of patriots abroad. To the Englishman, his country is the vine and fig-tree under which he dwelleth in safety and in joy; to the Scotchman, it is the banner under which he fights, the shibboleth by which he is known amongst the nations.

But notwithstanding the prevalence of the feelings which we have described, the wiser counsels of the Unionists prevailed, and the measure which, since the accession, had been proposed in so many forms, was at length brought to the test of a peaceable experiment. At first, it seemed almost as if the results which had been predicted by the national party were to be realized. A species of social collapse, of which these gloomy anticipations were in no small measure the cause, actually occurred; and during the forty years between the Union and the final suppression of the rebellion, the capital of Scotland particularly laboured under a depression of spirit unknown at any other period of its history. But whilst local seemed thus to be absorbed by central life, the fact was, that neither had yet received the benefits which they were mutually in a condition to confer; and it was only as each of these influences came into fuller operation, that men became gradually aware, that what so often before, and so often since, has been regarded as one of the insoluble problems of politics, had for once received a practical solution.

In the case of centralization and localization, as in the case of all other tendencies that are natural and human, the conflict into which they are often betrayed, arises, not from qualities which are inherent in them, but from attendant circumstances which impede or vitiate the action of one or both. Their complete development and unfettered activity, so far from aggravating or perpetuating their opposition, are the only effectual means for bringing it to a close. Assuming them both to be sound and healthy principles, it is an error in fact, as it is a solecism in lan-

guage, to say that either may be carried too far. Whilst a sound principle is adhered to, it can never become a false principle. No amount of local or individual energy or freedom can be excessive, for they are the very blood and life of central power. No central power can be too vigorous, prompt, or omniscient, for it is thus only a more perfect instrument for the development of local energy and the vindication of individual freedom. But every true principle has its corresponding false principle, and the former is always in greatest danger of encountering the latter when it has been most successful in asserting its own exclusive recognition. If the result of the encounter be, that the true principle is paralysed, the field for a time is left open to error. A return to truth in such circumstances is practicable only by means of another true principle, which, if carried out in isolation, is liable to be similarly neutralized. Of these phenomena we have many examples. Before the time of Alexander, the principle of localization in the small states of Greece reached a point at which, in place of progressing, it wore itself out in hopeless encounters with misrule. It was not the excess of local energy, but its exclusiveness, which ultimately called for what was perhaps the only remedy—centralization. But the centralizing principle which came into operation on that occasion, was not the genuine action of the community itself; it came not from within, but from without, and it came accompanied from the first by its own evil genius—despotism. The result was its own speedy annihilation, and the destruction of the Grecian world. Had the two principles been in operation from the first, or had the latter come to the aid of the former, whilst it was still capable of resuscitation, the results might have been very different. Now, all this is plain enough in the far past; but for those who have grown up under the exclusive dominion of one principle to fix on the point at which it stands in need of aid from the other, is a very difficult matter, and it is not surprising that it puzzled our fathers. Who, for example, amongst them or amongst us, has ever been able to say with certainty whether the Germans, by giving greater prominence to central power, would be restoring or destroying the balance between principles which, in Germany and everywhere, are as indispensable to social organic existence as the centrifugal and centripetal forces are to physical nature?

Experience has at length enabled us to assert with confidence, that, far from being irreconcilable enemies, these principles are inseparable friends and indispensable coadjutors: that the highest attainable degree of activity in each is that in which it aids the other most effectually; and conversely, that the point at which it is most helpful is the highest to which its own action can reach in the circumstances. But though we are thus enabled to de-

duce, chiefly from the Scottish and the kindred instance of the Irish Union (for they are the leading historical precedents on the point), what seems very much to resemble an universal political law, it is doubtful whether, in similar circumstances, we should feel more secure than did those who, on these two memorable occasions, dealt with what must be at all times one of the nicest and most delicate questions of political adjustment. By the help of that practical sagacity, which has so often supplied to our countrymen the place of deeper insight, and by the blessing which God rarely withholds from honest intention, we know that they were marvellously successful on both occasions.

Of the extent to which this was the case in the former instance we shall have proof enough, if we glance at the results which may fairly be attributed to the arrangements which they made.

It was not till the dynastic question which had been pending since the Revolution was finally set at rest by the suppression of the second Rebellion, that the Union began to bear its fruits to Scotland. When that event occurred, it was not the central government alone that was strengthened, though to most persons at the time the gain probably appeared to be wholly on that side. The policy of those who had opposed the Union seemed now for the first time to be placed beyond all further hope of success; and yet, strangely enough, at that very moment, the substance of what they had contended for was attained, and this not as a direct result of the principles of the victorious party, but as a consequence of increased life and energy in those local influences, the partial diminution of which perhaps all parties had anticipated. As coincidences, far too remarkable to be accounted for on any other principles than those of cause and effect, we may mention that simultaneously with the consolidation of the central power, the trade, manufactures, and commerce of Scotland increased beyond all former precedent, agriculture was developed, the capital of the kingdom swelled to twice its former dimensions, a fresh impulse was communicated to literature, an indigenous school of philosophy arose, the medical schools of the country for the first time attained to the position which they have since maintained, and the Church and the Bar were adorned with more distinguished names than either of them could have boasted during the previous century.

Even the accession, which was in itself a sort of imperfect union, effected a decided improvement in the manners, and gave a sensible impulse to the industry of Scotland. The condition of society during Queen Mary's time, and the part of her son's reign which was spent in Scotland, as exhibited in the unquestionably authentic documents collected by Mr Chambers,¹ was scarcely

¹ Domestic Annals of Scotland.

in any respect, except in the seeds of future energy which it contained, superior to that of Spain or Mexico at the present day. Cromwell's rule was noted as a period of further advance, and Dr Johnson was not altogether in error when, after his own peculiar fashion, he asserted that "Cromwell civilised the Scotch by conquest, and introduced by useful violence the arts of peace." Whether he had sufficient data for maintaining that amongst the arts thus acquired the making of shoes and the planting of "kail" fall to be included, may be more of a question; but there is little doubt that the prevailing notions regarding the dispensation of justice must have been rendered more precise by this means. On this subject Mr Chambers relates a well-known anecdote, too characteristic to be omitted. "Some one in a subsequent age," he tells us, "was lauding to the Lord President Gilmore the remarkable impartiality of Cromwell's judges, and the general equity of their proceedings, when the Scottish judge answered, in his rough way, 'Deil thank them, *they* had neither kith nor kin!'" Even at present, there is reason to believe that we derive far more benefit morally, than we do intellectually, or even materially, from our connection with England. But for English influences, but for the salutary check which the appeal to the House of Lords, and still more to the columns of the *Times* exerts, many of the peculiarities of earlier days might not possibly reappear amongst us. The Scotchman has not the Englishman's love of fair play; his newspapers, except those of the extremest political shades, are habitually silent before authority; and such a publication as *Punch*, even if we possessed the wit, would be impossible in Scotland, from mere want of moral courage.

It is by no means inappropriate, even at the present day, that we should call to mind the actual features of the society of independent Scotland; for it is forgetfulness of our real condition in former times, and of the besetting sins which still cleave to us, which lies at the bottom of all such manifestations of mistaken national enthusiasm as have for their object a partial repeal of the political union, by the creation of a separate department of State for Scotland, presided over by a separate secretary; and which leads to those childish disputes about lions and unicorns, whereby Scotland is made ridiculous every half-century. It is true that such proposals receive no support in Scotland that is at all likely to endanger the entirely cordial relations of the united kingdoms; but it does not follow that they are entirely innoxious to Scotland itself. Those by whom they are advocated, if they possess little wisdom, are by no means deficient in generous sentiments, and in energies which, if directed to saner ends, would be productive of substantial benefits to their country.

But it is not so much by misdirecting the enthusiasm which still shows itself from time to time in favour of Scottish nationality, as by extinguishing it in some minds, and preventing it from developing itself in others, that these false views of our national history and character, and, consequently, of what ought to be the objects of our national life, are injurious to the best interests of Scotland. When the only arguments ever used in favour of Scottish nationality are based upon assumptions as to the advantages which we enjoyed as a separate nation, which can easily be shown to be destitute of historical support; and when the only object which those who use them have in view is the restoration of some modified form of political independence, which can with equal facility be demonstrated to be both undesirable and impossible; it is not surprising that the opinion should have gained ground, that to all intents and purposes, and in every sense, it is a mere piece of antiquarian sentimentalism, which those who have anything in the shape of serious occupation had better banish from their minds at once and for ever. The two nations, it is said, if two nations they can still be called, did not differ, at the period at which our authentic history begins, in blood, in language, or in manners. With the exception of a few outlying counties, which in each were peopled by the earlier race, they were kindred offshoots from the great Teutonic stem. For a time they were separated by an unhappy war, which has long since been forgotten. A political amalgamation has led, or is daily leading, to its natural result, a complete social assimilation. The stream is thus all in one direction, and that the right direction, and why should any of us set our faces against it? Now, that there is much in this view which meets with our cordial assent, is plain, we trust, from what we have said already, and will be plainer from what we have yet to say. But the question which it is our present object to discuss is, whether this view exhausts the whole subject of the relations in which we stand, and ought to stand, to our southern fellow-countrymen. Are there, or are there not, peculiarities in the institutions of Scotland, but still more in the social, and most of all in the intellectual character of Scotchmen, which have not been as yet, and which need not necessarily be, affected by the political union of the countries, and which it is for the mutual advantage of both that we should consciously and designedly perpetuate?

Nothing is so lifeless as uniformity; and should it appear that our national peculiarities are neither discreditable to ourselves nor injurious to our neighbours, the additional variety which they give to the colouring of our insular existence might in itself be a sufficient argument for their preservation. The merest Cockney,

when he crosses the Tweed, is pleased to feel that the moral as well as the physical landscape has changed, and that he has really done something more than pass over a bridge. But, for reasons which we shall presently explain, we believe that these peculiarities have a very much higher value than this, and that, if we can succeed in drawing a line of demarcation between the living and the dead amongst Scottish national characteristics, and in pointing to substantial interests for which Scotchmen may still legitimately contend, we shall confer a benefit on both nations, and a benefit which Englishmen will not be slow to appreciate.

Now, though the Scotch of Dr Johnson's time may scarcely have realized the possibility of separating the social and intellectual from the political nationality of Scotland, or of preserving the former without a tinge of the jealous and hostile feeling out of which both had arisen, it was, we believe, very much less to the loss of their autonomy than of their individuality that they objected. The Scotchmen of that day were by no means insensible to the benefits, at least to the material benefits, of the Union. But though they were willing to acknowledge that the prosperity of Scotland had been increased, its distinctive character, they feared, had been destroyed for ever. It had become a better land, but not a better Scotland; for its improvement had consisted, not in a development of its native qualities, but in an imitation of those of England. That such was the only avenue to prosperity and progress for the future, was insultingly asserted by Dr Johnson, and the other English writers of whom he was the type; and their own belief in the truth of the assertion formed the grievance of his Scottish contemporaries, and more or less of all the grumblers who have followed them. Sir Walter Scott was not a grumbler indeed, chiefly, perhaps, because he was not a politician; but there can be little doubt that he too entertained the same misgivings as to the possibility of a separate social and intellectual, apart from a separate political life; and that from a romantic, picturesque, and, it may be, somewhat antiquarian point of view, he mourned over it all his days. That he, in what he considered his more sober mood, believed all the disadvantages attendant on the loss of a separate national life to have been counterbalanced by far greater benefits, is probable. We know that from English antipathies he was as free, and that he appreciated the great and good qualities of Englishmen as fully, as any non-Englishman that ever existed. He was one of those who established a classical school on the English model in Edinburgh, and he sent his most promising son to be educated in England. Still all this was done under a sort of secret protest. There was at the bottom of the whole a feeling that he was conforming to what, to a person of his condition, had become a triste necessity. If he had thought it possible that, without

prejudice to their interests and their prospects as British subjects, his children could have retained the special character of Scottish in combination with the general character of European gentlefolks, there is very little doubt that he would have preferred it to their becoming Englishmen "with a difference." Was he right in believing this to be impossible?

There is one very common assumption which has much to do with the prevalence of this belief, and which we regard as altogether erroneous. It is generally taken for granted that the existence of a separate national character in Scotland depends on the preservation of the peculiar form in which the common language of Britain has been, and still to a considerable extent is, there spoken. To this view Lord Brougham's very interesting note will no doubt tend to give increased currency (*Note vii.*, p. 63 of Brougham's Installation Address). But though we entirely concur with Lord Brougham in holding the dialect of Scotland to be a sister, not a daughter, of that of England,¹ and are glad to find that so competent a judge entertains so high an opinion of its value, we must confess to the gravest misgivings as to the possibility of its preservation as a national speech. That it has been gradually and steadily, though very slowly, disappearing, and has existed less and less in each successive generation since the Union, seems to us incontestable. At that period, probably, no Scotchman ever spoke English, except for the purpose of communicating with an Englishman, or with a view to the publication of his sentiments in England.² Some fifty years later we find Smollett, in the character of honest Matthew Bramble, expressing his sense of the inconveniences attending the use of the Scottish dialect, and suggesting the propriety of "employing a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue," by whose instrumentality, he was persuaded, that in "twenty years there would be no difference in point of dialect between the youth of Edinburgh and of London." Thirty years afterwards, Dr Johnson regarded this change as already in course of being effected. "The conversation of the Scots grows every day less unpleasing to the English; their peculiarities wear fast away; their dialect is likely to become, in half a century, provincial and rustic even to themselves. The great, the learned, the ambitious, and the vain, all cultivate the English phrase and the English pronunciation, and in splendid companies Scotch is

¹ It is not unimportant to remark that this view has Mr Latham's authority in its favour. He mentions it as proved to a certain degree to his satisfaction, that "in lowland Scotch a number of words, though Teutonic, were never Anglo-Saxon; and that of the numerous Scottish Gallicisms, a large portion were introduced directly from France."—*English Language*, p. 101.

² All the speeches against the Union, as well as in favour of it, were delivered in very fair, some of them in very elegant and accurate English.

not much heard, except now and then from an old lady." At first it seems as if this were only a somewhat bombastical account of our daily experience, but such is by no means the case; for, however general the use of English may have been, there can be no doubt that, at the time of Johnson's visit, Scotch was the household tongue even of the higher middle classes when no Englishman was present. In the generation which followed, and to which Sir Walter Scott belonged, a much more important innovation took place. It was then for the first time that Scotch ceased to form the substance of the national speech, and came to be used as a sort of Doric salt to give pungency and variety to English, which, though still spoken with a very marked accentuation, was the sole language of business, and of graver social communication. At this period, however, Scotch, with all the characteristics of a separate dialect, was still usually spoken to servants, invariably by them; and, as a necessary consequence, very frequently by children of the higher classes. Within the last thirty years even this has been changed; the lowland Scotch have ceased to be a bi-lingual people, and the language of Burns, when spoken by the upper classes at all, is spoken, not spontaneously, but as a small *tour de force*. No Scotchman, as a general rule, speaks to servants otherwise in Edinburgh than he would do in London; and the speech of the lower classes, in the capital at all events, is distinguished from that of England chiefly by a stronger colouring of the accent, which still retains its hold on the whole people. Lord Brougham's statement, then, that Scotch is "a national language, used by the whole people in their early years, and by many learned and gifted persons throughout life," is a tradition of the past. The tone of voice of a Scotchman and an Englishman is still strikingly dissimilar, but the words which they employ, and, in a great degree, the pronunciation, are identical. The English of Edinburgh now stands to the English of London, very much in the same relation that the French of Geneva does to the French of Paris.

But is it correct to assume that all these changes have resulted from the political union, or even from the increased intercourse between the two nations? Did the speech of any people ever remain unchanged for a century and a half? and is there any reason to suppose that an older and ruder spoken dialect would not have assimilated itself to a later and more accurate written dialect, in Scotland itself, during that period of time, without the intervention of any foreign cause? That some change would have occurred is certain; and that it would have been a change in the same direction, if not perhaps quite to the same extent, is scarcely more doubtful. The accent, which is influenced less by education than by habit, is what one would have expected to be

chiefly affected by the increased intercourse with England, and it is the accent alone which has remained nearly unchanged. But even the accent has undergone modification, and it is not unlikely that, in the course of another generation, it also will, in a great degree, disappear from the speech of the educated classes. Already there is one unequivocal indication of the insecurity of its hold, viz., that it is frequently exaggerated for a purpose. From a belief that it is popular with the lower orders, almost all Presbyterian clergymen use it in the pulpit more broadly than in their habitual speech; and several of the grand old Scottish lawyers who have recently disappeared, certainly gave themselves some trouble to preserve it on the bench,—perhaps from a feeling that, as patriarchs and old-fashioned grandees, the tones of a former generation became theirs better than those of the present. In the mouths of the late Lord Mackenzie and the late Lord Cockburn, it certainly had a striking, and by no means unpleasing effect; and no one who has had the privilege of hearing the brief admonitions with which it was their custom to preface their sentences of transportation and of death, will lightly forget the masculine pathos which they thus contrived to communicate to the tidings. These two eminent persons were perhaps the last who positively added to the grandeur of their demeanour by their use of the Scottish accent; for even in their case it was accent merely,—what they said, when written down, being, in point of language, nothing but very simple and terse, if sometimes quaint English.

Making all due allowance, then, for the accidents of individual influence and for the caprices of fashion,—taking into account the possibility of another Scottish poet, the probability of another gifted judge or two with antiquarian leanings, and the still greater likelihood of a Scoto-mania which, in place of kilts and Skye terriers, shall have the dialect of Scotland for its object,—we may still, without much rashness, assume that, in less than a century, there will be neither dialect nor accent by which to distinguish an educated Scotchman from an educated Englishman. There will still be Cockneys in London, and the lower class of Edinburghers will be distinguished from Londoners, and from Englishmen in general, by what will still be called Scotch, but which in reality will resemble the standard dialect of the whole people quite as closely as the speech of the inhabitants of any of the provincial towns of England. Now, when this occurrence takes place, will every other characteristic by which Scotchmen are known likewise disappear; or will they, by being at length put fully in possession of what we must pay our neighbours the compliment of assuming to be a more finished language, be only enabled thereby to give fuller and freer expression to intellectual

and moral peculiarities by which they are, and will continue to be, distinguished from the inhabitants of South Britain ?

An answer to this question involves, to a certain extent, an anticipation of the future, and we are fully aware of the risk of error that attends all attempts at predicting the course of national events. Other assimilating influences besides identity of speech may intervene, and these influences may be not only of a kind which we should least of all expect in the particular instance, but, in an age and a country so progressive, they may be of a kind of which mankind hitherto has had no experience anywhere. All the length to which we can go with safety is to assert that, if there be a radical and essential distinction between the genius of Scotchmen and of Englishmen, that distinction lies deeper than differences either of institutions or of speech, is their cause more probably than their effect, and in all likelihood will survive their total disappearance.

Is there, then, such a distinction as we here speak of between the inhabitants of the two divisions of this island ? We reply in the affirmative, without hesitation and without reluctance, because, for reasons which will be presently apparent, *we believe the difference to be of such a kind as to render the one national character the complement of the other.* How far this diversity of type may have arisen from original or pre-historic diversity of blood,¹ and how far it has been the result of the different circumstances of the two nations, and the different relations in which they have stood to other nations during the course of centuries which are within the range of authentic history, it would perhaps be impossible, and is not very important for our purpose, to determine. Its existing characteristics are what concern us here, and we shall endeavour to state them, not from preconceived notions of what might be anticipated, but from actual observation of what is.

It appears to us, then, that the Scottish intellect is more intense, more generally active, but in its highest manifestations

¹ The difference between the Scottish lowlander and the Englishman in this respect is probably very trifling. Gothic and Celtic elements exist in both, and perhaps nearly in the same proportions. In the former, however, there is reason to believe that the Scandinavian variety of the Goth, and the Gaelic variety of the Celt, preponderate ; whilst the other has drawn chiefly from the Saxon variety of the Goth and the Cymbric variety of the Celt. The greater amount of Scandinavian blood in Scotland during the Saxon period was pretty well counterbalanced in England by the Norman conquest, which scarcely extended to Scotland. The English connection with France during this period, and for centuries after, must have had the effect of increasing the Celtic element, and supplying the other Gaelic elements which Scotland in time derived from a later connection with that country. On the whole, we may probably assume, that, avoiding persons of Highland descent on the one hand, and of Welsh or Cornish descent on the other, an individual Englishman and an individual Scotchman, taken at random, will very frequently be as homogeneous in blood as any two individual Scotchmen or Englishmen selected in the same manner.

less complete, than the English. This latter feature is usually attributed to certain imperfections in the higher educational institutions of Scotland, which are at present in the way of being removed. We believe that it is not wholly attributable to this cause, because we think we have observed that it is not greatly affected by an education almost exclusively English.

But, if less perfect in degree, Scottish intellect is more frequently high in kind. There is a greater number of Scotchmen than of Englishmen, in proportion, who get beyond the condition of being mere recipients of knowledge. The tendency to generalize and form new combinations of thought is less the exception in Scotland. Speculation thus lies nearer to Scotchmen; they are more apt to betake themselves to the region of principle, and consequently they begin more and finish less than Englishmen. The germ of a discovery is, and will probably continue to be, very often Scotch, its completed form English; and in this respect the two nations seem destined, as it were, to play into each other's hands.

Many illustrations might be mentioned, and many consequences pointed out, of this more general thoughtfulness of the Scotch as a nation. The Scotchman is more conscious and less spontaneous than the Englishman; and this peculiarity frequently exhibits itself in a species of *mauvaise honte*, which sometimes betrays him into awkwardness, and which, at other times, he conceals by an affectation of indifference, which exceeds even that for which the English are proverbial.

But a more important consequence is a tendency to run into logical extremes, and to carry out principles with a rigour and exclusiveness which shut out many of the incidental considerations which come to be important in shaping a course of action. This tendency, which is thoroughly un-English, constituted the chief point of resemblance between the Scotch and their ancient allies the French. It exhibits itself both in politics and religion. A Scotchman's political creed is more finished, more logically worked out and rounded off, more scientific, than an Englishman's; but on that very account, perhaps, it is frequently less suited to the multifarious and contradictory requirements of human affairs. The "freedom" which

"Broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,"

and which aims at no greater symmetry in its ultimate form than it exhibited at the various stages of its formation, has been an English conception from the first. The Scotchman has always some political theory, however imperfect; there is always a trace of thinking, and, as the result of it, the outline of some sort of

scheme at the bottom of his views of life ; and he never can get rid of the expectation that something like an ideal state of matters is to come about at last. According to him, political arrangements are to be fitted to social requirements—society is to be brought into harmony with ethical conceptions ; and these, as they spring up in the natural man, are to be purified and elevated by Christian influences. The life of the ordinary Englishman, even the educated Englishman, is the reverse of all this. He lives *de jour en jour*, does his duty, eats his dinner, reads his Greek chorus and scans it, all with great relish and respectability, and never troubles himself about the end at all. And really, if men are to be but men at the end, as they were at the beginning, perhaps he is right. Still an extreme is possible on his side also : it is possible to exclude the influences of human reason from human affairs to an extent that God never designed, and that He will not bless : and if this is a contingency worth guarding against, it will be averted, we believe, more effectually by the intervention of a section of the same community, whose tendencies run in the opposite direction, than by any other means. The manner in which the genius of the one people supplements that of the other in this respect, is very apparent. The Scotchman brings back politics from a blind groping after the expedient to the region of principle ; he urges the necessity of taking an observation, ascertaining our course, and looking at the chart which human possibilities has marked out, lest we heedlessly run our heads against some universal principle of nature, or some unalterable law of social life. The Englishman, though somewhat averse to the proceeding in the first instance, ultimately acquiesces in its propriety, and comes to the aid of the Scotchman with his precedents drawn from the rich treasury of a “land of old and just renown,” precisely at the point where his interposition is wanted. He points out to the Scotchman numberless sources of error, which his more limited experience might never have suggested ; or, perhaps, availing himself of the hint which his neighbour’s too hasty generalization afforded, takes the task of observation into his own hands, and performs it with far greater completeness than he could have done.

In proof of the correctness of the view which we have taken of the political tendencies of Scotchmen, it may be mentioned that their representatives in Parliament are, as a body, less conservative than the English. From being more abstract, the Scotch are likewise, we fear, less loyal. Cousin has remarked, as a consequence of their more thoughtful temper, that they remained unaffected by the intoxication of loyalty which succeeded the Restoration ; and it is certain that, whatever may

have been the devotion of the Highlanders, the Lowland Scotch exhibited all along very little attachment to, or reverence for, the persons of their native princes. The cause, unquestionably, was no want either in veneration or imagination, but a greater facility in separating the person from the office, which their habits of abstraction had given them.

We have said that the tendency of which we speak exhibits itself in the religious as well as the political peculiarities of the Scotch. Their adoption of, and unswerving adherence to, the most logical of all the reformed creeds might be mentioned, and often has been mentioned, as an instance. Another occurs to us which we do not remember to have seen noticed, but which is not less in point. There are thousands of Englishmen who believe in the real presence in the Holy Sacrament, in a sense differing not in degree only, but in kind, from the presence of Christ in prayer; and still they do not believe in transubstantiation or consubstantiation, and are in no danger of being led into any express or definite statement of what they do believe. They are perfectly contented to rest in an indefinite belief in something mysterious. With Scotchmen this is never the case; and, consequently, the moment that a Scotchman abandons the theory of a mere commemorative rite, his soul can find no rest till it arrives at a theory equally definite. He strides on boldly and fearlessly in the direction of transubstantiation.

Another peculiarity of the Scotch, in some degree, perhaps, attributable to the same tendency in the direction of the abstract, but far more, no doubt, to their historical antecedents, is, that they are less insular than the English,—that is to say, they differ less from the general type of Europeans. Much of the Scottish national character has all along been negative; it has consisted in an adaptability to the habits and modes of thought of other nations. On the Continent, the Scotch mark themselves far less strongly, and conform to foreign ways more easily and naturally, than the English. A continentalized Scotchman is a character with whom every one who has resided on the Continent is familiar; a continentalized Englishman, if not an unknown, is a very unusual phenomenon. The historical cause to which we have mainly ascribed this peculiarity is one which acts not as a tradition merely, but as a present influence. The Scotchman is not thrown back, like the Englishman, to seek for his continental sympathies in shadowy recollections of a connection, the traces of which have been obliterated by centuries of hostility and intentional divergence. He finds, on his arrival on the Continent, that his religion does not differ in essentials from that of a very large body, perhaps the largest body, of continental Protestants; that he has been accustomed to a legal system, in

which a common origin with the systems of most of the continental nations is readily distinguishable, which for centuries had a common development with that of France, and which still has as terminology and nomenclature closely resembling it.¹ The philosophical speculation of France in the beginning of last century was that which led to, and the philosophical speculation of Germany of the end of last and beginning of the present century was that which resulted from, the native school of speculative thought, in which, if he is an educated man, he has been trained, and if he is an uneducated man, he has unconsciously imbibed. Even in minor matters he is less a stranger than the Englishman. He has been educated at a University constituted after the continental model, and he has been taught to pronounce the learned languages in a manner not essentially differing from that in which they are pronounced by continentals; nay, more, his mode of doing so, and even of speaking English, is such as to facilitate his acquisition both of the Romanic and the Teutonic languages of the Continent. The consequence of all this is, that when a Scotchman has acquired the language either of France or of Germany, he is no longer a stranger, either in his own eyes or in those of the people with whom he comes in contact. The national meaning of it, as it seems to us, is, that he should act as a connecting link between England, of which he is an integral part, and the nations thus allied to him in spirit.

For this purpose it is desirable that we should not attempt to eradicate, but rather to preserve and foster, those ancient ties of kindred and association by which Scotland is bound to the Continent of Europe. Let the legal system of Scotland go on perfecting itself, not by an exclusive imitation of that of England, but by a development of its own original principles, keeping an open eye to the progress of those systems from which it was derived, and to which it still bears many features of resemblance. It will thus continue to have something to teach, as well as much to learn from, the wider experience of England. Let the schools and universities of Scotland, throwing off their imperfections, and, if possible, their poverty, still continue to lean in form, as they have done hitherto, more towards the general European than the exceptional English type. In this case, in place of rivalling, certainly unsuccessfully, the ancient and wealthy establishments of England, they will come to supplement them by representing phases of mental activity with which they cannot deal so conveniently, and with which probably most Englishmen would not think it desirable that they should intermeddle. What

¹ In Scotland we have advocates and procurators, provosts and bailies, etc., as in France, corresponding to the barristers and solicitors, the mayors and aldermen of England.

is best and soundest in continental thought will thus be prepared to amalgamate with that of England, by passing through an intermediate process of gradual nationalization; and those of the youth of England who desire to become acquainted with it will have a mode of access more easy than direct contact opened to them by the schools and universities of the sister kingdom. Lord Brougham mentioned the great resort of foreigners to the University of Edinburgh as one of the leading characteristics of the institution.¹ When, in addition to the fact that Edinburgh has all along been a sort of educational *commune forum* of the nations, we bear in mind that the Scotch themselves have by no means abandoned their ancient custom of visiting foreign schools of learning for purposes of study,² we shall have in view the two chief causes of such peculiarities of intellectual character as they still exhibit, and the two chief grounds of hope, that, notwithstanding the levelling effects of the Union, they may retain their distinctive features unchanged.

Very much in the same manner as in her educational institutions, we can see, in the peculiar development which Protestantism has taken in Scotland, a source of benefit to England; and to that far greater nation throughout the world which speaks the tongue, owns the traditions, and in some degree responds to the influences of England. The Scotch are, and, as a nation, certainly will continue to be, Calvinists and Presbyterians. To whatever extent the highest class, from English sympathies, from convenience, or other motives, may be now, or may hereafter become Episcopalians, let us not commit so egregious a blunder as to expect that the body of the people will abandon, however greatly they may modify, forms of belief and of Church government which they adopted deliberately, to which they have adhered so stoutly, and which, in so many ways, are in harmony with their national genius. But even this peculiarity, which High Churchmen of course must regard, if not as a fault, at the very least as an unalloyed misfortune, may possibly present itself in a very different light to English Episcopalians of more moderate and more liberal tendencies. To them it may not seem a matter of regret, that, at the other end of the island, there should be those who, by principle and practice, in form and in substance, keep alive a perpetual protest against the errors to which their own creed, and, still more, their own form of Church government, is unquestionably prone. However little they may relish Presbyterianism themselves, they may not be sorry that others should like it better, when they find it protecting the Church of England from

¹ Inaugural Address, p. 8.

² In the comparatively small brotherhood of the Scottish bar, the writer can count twenty-four of his own acquaintances who have studied on the Continent.

dangers from within far more serious than any with which it menaces her from without.

But let us return to the educational institutions of Scotland, for it is on them that Scottish nationality, if it is to be intellectual, must be mainly dependent for its life. The time has not yet arrived for criticising the proceedings of the subsisting University Commission. All that can be said of it at present is, that, by giving a freer constitution to the universities, it has done something to attract public attention to the exceedingly defective condition of all the faculties which they contain, excepting only the medical faculty in Edinburgh, and, perhaps, in Glasgow. If the Commissioners fail to supply deficiencies of the existence of which the public must now gradually become aware, and to place the faculties of arts and theology in all the universities, and of law in Edinburgh, on something like a footing of equality with the corresponding faculties in the other European universities which are organized on the professional system, it is, we should hope, by no means improbable that the influence of public opinion will ultimately supplement their labours. In so far, again, as they may withdraw the universities of Scotland from the general European type, and assimilate them to the great insular establishments of the sister kingdom, they will, if the view which we have taken of the character of Scottish national life be the correct one, commit a blunder which it may not be so easy to rectify. The immediate effect of such a proceeding will be to set the Scottish universities in rivalry with institutions with which, *on their own ground*, they cannot hope to contend on equal terms, and to deprive them of the distinctive character to which, in so great a measure, they have hitherto been indebted for their prosperity. In so far as this tendency goes (and we grieve to say there are indications of its going far), it will simply rob Scotland of a portion of what still remains to her of her national life, and deprive England of the supplementary intellectual life, which the distinctive character of the educational institutions of her neighbour at present affords her. The object which Englishmen have hitherto had in frequenting our Scottish seats of learning will be taken away, and foreigners will, naturally and properly, prefer the genuine indigenous institutions of England, to such spurious and attenuated imitations of them as alone we can possibly hope to produce in Scotland. But we must not anticipate disasters.

There are two subjects which we regard as of very great importance in their bearings on the higher instruction, and, as such, on the intellectual nationality of Scotland, which are left untouched by the University Bill, and which will probably remain for discussion when the Commissioners have terminated

their labours. The one is the question as to the expediency of introducing, or rather of resuscitating, the system of collegiate residence in connection with the universities of Scotland; the other, an examination into the condition of the grammar schools, both in themselves and in their effects on the universities. The latter subject, which clearly fell beyond the scope of the University Bill, will, we hope, at no distant period, secure the attention of the Legislature. It is our belief that, in the matter of accurate scholarship at all events, the defects of Scottish education are rooted, not in the universities, but in the schools. Scholarship, in that sense, is a commodity which cannot be manufactured at a university either in Scotland or anywhere else; but there is no good and sufficient reason why it should not be, though many obvious and adequate explanations why it is not, produced in the schools of Scotland as it is in those of England and Germany. As regards the grammar schools, just as in the case of the universities of Scotland, no revolution is called for, and no institutions that are new or alien to those with which the country is familiar are requisite. There is no necessity for calling into existence an Eton or Harrow, a German Gymnasium, or even an Edinburgh Academy, in every provincial town. In all the county towns, and in a good many others, there are Grammar Schools already, where the learned languages and the mathematics are taught. Far from being novelties, some of them are the very oldest educational institutions of the whole country. They exist, however, in very various states of efficiency, some of them being already very respectable classical schools, others differing in little else than in size from the ordinary parish schools of Scotland. Let these grammar schools, then, be brought under some sort of system, and let a function be assigned to them permanently distinct from that of the parish schools, so that they shall come to be recognised as stepping stones between the latter and the universities; let the salaries of their rectors be increased, either by a grant from the imperial treasury or from the corporations of the towns in which they are situated, or partly from the one source and partly from the other, but so as to secure, in every case, the services of at least one highly-educated and cultivated man, and where the extent of the school is such as to call for it, let him be furnished with one or more duly qualified and adequately remunerated assistants. Scarcely anything more is needed for the attainment of what we believe will be admitted to be for Scotland, and if for Scotland, then for the whole empire, an object of the very highest importance. In three or four of the larger towns, collegiate schools of a more complete description would inevitably arise out of, even if they did not form part of, such an arrangement.

The other subject to which we referred, that of collegiate or common residence for students, is one which might, though we scarcely hope that it will, be dealt with by the existing Commissioners, under the general powers which are granted to them to "make rules for the management and ordering of the universities, and the manner of teaching therein." It was less discussed during the University Reform agitation in Scotland than many other subjects of far inferior importance, not from insensibility to its significance on the part of the leaders of the movement, but chiefly, we believe, from a fear of dividing the suffrages of the general public, who were apparently agreed as to the propriety of the other measures of reform which were proposed. But now that the adoption of these measures must in the meantime be supposed to be secured, it may not be premature to commence the consideration of a question which, though possibly not calling for immediate decision, certainly merits that we should spare no pains in order ultimately to decide it with adequate forethought and information. We have no disposition to disagree with Lord Brougham as to the "great benefits that attend our plan of home instead of college residence," as regards students whose parents are inhabitants of the town in which they study. But it is not between the advantages of home and of college residence that the question arises, but between those of college residence and of totally different arrangements which still less possess the characteristics of home.

It is probably known to most of our readers even in England, that the students at the Scottish universities, when not living with their parents, usually reside either in furnished lodgings or are boarded in private families, generally the former, and in either case entirely beyond the cognisance of the university authorities. From the hour at which their last lecture terminates in the afternoon, till that at which their first lecture commences the following morning, nay, even between the hours of lecture, if they quit the college walls, these lads, commonly far younger than undergraduates at Oxford, have no more connection either with university or college than the other citizens of the town. The arrangement belongs, no doubt, to the continental university system, which has been adopted in Scotland with so much advantage in so many other particulars. But in all the universities of Scotland, with the exception of Edinburgh, and in some of those of the Continent, it is a modern innovation; and the question to be determined is, whether it is an improvement on the ancient system of residence, or the reverse? We believe it to be the latter, for the following reasons:—

It destroys the corporate feeling which exists so strongly in the

English universities, and in so many ways conduces to the *education* (we use the word as opposed to *instruction*) which they communicate. In this respect, no meetings of General Councils, elections of Lord Rectors, or the like, can possibly supply the place of the daily and intimate social intercourse of years. Again, if it be possible to distinguish between moral and social training, the abolition of the collegiate system has deprived the student of the latter in even a greater degree than of the former, and is no doubt the cause of so many youths quitting the universities of Scotland without carrying along with them qualities which are as indispensable as positive knowledge, or even moral worth, to a becoming and successful performance of the duties which, in old and refined societies, devolve on members of the professional class. Then, as regards knowledge itself,—from not becoming acquainted with each other, Scottish students are deprived of one of the most efficient means of intellectual training, viz., that sharpening of the wits which, under more favourable circumstances, young men seldom fail to communicate to each other. No direct teaching machinery can adequately supply this defect, for the simple reason that no teacher, whether professor or tutor, can enter into the difficulties and seize the points of view which are possible to his students, so easily and so fully as they can do for each other. An interchange of thought between the more and less advanced or capable, in different departments, thus becomes a positive means of progress. Solitude, moreover, which exercises a depressing effect on the spirits of most men at all periods of life, has a particularly baneful influence on those of the young, and often acts on the more thoughtful students in a manner which is prejudicial both to mental and bodily health.

Several of these objections do not apply to the same extent in the case of the smaller universities either of Scotland or of Germany; but in Edinburgh and Berlin they reach a height which warrants us in regarding them as very serious evils. The same, probably, is the case wherever universities are situated in great cities, for of all solitudes that of a crowd is the saddest. The present writer knows the students of the University of London only by external observation on one single occasion; but if appearances then were not very deceptive, his observations are by no means inapplicable to their case. By youths of a more masculine and hopeful temper, the woes of solitude are warded off too frequently at the expense of running into dissipation. When lads of this description reside in lodgings, and no restraint is placed on their youthful propensities, the consequences are often very deplorable. Nor is the case mended when they live in families, where, from the purest and worthiest motives, their habits are often injudiciously interfered with. There is a period

of life between boyhood and manhood, when the individual character is forming itself, during which the restraints of family life are distasteful to most young men, when they conflict with habits and interrupt occupations, which, though not very orderly, are not necessarily vicious, and lead to disagreeable occurrences for which nobody is altogether to blame, and which every one regrets. For this reason we believe that, of the two arrangements which alone are open to them in Scotland at present, that of furnished lodgings is generally to be preferred to family boarding.

The evils which we have enumerated, as it seems to us, can be avoided only by that judicious and moderate restraint which collegiate residence renders it easy to combine with social intercourse, and individual freedom and independence of action.

The objection which is commonly made to the adoption of the residence system in Scotland is the difficulty of adapting it to the circumstances of the very poor; and the objection is strengthened by referring to the still recent experience of St Andrews, where a certain old building, in which the poorer students were permitted to reside, is remembered, not as a centre of frugal comfort and refined enjoyment, but as a scene of very deplorable slovenliness, degenerating at last, it is said, into a positive "pauper warren."¹ The force of the objection, as it seems to us, would be at once avoided if a style of living were adopted and *adhered to*, which, though perfectly simple and unpretending, was still comfortable and gentlemanly, and if residence were then declared to be altogether voluntary,—an advantage which was offered to those whose circumstances permitted them to avail themselves of it, but by no means a regulation which was enforced on all. No greater indignity would be inflicted on the poorer students by a portion of their fellow-students living in common in a style slightly, it might be, beyond their means, than by the same persons living separately in private houses to which they have no access, and, in Edinburgh, even in a part of the town which they rarely visit. In the former case, some bond of union would exist in the fact of the place of residence being open to all who could afford to avail themselves of it; and by permitting the non-resident students to dine at the common table, as in Dublin, either regularly or occasionally; by compelling the use of an academic dress (if possible, *not* that of the English universities); attendance on the college chapel on Sundays; and similar

¹ This fact, which we derive from a less questionable source, explains the latter part at least of Dr Johnson's statement:—"A student of the highest class," he says, "may keep his annual session, or, as the English call it, his term, which lasts seven months, for about fifteen pounds, and one of lower rank for less than ten, in which *board, lodgings*, and instruction are included."

arrangements,—this bond might very easily be strengthened and drawn closer.

It is worthy of consideration, moreover, that there is at all times a large class, probably the majority, of students at the Scottish universities whose circumstances place them between the extremes of riches and poverty. As Defoe said of their country, they are

“Poor compared to rich, and rich compared to poor.”

To this class, collegiate residence, besides offering the advantages we have enumerated, would be a positive saving of money. The style of living would be pretty nearly that which they at present adopt, and, other things being equal, it has been established by the widest experience in all conditions, from London clubs to sailors' homes, that men can always live more economically in bodies than as isolated individuals. By the courtesy of the superintendents of some of the Dissenting colleges in England, and also of the more recent establishments in connection with the Church, we have been able to ascertain the expense of living in these institutions; and we can assert with confidence, that it is generally greatly under that for which the same amount of personal comfort can be procured by the solitary student in Edinburgh. For sums ranging between fifty and seventy pounds a-year, it has been found possible to furnish, even in London, all the comforts to which youths of this class are generally accustomed. If we state the expenses of a student of the same class in Edinburgh, under the present arrangements, at between seventy and a hundred pounds, we believe we shall be rather under than over the experience of their parents.

Finally, it seems to us that there are external defects in the national character of the Scotch, which, in a rather special manner, call for the mitigating influences of early and familiar intercourse with persons of refinement. Just as in the weightier matters to which we previously referred, so there is in trifles a national tendency to run into extremes. A high-bred Scotchman perhaps exhibits in manner more of *positive* politeness than an Englishman, and there is a more finished, but at the same time a more conscious, elegance about his personal equipments and domestic belongings. The whole thing is often very exquisite. But the great body of the nation, those to whom the character of “canny Scots”¹ is more peculiarly applicable, do not willingly sacrifice

¹ It often appears to one almost as if there were two distinct races of Scotchmen,—the one represented by the “canny Scot,” the other by the possessor of the “*perferidum ingenium*,” and there is nothing in which the distinction appears more than in external manner. The Scotchman of the first class is undemonstrative beyond any other European. The ordinary

to the graces. There are a thousand little arrangements by which ordinary life is brightened and beautified in England and on the Continent, which, as a general rule, one misses north of the Tweed. In Scotland there is a bareness of all beyond what is dictated by absolute utility, which is not pleasant, and, perhaps, not wise; and, corresponding to this, there is in the people a singular hardness and angularity of manner,—

“A manly surliness, with temper mix’d,
Is on their meanest countenances fix’d.”¹

In their anxiety to leave no mistake about the *fortiter in re*, the *suaviter in modo* is too frequently forgotten; and we can imagine nothing which would be more likely to convince them of the propriety, or more suited to habituate them to the practice of their union, than the custom of seating themselves daily during those years when the external manifestations, as well as the internal essence, of character are formed, at a table presided over by those whose occupation it was to teach, and surrounded by those whose object it was to learn, “the humanities.”

expressions and tokens of affection which mark the intercourse of friends and relatives in other countries, and amongst his own countrymen of the other class, seem to him foolish, if not wicked. In his intercourse with the external world, even when he is neither shy nor awkward, he is remarkable for an absence of manner and gesticulation. His leading characteristics seem to be, and to some extent are, caution, moderation, and an aversion to whatever he has not been accustomed to under the paternal roof. The Scot of the second class is the reverse of all this. He exhibits his feelings more than an Englishman, and is less reserved in his conduct to the world; he has more manner and gesticulation, and is more averse to foreign usages, has even an affinity for them. In all these respects, a very decided facility in acquiring them. The first is the general character of the Scot in Scotland; the second, of the Scot *extra Scotiam agens*. They are not the result of any diversity of blood, lineage, or even altogether of social position, but partly of the diversities of individual temperament, and the accidents of education; and, still more, of the tendency to carry matters to extremes, which we have already noted as an intellectual peculiarity of the whole people.

¹ Defoe's *Caledonia*.

- ART. IV.—1. *Colonial Constitutions : an Outline of the Constitutional History and Existing Government of the British Dependencies, with Schedules of the Orders in Council, Statutes and Parliamentary Documents, relating to each Dependency.* By ARTHUR MILLS, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. London, 1856.
2. *The Reports made for the year 1857 to the Secretary of State having the Department of the Colonies, in continuation of the Reports annually made by the Governors of the British Colonies, with a view to exhibit generally the Past and Present State of Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 9th August 1859.
3. *Canada—1849 to 1859.* By the Hon. A. T. GALT, Finance Minister of Canada. London, 1860.
4. *The New Zealand Constitution Act ; together with Correspondence between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Governor-in-Chief of New Zealand, in explanation thereof.* Wellington, New Zealand, 1853.
5. *Copy of Report of the Committee on Expense of Military Defences in the Colonies.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 4th May 1860.

OUR Colonial System may be said to be composed of a number of political bodies, revolving round Great Britain as a centre planet, partaking of her progress yet with motions peculiarly their own. The phases which they present, and the phenomena which they exhibit, cannot be objects of indifference to the inhabitants of that central orb, in the destinies of which they must in a great degree participate, and to which they are linked not less by moral affinities than by material relations ; for there is a principle of political gravitation which binds them together, regulates their movements, keeps them steady in their orbits, and to which even any irregularities in their apparent course are subordinate, and can be made accountable.

It cannot, however, be denied that much apathy has long existed in considerable portions of the community in regard to our colonial possessions. It does not, happily, characterise the governing classes ; nor is it found in that section of our people which originates and organizes philanthropic schemes, and which aspires to extend the blessings of civilization and of a pure religion to the benighted regions of the earth. Colonies have ever been regarded by these zealous labourers as advanced outposts, from which they may send forth their missions to subdue the vast outlying regions of heathenism. The indifference to which we

have referred, has, however, of late years considerably diminished; and the more frequent discussion of colonial subjects, the progress of emigration, but more especially the wonderful development of the great Australian dependencies, have resulted in creating a general interest in these distant possessions of the Crown, which, at an earlier period of their career, it seemed difficult to believe that they would ever possess. Regarded simply in a commercial sense, there is now a disposition to attach that value to our colonies that was long denied them by some eminent political economists. It was frequently affirmed by the professors of this school, that the colonies would still send their productions to this country, and in return consume its manufactures, whether they continued to be British dependencies or not. But the problem ought never to have been regarded in the light of an abstract speculation, in which facts were assumed for the mere purpose of philosophical investigation. Our colonies are, in fact, dependencies of the crown; and they cannot cease to be so prematurely, without Great Britain suffering an enormous loss of prestige and power: and who can measure the influence of such events on her trade and commerce? Nor is it an answer to say that the colonies may now buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and that they only resort to Great Britain as to the most advantageous market. The inhabitants of the British colonies are British subjects; they carry with them, or adopt English manners, English tastes, and English sympathies; they imitate English habits, and they like English things; their correspondents are generally in England; hence the demand is almost necessarily for English manufactured goods. Even if these should be a little dearer than foreign articles, they would still be bought; and the taste for these things yearly extends into new and more distant countries as the English race spreads over the world, keeping British commerce in the channels it has already entered, and constantly pouring it into new. It would be a bold assertion, and one very difficult to support, that if the colonies now occupied by people of the British race were occupied by another people, they would be the consumers of British commodities to the same extent as at present; and that those who would otherwise occupy them would not prefer the articles of that country of which they might be citizens, to those of another to which they were in no way related. These propositions may be illustrated by a reference to figures:—

Population of the under-mentioned Countries, and Exports to them from the United Kingdom in the year 1857.

	Population.	Imports from Great Britain.
British America, . . .	3,014,051	L. 4,668,360
Australia, . . .	1,107,537	13,175,125
United States, . . .	27,797,403	20,076,895

Here the United States exhibits a return, in proportion to its vast population, which contrasts most unfavourably with the two colonies above specified; and it is impossible to doubt that the independence of the country has had much influence in restricting its trade with Great Britain; large as it is, and that it might, and probably would, have been a much greater consumer of British commodities had it remained an integral part of our colonial empire. Nor is there any ground for supposing that its wonderful material development would not have proceeded at an equally rapid rate if it had not separated itself from the parent state.

But the retention of the dependencies of the British Crown is sometimes objected, for special reasons, not without a certain degree of plausibility. An extensive colonial empire, it is said, is a source rather of weakness than of strength; the cost is considerable, and the profit at least problematical. Those countries it is moreover affirmed, which, in ancient or modern times, have indulged the vanity or ambition of acquiring distant and extensive settlements, derived neither wealth in the days of their prosperity, nor assistance in those of their adversity, from their thankless and indifferent offspring. The Greek colonies were peculiar to their age and race. Groups of emigrants, driven by necessity or impelled by the love of adventure, left their homes and renounced their allegiance, fixed their new domicile where they pleased, were bound to the parent state by no political tie, and were indeed wholly unconnected with it except by moral sympathies and traditionary associations. The colonial system of Carthage was founded on a strict monopoly, resembling in many respects that of England in an early stage of her commercial career; and she fell without having experienced, in the hour of her extremity, either aid or sympathy. Roman settlements were merely distant garrisons. Spain and Portugal, in recent times, justly forfeited the allegiance of their colonists, and lost their extended empires, by a combined policy of selfishness and ignorance; and the magnificent countries which they misgoverned took the earliest opportunity of trampling the symbols of their subjection in the dust and proclaiming their independence.

Great Britain alone among modern states has retained a large portion of her colonial empire. The policy on which it was originally founded differed, as we have remarked, but little from that of other countries; but the enlightened liberality of her leading politicians, has given a totally different development to the system from any that had been conceived possible to the less advanced states which have aspired to distant dominion. The rise and progress of the colonial empire of Great Britain, from the first attempt to plant settlements in North America to the last "annexation" in India, embraces only a period of three

centuries, during which a political fabric has been erected, composed of fragments of almost every extinct and every existing nation of the habitable world ; and a power has been created to which, in the words of an eminent American statesman, "Rome in the height of her glory was not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the whole surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of martial music."

Whatever objects may have been contemplated in her first settlements, Great Britain has not, certainly, since the unhappy quarrel with her North American colonists in the last century, attempted to obtain a tribute for her support in peace, nor does she hope to enlist troops for her defence in war,¹ nor to increase her ordinary revenue from any of the natural resources or productions of the colonies ; for even the untold wealth of the Australian gold-field, the indisputable property of the Crown, was abandoned with scarcely an effort for its retention, nor does she now seek in them an exclusive market for her goods, or any longer make them receptacles for her delinquent population. In truth, the colonial empire of England costs the Imperial Government and the British people rather more than L.3,000,000 sterling per annum. For what purpose, then, is it maintained ? To those who look wholly to material results and a pecuniary balance, the question itself involves a paradox ; but to those who regard a vast empire as founded for some higher purpose than the creation and development of wealth, the wilful dismemberment of such an empire seems nothing less than the breaking up of some vast and complex machinery for the progressive civilization of the human race, and an impious rejection of an instrument put into our hands by Providence for working out some great purpose of His government.

Even the most material of our political economists, Mr Mill, while not overlooking inferior objects, recognises colonization, although originating in the enterprise of individuals, as involving consequences extending indefinitely beyond the present. "The question of Government intervention in the work of colonization," he says, "involves the future and permanent interests of civilization itself, and far outstretches the comparatively narrow limits of purely economical considerations. To appreciate the benefits of colonization, it should be considered in its relation, not

¹ The regiment recently raised in Canada is an exception, but the experiment is not likely to be repeated ; in fact, the cost was far greater than that of a regiment of the line at home. During the last Russian war, Great Britain, as is well known, had recourse to German mercenaries.

to a single country, but to the collective economical interests of the human race. It is also a question of production, and of the most efficient application of the resources of the world. The exportation of labourers and capital from old to new countries, from a place where their productive power is less to a place where it is greater, increases by so much the aggregate produce of the labour and capital of the world. It adds to the joint wealth of the old and the new countries what amounts, in a short period, to many times the mere cost of effecting the transport. There needs be no hesitation in affirming that colonization, in the present state of the world, is the very best affair of business in which the capital of an old and wealthy country can possibly engage."¹

Colonial self-government is only another term for an extension of the principle of freedom and the blessing of liberty over vast areas of the civilized world. This we believe to be the noble "mission" of Great Britain; and her colonies are nobly fulfilling the great purpose for which they were called into political existence. It has been well to rule them with firmness during their infancy, and to control their inexperienced youth; but the highest duty is to teach them how to rule themselves. Emancipation from a wholesome restraint may undoubtedly be conferred too soon; for these young communities ought not to be left to themselves until they acquire a maturity at which the capacity of self-government may be legitimately and safely presumed. Mistakes have undoubtedly been made both as to the moral fitness of some of our dependencies for the freedom conferred, as in the institutions which have been framed for them. These we shall have occasion to point out as we pass in review the various colonies of the British Empire, which we shall now proceed to do; taking, in the first place, as the most ancient and not the least interesting of our possessions, those noble North American provinces whose loyalty to the British Crown is only exceeded by the rapid development of their wonderful resources, and the space that they must occupy in the history of the British Empire, and of the great American continent the civilization of which is scarcely now more than two centuries old.

The possession of CANADA by the Crown of England dates from 1759, when it was conquered from the French by General Wolfe. It was ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. In 1791, Upper and Lower Canada were divided, and constituted two provinces. Houses of Assembly were at the same time formed, consisting of 50 members in Lower and 16 in Upper Canada. In 1840, Upper and Lower Canada were reunited, and a Legislative Council formed for the two provinces. This Council was to consist of not less than 20 members, but as

¹ Principles of Political Economy, Book 5, chapter 11.

many as 45 were appointed for life by the Crown. The Legislative Assembly consisted of 84 members. Municipal institutions were established in 1840. The present constitution of Canada is the result of a Reform Act passed in 1853, enlarging and reconstructing the constituency, the result of which was the return of 130 members to the Legislative Assembly.

In Canada the attempt was first made to place the Executive Council on the same footing of responsibility to the Representative Assembly as the British Ministry stands in reference to the House of Commons—removable, that is to say, by a vote of censure or want of confidence. It is curious and instructive to observe how reluctantly this undoubted constitutional right, as it is understood in the mother country, was conceded to the colonies. Even the most advanced of our constitutional statesmen, Lord John Russell, resolutely set his face at first against the concession. In a despatch addressed to Lord Sydenham in 1839, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, he thus expressed himself:—

“It appears from Sir George Arthur’s despatches, that you may encounter much difficulty in subduing the excitement which prevails on the question of what is called ‘responsible government.’ I have to instruct you, however, to refuse any explanation which may be construed to imply an acquiescence in the petitions and addresses on this subject. The power for which a Minister is responsible in England is not his own power, but that of the Crown, of which he is, for the time, the organ. It is obvious that the executive councillor of a colony is in a situation totally different. The Governor under whom he serves receives his orders from the Crown of England. But can the Colonial Council be the advisers of the Crown of England? Evidently not; for the Crown has other advisers for the same functions, and with superior authority. It may happen, therefore, that the Governor receives, at one and the same time, instructions from the Queen and advice from his Executive Council totally at variance with each other. If he is to obey his instructions from England, the parallel of constitutional responsibility entirely fails; if, on the other hand, he is to follow the advice of his Council, he is no longer a subordinate officer, but an independent sovereign.”

This despatch, however, was almost immediately followed by another, in which the Secretary of State instructs the Governor-General of Canada, that hereafter the tenure of certain enumerated colonial functionaries, being members of Council and heads of administrative departments, holding office during her Majesty’s pleasure, would not be regarded as equivalent to a tenure during good behaviour, but that such officers would be called upon to retire from the public service “as often as any sufficient motives

of public policy might suggest the expediency of that measure." This despatch has been regarded as the charter of "responsible government," which, only a few days before, Lord John Russell had peremptorily forbidden the Governor-General to grant.

Next to the great principle of ministerial responsibility, without which representative institutions would have been a delusion, the composition of the Legislative Council was a most important consideration for the people of Canada. In most of the colonies this Council was nominated by the Crown, and consisted of a certain number of civil functionaries and private colonists—called respectively the official and non-official members; and it formed the "second estate" in our colonial constitutions—and was intended, in theory and practice, to exercise functions analogous to those of the House of Lords. No greater mistake has been committed by the mother country, in her dealings with her dependencies, than in thus attempting to invest with legislative power a few individuals who can never bear the faintest resemblance to our hereditary peers. The elements of such an institution do not exist in the colonies; and the abortive attempt to plant a species of artificial aristocracy in a soil entirely uncongenial to its production, is a remarkable illustration of the force of inveterate prejudice, and of the predominance of theory over practical wisdom. A time-honoured institution like our House of Lords can only exist in a country where the aristocratic element is highly developed, and interwoven with the whole of our social and political life. The high education and intelligence of our peerage reconciles the country to the existence of a legislative power not immediately responsible to the people; and the conviction is universal, that it cannot be extensively abused, and will only be exercised in conformity with public opinion, and for the general good. But if there is any one institution which, more than another, tends to bring the Home Government into disrepute, to disturb the action of the constitutional system, to throw discredit upon public men, and to introduce discord into the colonial councils, it is the institution of Crown nominees. Legislative Councils composed of members appointed by the Crown have, in general, very little influence over public opinion; while, where they have been introduced, they have made the General Assembly less efficient, by withdrawing from it individuals whose services would have been more valuable in the popular branch of the Legislature. The number of men in a small colonial society qualified to discharge with ability the duties of a legislator is necessarily limited; and it must be, therefore, impolitic to take them away from that Assembly which must always exercise the greatest influence and possess the largest share of power. Thus, it has sometimes been suggested that a single Legislative Chamber

is best adapted for a colony ; but experience has shown, particularly in New South Wales, that a second Chamber, composed partly of elected members and partly of Crown nominees, although it cannot defeat measures strongly supported by public opinion, can insure their being fully discussed, and not passed without a previous consideration of just objections to what may be the mistaken demands of an excited and ill-informed popular feeling.

The fallacy of expecting an independent and influential second Assembly, composed solely of Crown nominees, has been so admirably exposed by a gentleman who possesses a large colonial experience, together with great administrative ability—we allude to Mr Lowe—that we gladly quote his authority. “These members,” he says, “represent nobody ; they have not the slightest affinity to an aristocratic institution ; they are the scapegoats of the constitution, the target for every attack, the butt of every jest. Ignominy and obloquy rain thick upon them ; and when it is asked whether the colonies have materials for a second Chamber, the question may, I think, with more propriety be put, can they have materials for nominees ? can they have people so paramount in talent, so independent in property, so conciliatory in manner, so combining all sorts of contradictory attributes, that they can hold this invidious office without exposing themselves to the sort of treatment to which I have alluded ? That is, I think, impossible ; and it is not my opinion alone, but that of almost every person throughout the colonies.”¹

An elective Senate is not without its disadvantages ; but no rank or dignity emanating from the Crown can possibly compensate for the deficiencies of a parliamentary body that does not enjoy the confidence of the colonial population. The Provincial Legislature of Canada was empowered by an Act of the Imperial Legislature, passed in 1854, to constitute the Legislative Council an elective body, the existing nominated members retaining their seats for life. The province has been divided into 48 electoral divisions, each returning one member. Twelve are elected every two years, and they go out of office after eight years’ service. The House is not subject to dissolution ; and in the opinion of Mr Galt, the able Finance Minister of Canada, “the result will be to establish a body in a great degree secured from the ordinary excitement of politics, and able to take a calm and dispassionate review of the acts of the Lower House, which is elected for four years, and may be dissolved by the Governor-General.”

Canada has passed through several severe commercial and financial crises ; but the progress that she has recently made,

¹ Speech of Mr Lowe, at a meeting of the Society for the Reform of Colonial Government, held June 1, 1850.

morally, socially, and financially, are directly due to the perfect liberty of action which has been given her in the management of her own affairs, and to the ability of the public men whom her free institutions have called forth.

Following the guidance of Mr Galt, one of the ablest of her ministers, we shall notice a few of the most prominent internal improvements which place Canada high among the dependencies of Great Britain, and have made her an example worthy of being followed by those that have not yet attained her political maturity.

Municipal institutions are justly held to be valuable accessories of every free constitution. The Supreme Legislature can never deal in a satisfactory way with subjects devoid of general interest, however locally important; and their introduction into the national Senate tends only to divert it from its special duties, impair its dignity, and diminish its usefulness. All the laws relating to municipalities in Upper Canada were revised and consolidated into one statute in 1858, and a similar measure is in preparation for Lower Canada. The inhabitants of every county, city, town, and township are constituted corporations on an elective principle; and the powers of these provincial bodies embrace everything of a local nature, including schools, courts of justice, gaols, with rates for their support, licenses, local improvements, the care of public morals, police, together with a great number of minor matters essential to the welfare of small communities. Generally, the institutions of England have been taken as a guide; and the result has been to secure to each local district the most complete management of its own affairs, the evils of improper centralization have been avoided, and every citizen finds a centre of interest and a sphere of exertion in his own immediate neighbourhood.

In one most important department of public economy the people of Canada have advanced far beyond that of the mother country. In the provision of schools for general instruction of the population, Canada ranks conspicuously high. The Government has solved a problem which still perplexes and divides England. In Canada the principle is established, that every child in the country is entitled to education; and a rate for that purpose is struck by each municipality, in addition to a grant of £90,000 from the public exchequer. Each school district is under the management of local trustees chosen by the people. A Superintendent of Education is established for each county, and he is assisted by a Council of Instruction chosen from among the leading men of the province. The school-books are selected by the Council and Superintendent. The result of the system is, that in Upper Canada alone there were, in 1858, 3866

schools and 263,683 scholars. It has been found to work satisfactorily; and even in Lower Canada, where, until recently, education had been totally neglected, the schools number 2800, and the scholars 130,940.

Another problem presenting great difficulties has also been solved in Canada. The feudal tenures, which operated as a great obstruction to progress and material improvement of any kind in Lower Canada, have been recently extinguished by a plan of compensation to the lords and others interested in, and affected by, the change, and an indemnity from the province of L.650,000. A complete social revolution has thus been effected at a cost trifling as compared with its importance; and it has been accomplished quietly, without giving rise to any violence or producing even excitement, and in a manner which satisfies all parties by its justice and liberality.

In legal reform, again, Canada has outstripped her parent state in the race of improvement. The whole statute law of the country has been consolidated into three volumes; and a commission is now sitting, charged with the duty of codification, in Lower Canada, after the manner of the Code Napoleon.

Unfortunately, the finances of the years 1857, 1858, and 1859 show marks of a temporary embarrassment. The diminution of revenue from various causes, together with very large undertakings in public works, to which, at the time they were commenced, Canada was financially unequal, will tax the energies of the country severely to meet the crisis and its consequences. But of the result there can be no doubt; and the development of a vast system of internal communication, together with the inexhaustible resources of the land, all point to a very brilliant future. In a despatch from the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, to the Secretary of State in 1858, he states, both as his own conviction and that of subjects of the United States settled in those districts, that the whole of the trade of the north-western regions of America must ultimately look to Montreal as its port, and the St Lawrence as its highway to the ocean; and he adds, "I believe that no man can at present estimate the volume of the tide of commerce which, twenty years hence, will pour down this channel."

The river St Lawrence drains a vast extent of the great continent, and forms the natural channel to the ocean not merely for Canada, but also for the states of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana. This great district is that wherein the principal cereal crop of America is produced—bulky in its nature, comparatively low in its value, and requiring therefore the cheapest transport. Canada now possesses the most magnificent canals in

the world, but without, at the present time, any trade to support them except her own; but she has now combined with her unrivalled inland navigation a railroad system, the most extensive in America. The Grand Trunk Railway, with its marvellous engineering work, the Victoria tubular bridge, has a length of 1112 miles, and is designed to provide for the winter trade of the province, and of the great district before described, by the transport of goods to the city and harbour of Portland, U.S., being the port nearest to the river St Lawrence. It is to be regretted that the point of departure and arrival for shipping should be in a foreign territory; but great efforts were made, as well by Canada as by New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to induce the Imperial Government to promote the extension of the Grand Trunk Railway to some colonial winter port, but without success. The American cities on the great lakes are now, it is said, opening a direct trade through the Canadian waters with Europe; and the time is believed to be not far distant when the full advantages of the St Lawrence, as the great route from the interior of the continent to the ocean, will be fully recognised.

In connection with this grand scheme of international communication, a proposition of a very startling character has recently been submitted by a committee of the Legislative Assembly of Canada, and most favourably received in England, for the establishment of a *daily line* of screw steamers, of not less than 2000 tons burthen, with a speed of from ten to twelve miles per hour, between Liverpool and Quebec, to be connected with another line of steamers of 1000 tons burthen, of the same speed, to the Welland Canal and Railway, Toronto, or Hamilton, intersecting a line of similar steamers on Lakes Erie or Huron to Chicago. By this connection it is calculated that first-class passengers could reach Chicago, from Liverpool over the Grand Trunk Railway by Quebec, in twelve days. To those who are not familiar with the magnitude of the trade of the West States of America, the idea of a daily line of steamers to England may appear preposterous; but the scheme is founded on the soundest data, and has been considered in all its bearings; and, by creating an identity of feeling and interests between the people of Canada and the citizens of the Western States of the Union, cannot fail to produce the most important commercial and political results, and may be truly considered to be one of national importance.

In Canada, we seem to have solved the problem, so long deemed insoluble, how to retain a colonial dependency under the dominion of the mother country without violence and without coercion, by the mere strength of mutual interests and mutual

benefits. That a country of such magnitude, with a population augmented, as it must be in no great length of time, to an equality with that of the parent state, can remain a permanent dependency of the Crown, is scarcely to be supposed; but whatever may be its destiny, its people will always value as their most precious inheritance the free institutions they enjoy, and cherish an attachment to the country from which they received them. "The future," says Mr Galt, "may change our political relations; but I feel sure that the day will never arrive when Canada will withhold her support, however feeble it may be, from Great Britain, in any contest for the maintenance of her own position, as the foremost champion of civil and religious liberty." In the meantime, that a perfectly free community, with institutions far more democratic than our own, and conscious that it requires only an expression of its will to effect a separation, should cling closely to our side, rival us in loyalty to our common Sovereign, and anticipate with enthusiasm the advent of the heir apparent of the British Empire, is a spectacle so impressive and so gratifying, that the heart of England may well beat with emotion and swell with justifiable pride. Can the Canada of to-day be really the same Canada, the land of endless discontents and miseries, that, a quarter of a century since, broke out into armed rebellion, and was prevented only by the presence of an overwhelming military force from following the example of America in 1776? Can the progressive Canada of to-day be the Canada of 1830,—poor, desert, and neglected, without capital and without credit, but with a population so hostile, it required an army to coerce it? The land is the same, and the race is the same: but Canada has acquired the conviction, that England has at length learned how to deal justly with her colonies; that she has cast away the illiberal and antiquated theories that formerly guided her conduct; that she will abstain even from interference; and that the only sentiment she feels is that of an attached parent, rejoicing in the approaching maturity of her political offspring.

The other North American dependencies of the Crown will not occupy much of our space. They are all in a state of progressive prosperity, and entire contentment both with their institutions and the mother country. The system of responsible government was fully recognised in NOVA SCOTIA by the resignation of the Executive Council, in pursuance of a vote of the Provincial Parliament in January 1848. The public statutes have been revised and consolidated, and now form the code of the province. The value of the exports and imports is steadily rising, and the revenue of the province increasing. Agriculture was long almost entirely neglected in this colony, as other pur-

suits offered a more immediate return. The cultivation of the soil was looked upon rather as a degrading employment, and ranked below that of a petty shopkeeper or itinerant pedlar. A Board of Agriculture was established in 1817, which gave to this department of industry its just value; and the progress of improvement has since been rapid and satisfactory, and it has been found that all the agricultural productions of England ripen in great perfection. The great article of trade is fish, which has given a great development to the shipping interest of the colony. In the year 1807 the shipping of Nova Scotia amounted to only 25,000 tons; in 1857 it had risen to 183,697 tons; the number of vessels owned in the colony was, in that year, 1994, and their estimated value £1,041,772.

NEW BRUNSWICK and PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, although distinct dependencies, with separate Legislatures, possess interests in common. The first of these two colonies was severed from Nova Scotia in 1784, and the constitution which it now enjoys was granted. It consists of a Lieutenant-Governor, aided by an Executive Council of 8 members, a Legislative Council of 17 members, and a House of Assembly of 39 representatives. The system of "responsible government" was formally recognised by a vote of the Provincial Legislature in 1848. In PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND the breadth of land under cultivation is gradually on the increase; but a desire to emigrate to New Zealand has been for some time prevalent in this island, which has kept the population stationary as to number. Immigrants arrived from Scotland in the course of the year 1858 to the number of 300, chiefly composed of the friends and relatives of old settlers, and they are likely, it is said, permanently to remain; but emigration from this island to other colonies, and to the United States, fully equals, if it does not exceed, any immigration which has yet taken place. In this dependency, also, the system of responsible government was introduced in 1851. In Prince Edward's Island the remarkable peculiarity is found, that the system of education adopted by the State, and which has been in operation for some years, is supported at a cost of nearly one-third of the whole revenue of the colony, and it gives such general satisfaction, that no disposition has been evinced to economise in that direction, notwithstanding the disproportion which so heavy a charge bears to the resources of the island.

In NEWFOUNDLAND the Legislative and Executive Councils were separated in 1854; and in the same year the system of responsible government was established, the displaced public officers being compensated for the loss of their official incomes.

We turn now to the WEST INDIES, where we are compelled to admit representative government has signally failed. It has

certainly not produced those results of which free institutions in other parts of the world have hitherto been abundantly prolific. The West Indies have palpably and notoriously retrograded, both in prosperity and civilization, since the passing of that great act of justice, the emancipation of the negro slave. In Jamaica especially, where self-government has been in existence for more than two centuries, the constitutional system of England is not popular with the white aristocracy, who would infinitely prefer being governed from Downing Street, notwithstanding all the losses they accuse the mother country of having inflicted on them. They are willing to confide in the justice and wisdom of the statesmen of England, but they are most unwilling to trust the Creole statesmen of Jamaica with the protection of their interests and the expenditure of the public funds. The coloured people of Jamaica are now the governing class; and that class is equally unpopular with the white man and the negro. The one looks upon them as having supplanted the old governing caste; the other, as a *parvenu* aristocracy, without the intelligence, dignity, or generosity of their old masters. The public debt of this colony has been greatly increased by the Assembly, and now stands at the large sum, for so small a dependency, of L.852,808. And when we consider the state of the population, it is difficult to conceive how the elements of a good constitutional government can be found in so circumscribed a community. At the last census the population amounted to 377,433, of whom only 15,776 were Europeans, the remainder being of the African or Creole races. It is, we fear, a fact incapable of being denied, that this, the oldest colony of England, is considerably misgoverned, as it has confessedly fallen into a state of almost helpless moral and political prostration. However it may be regretted by the economist and philanthropist, the broad fact stands out plainly to the world, that the African will not labour. He never promised that he would. He declared on the contrary, that he would be idle as often and as long as he could. Nor have we any right to blame him, however we may deplore the consequences to himself and his employers. He can live with little labour, and he has no ambition to do more than live,

“ With that majestic indolence so dear
To native man,”

he prefers eating his banana under the shade of the tree which grows beside his cottage, and moistening it with the juice of the milky nut which hangs from its bough, to toiling in the sugar-fields of a master, whatever remuneration may be offered him. He enjoys existence in his own way; and he has a right so to enjoy it. He even hails the arrival of the Bengal Coolie with

satisfaction, and regards him, not as a competitor in the labour-market, but as the instrument destined to relieve him eventually altogether from the necessity of toil. Even in the least fertile parts of the island he can exist almost entirely without labouring for hire; and he is satisfied with this almost aboriginal condition, so long as he can remain in his hereditary haunts. There is, therefore, no reason to expect, notwithstanding the favourable conditions of soil and climate, that the colonists of the West Indies will ever regain the commercial position they once held.

There is a difficulty in the working of free constitutions in small dependencies which does not exist, at least not in the same degree, in the larger,—namely, the absence of a class willing to devote their time to the discharge of those duties which are most erroneously regarded as secondary or inferior. Those who are in the pursuit of wealth are too busy; those who are not, have neither the capacity nor the information requisite for taking a useful part in public life; and in a country where money-making is the absorbing pursuit, all are generally immersed in their private affairs. Misgovernment is the natural result of ignorance, indifference, or neglect. “It is with the greatest difficulty,” writes the Governor of Grenada to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, “that the members of the several committees can be brought together when their services are required. They are scattered over the island in all directions, and, with few exceptions, do not consider themselves bound to give up their time, and to sacrifice their convenience, to perform public duties for which they receive no remuneration. The inevitable consequence is, that the business of the colony is retarded, the public accounts remain unaudited, and the credit of the colony falls in proportion to the delay which takes place in liquidating its liabilities.” On the House of Assembly the Governor is even more severe. “A considerable portion,” he adds, “of what I have said with reference to the joint committees, applies also to the House of Assembly. It is composed principally of planters, who will not absent themselves from their houses for more than two days at a time to attend to their legislative duties. The business of the House generally commences late on the first day, and by two or three o’clock on the following day most of the country members are anxious to return home; and little time being left for the consideration of important measures, they are either hurried through, or unavoidably postponed until another session of similar duration.” In fact, there is no class in these dependencies sufficiently exempted from the cares and struggles of life to devote itself to the discharge of public duties.

The comparative progress which one or two of these islands
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have made, notwithstanding the severe blow which the planters and capitalists sustained in their material interests by the abolition of slavery, is attributable, in a great measure, to the steadiness with which certain principles have been adhered to, and which their form of government enabled them consistently to carry out. In Trinidad, for example, which possesses no representative institutions, there has been exhibited a unity of purpose and action which has told with remarkable effect upon the prosperity of the island. While in most of the other West India islands the exports have either retrograded, remained at a stationary point, or very slightly increased, in Trinidad they have increased from the year 1855, when they were valued at L.387,999, to L.1,013,414 in 1859. The policy of the Government has been to congregate population round certain centres of civilization, and to check, as far as moral compulsion could do it, its spread into distant and unsettled districts by territorial and administrative arrangements having for their object the instruction and well-being of the people generally, and their frequent communication with each other.

But it is not our intention to discuss the condition of those British dependencies that have not yet reached the stage of development which is thought by the Imperial Government to qualify them for free institutions. We shall therefore pass them over, and proceed to the important and highly interesting colony of the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, and its kindred settlement, NATAL, in South Africa.

Here we are again able to indulge the feeling, so gratifying to British pride, of admiration for a people cautiously, but firmly and securely, treading in the footsteps of their forefathers, working out for themselves the problem of representative government in the most satisfactory manner, and deriving from it, year after year, increasing wealth, importance, and respectability. The colony of the Cape stands in a peculiarly interesting relation, not only to Great Britain, but to the continent of Africa; and it would be difficult to estimate the importance of its political position, and the influence it may ultimately have over the future of the African race. It is therefore with peculiar gratification that we find ourselves able to dwell upon its moral, political, and financial well being. Few colonies have had to struggle with greater difficulties, and none have more successfully surmounted them. There was, in the first place, a population alien in race, and differing in language and in manners from the British settlers, with which they could not readily amalgamate. The old Dutch colonists were not soon reconciled to a change of masters; and many years elapsed before they acquiesced, with sullen submission, in a change of dominion, and transferred their allegiance to the Crown of England. Numbers, in fact, threw

off even the nominal allegiance they professed, and, under a sense of real or imaginary wrongs, crossed the colonial frontier and erected an independent government for themselves, in a country where they determined to be free from British interference. This Dutch republic of the southern hemisphere is now a thriving state; but situated on the confines of barbarism, it is believed to be not very scrupulous in its transactions with its neighbours, or to have made much progress in the arts of social life. The colony of the Cape has undergone several extensions within the last quarter of a century, in consequence of the Kaffir wars, and the necessity of advancing its military frontier for the purpose of self-defence. It now possesses 269,000 inhabitants. A constitution was conferred on it in 1850. The Government is composed of two elective Chambers, a Legislative Council, and a House of Assembly. The electoral qualification is the possession of a house or land of the annual value of L.25, or the receipt of a salary of L.50 per annum. A most remarkable development of prosperity commenced with the introduction of free institutions. Before that period the public revenue was declining; since representative government and ministerial responsibility have been introduced, it has increased from L.247,369, in 1849, to L.469,075, in 1859,—a remarkable proof of the influence of a constitutional government in stimulating commercial activity, and increasing both public and private wealth, in a colony morally fitted for it, and with a population sufficiently numerous to supply good legislators and an efficient executive. It must be added, that one of the effects of a liberal government is to attach permanently to a colony many of those merchants and speculators who would otherwise have only regarded it as a place of business, looking forward to a return to England, at the end of their temporary expatriation, to enjoy the fruits of their success. The gentlemen of the Cape now find a career of public usefulness and importance opened for them in the colony; they make it the land of their adoption, regard it as their ultimate home, and bestow upon its political interests that time and those exertions which in England would probably be absorbed by the details of a parish, or, as the object of supreme ambition, perhaps the judicial business of the Petty Sessions.

The governors of our dependencies have often found themselves in a state of antagonism to the local Parliaments. It required no slight degree of discretion and forbearance on the part of the Queen's representative, in those colonies that have been entrusted with the duties of self-government, to avoid, at first, sharp collisions with Legislatures just brought into existence, and with, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated ideas of their importance, and inclined to carry their pretensions to the extreme limits of

discretion. It was some time before a statesman of ability, and with, perhaps, a policy of his own, could realize the true character of his position, and be impressed with a conviction, that, while he was deputed by his Sovereign to "govern" her dependency, he was in effect only a passive instrument for carrying out the ideas of a local Senate, without reference to his individual convictions or his views of Imperial interests. Such, nevertheless, was ultimately found to be the necessity of his position. A struggle was at first made by several vigorous governors to emancipate themselves from what they thought an unconstitutional thralldom to a colonial Parliament. Lord Metcalfe, in Canada, firmly resisted the pressure put upon him by the Legislature, but he was obliged to succumb. The power of the purse was there found, as in the British constitution, to be the real power of the State ; and it has now become a settled maxim, that the ministry selected for carrying on the business of the colonial government must possess the confidence of the Legislature, and be chosen from the majority of the Assembly. As in the Imperial Government, the Sovereign is merely an impersonation of the State, and may be said to reign, but not to govern ; so, in a free colony, the Governor may be said to preside over, but not control, the body politic of which he is the honorary head. In the early stage of a colony, the government is an absolute monarchy, and such is alone adapted to its infant state ; but when it has attained manhood, and received a constitution, it possesses not only the power of making the laws, but the equally indispensable one to a free government, of watching over their administration.

At the Cape, the unusual spectacle has been exhibited, of a colonial Parliament continuing undissolved for the whole period of its legal existence ; and Sir George Grey, who from the first has recognised his true constitutional position, bestowed upon it, at its expiration, the following well-deserved eulogy :—"The wisdom and moderation evinced by the members of this Parliament have conclusively shown that the people of this colony were in every way fitted to use well and wisely the liberal constitution which her Majesty, in her gracious care for the advancement of themselves and their descendants, was pleased to bestow on them."

The highly promising colony of Natal, next to the Cape the most advanced of our African possessions, has, although comparatively in its infancy, received a constitution somewhat similar to that of the Cape, and also municipal institutions. It is a favourable feature in this new and rising colony, that, although the European population is small, a Superintendent of Education has been appointed, and a sum of L.2022 voted by the Legislature for educational purposes for the year 1860. But there is another feature in this colony on which we are unable

to comment so favourably. The charter conferring the constitution makes no exception of the natives as to electoral rights, if otherwise qualified by property. The present population of the colony consists of about 4000 Europeans, 4000 Dutch boers, and 130,000 Kaffirs ;—the latter have not yet learned the value of landed property, and therefore few are qualified to vote. Hitherto their great ambition has been to possess herds of cattle ; but the most active and prominent of the natives are gradually becoming sensible of the importance of other descriptions of property. As a race of people, they are intelligent, great observers, and keen politicians in connection with their own customs and form of government. A very small advance in the present social position of the native population would give them a numerical superiority of votes over the white inhabitants. At no distant day, therefore, a question, involving most important considerations, is not unlikely to arise in Natal. “ *The mass of the white population,*” writes the Lieutenant-Governor, “ *will probably seek its solution in an arbitrary prohibition of electoral rights to the native ; and already the expediency of such a measure is not unmooted.*”

We are thus brought to the consideration of a very serious and perplexing question, the solution of which must greatly affect not only the colony of Natal, but another more interesting dependency in the southern hemisphere,—New Zealand, to the political and social condition of which we shall shortly advert,—namely, how far the grant of constitutional governments may be reconcilable with the natural rights and personal welfare of the aborigines in those countries where they exist in a state of temporary social inferiority, but with the germs of a higher civilization implanted in their nature, and with aspirations and a probable future that may bring them into a state of moral antagonism, and possibly of political collision, with the Europeans settled in their country, and who arrogate to themselves, and are prepared to contend for and assert, a superiority of caste, and an unmitigated political predominance.

We may assume as an incontrovertible axiom, that one of the most important objects of all free governments is political content ; but if any constitution should be found, on experience, irreconcilable with the happiness and social progress of the governed, that form of polity, in whatever part of the world it may exist, fails in the most essential of its conditions. Applying this principle to the constitutional systems of some of our dependencies, we fear there is much reason to apprehend that there is an imminent danger of their transformation into oppressive oligarchies in relation to the aboriginal populations. But nothing can be clearer than the course of the Imperial Govern-

ment under such circumstances. It would forfeit its character as a moral state if it did not interpose to correct injustice, which it could neither have contemplated nor foreseen. It would be its paramount duty to crush with the strong hand of power institutions which have been perverted and misused, and to resume its direct sway over a colony which has thus abused its freedom, and made it an instrument for the subjugation of a native race.

The grand group of colonies which has acquired such extraordinary importance, and recently burst into a sudden blaze of splendour and prosperity, is the last which will occupy our attention. The Australian dependencies constitute one of the wonders of modern civilization. In them some of the great questions of modern politics are being worked out on a colossal scale, and the magnitude of the interests involved is only equalled by their complexity. We shall consider New Zealand first, together with the working of its constitution, inasmuch as it contains a large aboriginal population nominally invested with the political franchise. The natives of these fine islands are quite capable of understanding their own interests, and, by their energy, of making their opinions known and respected. The Act for conferring a constitutional government on New Zealand passed the British Legislature during the short administration of Lord Derby in 1853. The constitution consists of a Governor, a nominated Legislative Council composed of fifteen members, and a House of Representatives consisting of thirty-six members elected every five years. The franchise is conferred upon every adult colonist or native owner of a freehold worth L.50, or leaseholder of an estate of L.10 a-year, or town tenant householder of L.10 a-year, or county tenant householder of L.5 a-year. An attempt had been made a few years previously to erect New Zealand into a constitutional government; but it was successfully opposed by Sir George Grey, the then Governor, as premature and unfair to the native inhabitants. In an energetic and eloquent protest he declared that the Crown, by its charter, would be conferring not, as was intended, a free government on the country, but, in reality, giving to a portion of the people, and that exclusively European, the power of governing according to its pleasure the people of another race, and of appropriating at its discretion the whole of a large revenue raised indiscriminately from both. The constitution, moreover, as defined by the charter, virtually excluded the native population from the franchise by conferring it upon those only who could read and write the English language, while the great mass of the native population could read and write their own language. Although that objectionable feature does not appear in the existing constitution, the

share which the natives possess in the government of their country is altogether an illusory one. They cannot generally acquire the necessary qualification by reason of their peculiar customs in reference to property. The land which the native proprietors possess forms a tribal domain, is held in common, and therefore individual rights are incapable of being defined so as to be made a qualification for the elective franchise. Nor, if they could, are the native inhabitants of New Zealand yet sufficiently advanced in civilization to avail themselves of it for acquiring political weight. As it affects the native race, the constitution has undoubtedly, so far from conciliating, given rise to a great amount of distrust and discontent. They are, as is well known, an exceedingly intelligent people; and their sagacity, combined with great boldness and determination of character, makes them the least likely people in the world to sit down quietly under a sense of injustice. "If," they have been heard to say, "our affairs are to be put into the hands of any assembly, let them be placed in the hands of an assembly of our own race." They feel that the general animus of the colonists is not favourable to them, and they would prefer being under the direct authority of a Governor representing the Sovereign to whom they first yielded their allegiance. In their treaty with the British Government they looked to the Crown or its representative as their ruler; and little could they have supposed that, within a period of twenty years from the surrender of their independence as a people, the practical government of their country would pass from the Crown into the hands of a popular assembly, representing, and responsible to, only a few thousand Englishmen who have settled in their native land. They are beginning to understand the full consequences of this change, and an amount of discontent has been engendered which it may now be very difficult to appease. The disturbances which have recently broken out in the country, the details of which reach us while we write, although ostensibly arising from a question relating to land, have, we are persuaded, a deeper source than territorial disputes, and originate in a firmly rooted conviction that they are now practically governed by an alien race, to which they consider themselves in no respect inferior, but from which they have reason to apprehend oppression, and by which they have been but too often treated with a disregard of feeling which must be peculiarly galling to a proud and sensitive people. Under the peculiar circumstances of that country, perhaps the wisest course that the Imperial Government could pursue, would be to annul the constitution of New Zealand, with a view to restoring it at a future day. A deadly and inveterate feud between the two races might be thus avoided, and possibly a war, opposed to the moral sense of the British

nation, which could stop short only of the complete subjection or extermination of the native race. Under the direct government of the Crown, we believe the Maories would be contented and loyal, and time would certainly bring about the fusion of the two peoples. A practical remedy is about to be applied which may give them temporary satisfaction. A separate department for the regulation of native affairs, consisting of members *nominated by the Crown*, and presided over by the Governor, is to be established; and it may avert for a time any evil consequences arising from their present anomalous political position. In the peculiar state of New Zealand, it was, we apprehend, a mistake to establish a constitutional government there. The gift should have been deferred until the two races had made a nearer approach towards amalgamation, and the natives had advanced in knowledge and civilization so far as to be able to appreciate and take their fair share in the working of free institutions.

The great Australian Continent, with its neighbouring island, Tasmania, is now the seat of six popular governments, in several of which the democratic principle has been carried almost to its extreme limits. It is impossible not to regard with the utmost anxiety and interest the working of these institutions in a country so peculiarly circumstanced as Australia. In one important respect it is free from the difficulties that beset the governments of some of our other dependencies in the southern hemisphere. The aboriginal inhabitants are so feeble and degenerate a branch of the human family, that they may be altogether excluded from political consideration. They are not susceptible of improvement beyond a very limited degree, and there is no probability that they will ever be further raised in the scale of existence. In fact, they are rather retrograding than advancing in the presence of the white settler; and are probably destined, like the North American Indians (a far higher race), to disappear with the advance of civilisation. The great continent, therefore, may be considered, for all practical purposes, as an indefinite field, not only for material progress, but for practical politics, and the development of popular institutions. In Australia, however, there has been presented one of the most remarkable and sudden developments of society that ever before occurred in the world. For more than half a century the great continent manifested only a torpid social life, and was little regarded in England except as a convenient receptacle for convicts, and as a country from which a large quantity of tallow and wool was annually exported. On the brilliant discoveries of gold in New South Wales and Victoria, the attention of the whole civilised world was fixed on the Australian continent, and, in the course of a few months, it received from England, from several of the

European states, and from America, not only a vast addition to its labouring population, but representatives of almost every order of society except the highest. All the elements of an old and settled country were transferred at once to a new one. In the year 1851 the province of Victoria possessed a population of only 77,345 persons; it now numbers considerably more than 500,000, and contains 211 post towns.

The effect of this vast influx of a population, carrying with it the habits, knowledge, experience, developed intellect, and, we may add, the vices of an old society, necessarily was to cause a very rapid political growth in the country to which it rushed, in the expectation of boundless wealth. Politics as well as other passions of human nature soon acquired a fever heat; and it was found that institutions which had satisfied the country during its dull and monotonous existence, were quite unsuited to the new society which had sprung up, with its vast commercial interests and vehement excitements. In 1850, the province of Victoria had been separated from New South Wales, and a power was granted by the charter to alter and modify the constitution, and enlarge its basis. In 1857, accordingly, the Prime Minister of the day, carried through the local Parliament a Reform Bill, the essence of which was manhood suffrage. The new law placed not less than 160,000 names on the register, —an enormous number in proportion to the adult population. Property qualification was at the same time abolished; but the wise restriction was admitted, that no person should be registered as an elector unless he was able to read and write.

It will be extremely interesting to watch the working of this extremely democratical government in Victoria, where an aristocracy of the landed interest has grown up with the earlier progress of the colony, with which the new political element which has been introduced will with difficulty combine. The land question is likely to test not only the character of parties, but the very stability of the Australian institutions. The great national domain, extensive enough to satisfy the wants of all classes, is now being fought and scrambled for, by parties representing supposed conflicting interests; and is made a cause of contention and nucleus of faction, that is shaking these young governments to their foundations. An Executive, possessing a longer duration than a few weeks, has become almost a political impossibility. A vote of want of confidence immediately follows the inauguration of a new ministry; another is formed from the opposition, and is immediately ejected by a similar vote, in which two sections of the House of Representatives are always ready to combine against a third. The machinery of government arrives at a dead lock,—legislation is suspended, and the Governor is obliged to

extricate the country from the embarrassments created by hostile factions as he best can, and to resort to temporary expedients for carrying on the government. A democratic government that renders the existence of a durable ministry impossible, is one that cannot long endure without some material modification. In New South Wales the same irreconcilable factions agitate the Legislature. "Amid the discordant opinions and confused clamour of a general election," recently wrote an able correspondent from Sydney, "it is impossible to foresee what sort of land law will pass; it is even doubtful whether any will be passed, and whether public opinion is yet sufficiently matured, and whether any possible ministry can propose any bill that shall enlist the support of a majority of both Houses."¹ In South Australia, three consecutive administrations were overthrown in two months. Western Australia is not yet sufficiently advanced for a representative government. The new colony of Queensland, formerly Moreton Bay, is only in its infancy as an offset from its parent state, Sydney; but it has carried with it the institutions of the first planted of the Australian settlements. Tasmania was declared by proclamation independent of New South Wales in 1825, and in 1854 an elective Legislative Council and House of Assembly were constituted. The country is peaceable and orderly; and its Legislature is free from the disquieting factions of the larger Australian states, and is successfully directing its attention to the great resources and capabilities of the island, and the adoption of the improvements essential to social progress. There is a great probability that this fertile and beautiful island will eventually become the most attractive of the Australian settlements. The time must, however, necessarily arrive, when these great colonies, rich in all the elements of wealth, and filled with industrious and energetic populations, will cease to be dependencies of England. Of the time of their separation from the parent state they will judge for themselves, as well as of the institutions which may supersede the mixed government under which they have grown to maturity. We trust that their political education will have so prepared them for independence, that the sagacity and moderation which distinguish the Anglo-Saxon race will so guide their counsels, that their future career will not disgrace the people from which they sprung, and that some form of federation will bind them together in a generous alliance, and give them a political unity and a national history worthy of the country from which they sprung, and of the empire of which they once formed such an important and valuable part.

In the preceding sketch of our numerous dependencies and

¹ Letter from the *Times* Correspondent.

their constitutions, no notice has been taken of those colonies which do not possess a representative form of government, are not yet masters of their own destiny, and do not possess any effective control over their own affairs. It has been our purpose to exhibit the present state of such of our possessions as enjoy free institutions, and to show the use they have made and are making of their practical independence. That in some cases the capability of a colony for self-government has been miscalculated, is, we think, but too clear; in some the mixed character of the population rendered the experiment hazardous or unjust;—in others, where the territory is too limited for the satisfactory development of the system, the forms of government present but a poor parody of their great prototype, the British Constitution. In others, again, we recognise the true spirit of liberty combined with that steadiness of principle and vigour of administration which distinguishes states essentially free,—free not only from arbitrary and irresponsible power, but from the dominion of those passions and prejudices that are not only irreconcilable with self-government but constitute in themselves the most servile and degrading of yokes. Of our great North American dependencies the fairest hopes may be entertained. They are doubtless destined to run a course of great material prosperity, and to attain a very high degree of political importance. Under the guidance of the able public men whom the institutions of the country are producing, and by the patriotism of the people, a power may be created in America, not only capable of maintaining its independence, but possibly of balancing the great neighbouring democratic republic, and checking its tendency to a dangerous predominance. Africa can hardly fail to receive great benefits from the prosperous colony at its southern extremity, which seems destined to give a civilising impulse to the countries which border on it, and in time to impart to the benighted millions of a great continent the blessings of a regenerating faith. New Zealand, with its noble native race, civilised and Christianized, and gradually prepared for self-government, will impart to the multitudinous islands of the Pacific a renovated existence; and the colonies of the Australian continent will, it is to be hoped, eventually work their way, through many trials, perhaps, and after much perplexity, to the dignity of a great and enlightened confederation; and Great Britain, in the day of her decrepitude, whenever it shall arrive, may have the satisfaction of seeing her political offspring at the antipodes emulating her virtues, and animated by her noble example and history; perhaps rivalling her great historic actions; and eclipsing her ancient splendour and renown.

Of the fifty British dependencies, constituting the empire

"on which the sun never sets," there are many, by reason of minuteness, and there is one by reason of its vast proportions and peculiar social condition, manifestly unfitted for the reception of constitutional government. The case of India is peculiar and exceptional, and no change that we can reasonably imagine, as within the bounds of probability, is likely to affect the people of Hindostan, so far as to bring them into the category of those populations qualified to exercise political rights. But while we cannot concede the privileges of freedom to a people so manifestly unqualified for their enjoyment, neither can we ever justly delegate the power of ruling them to the British residents in India. An agitation, it may be remembered, was commenced in Calcutta, and in one or both of the other presidencies, a few years since, for obtaining from the Imperial Government a constitution for India, somewhat similar to those which had been granted to other dependencies; and a demand was made for an elective legislature, open discussion, and "ministerial responsibility." The plan of these gentlemen for the future government of India appeared to be based on this assumption, namely, that they and the other British inhabitants who had resorted thither for the improvement of their fortunes and the exercise of their professions, should be invested with the power, not merely of governing themselves, but with dominion over one hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics, including tributary and protected sovereigns, a proud nobility, ancient priesthoods, and populations arrived at a high degree of civilisation, with laws of an antiquity which no European nation can claim, and customs to which none of the usages of our modern civilisation bear the slightest resemblance. This unparelled demand involved the right of taxation, and the exercise of all the civil and military functions that are now possessed by the Governor-General in Council under direct responsibility to the Crown. The policy of investing a body of Englishmen, even in a comparatively limited territory, where there exists a large native population, with irresponsible power, may, as we have before suggested, be very strongly objected to; but to entrust the future of India and the interests of its people to a few thousand British subjects, with strong European prejudices and manifold temptations to abuse their delegated trust, would be a policy so preposterous, that we can only wonder at the folly of the men who could publicly meet to discuss such a proposition, and embody the demand in a petition addressed to the Legislature of Great Britain.

In one very important respect the colonial system of Great Britain differs from any now existing in Europe, and it may be said has no parallel in history. Our dependencies have been, generally speaking, free from the obligation of contributing,

either by personal service or by money payment, towards their own defence. As a contrast to the extreme liberality with which this country treats her colonies, it may be stated that the only two European nations which, in addition to England, possess colonies of any importance, derive considerable revenues from their dependencies. In 1857 the surplus revenue paid by the Dutch colonies into the metropolitan exchequer, after defraying all their military and naval expenses, was 31,858,421 florins, or about L.2,600,000; and the estimated surplus revenue from the Spanish colonies for the last year was 115,000,000 reals, or about L.1,150,000. The dependencies of England, on the other hand, are maintained at a cost which very seriously taxes the purses of our people. That there may be considerable indirect pecuniary advantages resulting from our extended colonial possessions we have, in a previous part of this essay, endeavoured to demonstrate; nor is it any answer to that economical view of the question, to say that the trade would exist independently of the relation. The exports received from Great Britain by Australia are, as compared with its population, at the rate of twelve pounds per head, while the exports received by the United States are at the rate of less than one; and these figures show conclusively how much larger is the commerce with countries which remain part of the empire, than with those which have separated from it. The pecuniary relations of the colonies to the mother country, in the matter of their military defence, cannot nevertheless be regarded otherwise than as a gigantic anomaly, which it is incumbent upon us to take the earliest opportunity to remove, and to place the numerous dependencies of the country upon that just footing, in regard to cost of their protection, which policy points out, and public opinion now appears imperatively to demand.

In reference to this important question, the report, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, supplies many valuable details and suggestions, which, as embodying the opinions of several individuals of great official and colonial experience, are well worthy of attention. To this document we shall advert in some detail, presenting in the first instance a statement of the nature and amount of the liabilities incurred by Great Britain in providing for the defence of her colonies.

Including, then, the cost of the German Legion established at the Cape of Good Hope, the whole military expenditure connected with the colonies amounted, for the year 1858, to L.3,968,599, of which sum only L.378,253 was contributed by the colonies, being one-tenth only of the whole; and of that contribution two-thirds were paid by Victoria and Ceylon; and it is remarkable that no other colony but Canada, and, to a small extent, Victoria, the Cape, New Zealand, and one or two of the

West India colonies, have even organized a militia, or established a volunteer force for their protection. "We consider," justly say the Commissioners in their report, "that this immunity, throwing as it does the defence of the colonies almost entirely on the mother country, is open to two main objections. In the first place, it imposes an enormous burden and inconvenience on the people of England, not only by the addition it makes to their taxes, but by calling off to remote stations a large proportion of their troops and ships, and thereby weakens their means of defence at home. But a still more important objection is the tendency which this system must necessarily have, to prevent the development of a proper spirit of self-reliance among our colonists, and to enfeeble their national character. By the gift of political self-government, we have bestowed upon our colonies a most important element of national education; but the habit of self-defence constitutes a part hardly less important of the training of a free people, and it will never be acquired by our colonists if we assume exclusively the task of defending them."

The number of British troops of all arms and ranks stationed in the colonies during the year 1858, was 47,251. Now, the first impression suggested by this return is the enormous waste of force which the dispersion of such an army over a considerable portion of the globe implies. To scatter the land-forces of the empire over the outlying possessions of a great maritime state, such as Great Britain, is rather to court disaster than to ensure security. The colonial dominion of Great Britain rests entirely on her naval supremacy. "The mistress of the seas," in the emphatic language of the report to which we have referred, "is the mistress of whatever colonies she pleases to hold or to take; and if ever she ceases to be mistress of the seas, it is not ports or garrisons that will save her colonies." All history proves that the maintenance of dominion over scattered and distant territories depends either upon the character and power of the countries themselves and their populations, or upon the command of the sea. Colonial garrisons, when not very large, and in first-class fortresses, such as Malta and Gibraltar (exceptional cases, where large garrisons are maintained exclusively for imperial interests), have, as is most justly said, always found themselves in traps, and at the mercy of naval expeditions; and we should infallibly lose all our colonies, which do not possess natural and efficient internal means of defence, if we had for our antagonist a power, or a combination of powers, able to command the sea, and desirous of taking them.

"Deducting the garrisons of the Mediterranean stations, and the other colonial possessions, which are simply military ports; in 1858 about 27,000 regular troops were employed, and more

than L.2,000,000 of money was spent on the military defence of the rest of the colonies; and we cannot but feel convinced that these troops and that money might be much more usefully employed—indeed more usefully for the colonies themselves, because in a manner more conducive to the general welfare and security of the empire. There are four or five thousand men, for example, scattered in detachments of a few companies each in the West Indies; and yet there is not a port in the whole command which they could hold for a week against a hostile expedition. It seems to us clear, that the same number of soldiers would be far more serviceable to the empire if stationed in England; and that the cost of them spent on our fleet would contribute more effectually to the protection of the West Indies themselves, than the present arrangement.”

Such is the decisive opinion of two of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject. The question is undoubtedly beset with difficulties which have indeed caused some difference of opinion between the three members of the commission. There is, however, one plain indisputable ground on which Great Britain ought to contribute liberally towards the defence of her colonies; and that is, that the Imperial Government has the absolute control of peace and war, and is therefore bound, on the ordinary principles of justice, to defend them against the consequences of its foreign policy. It would be to evade one of the highest of its obligations, and to ignore one of the first of its duties, were it to omit to protect its dependencies from the consequences of any war in which it might be involved. This security, to which the colonists have a moral claim, can, as we have seen, be only obtained by such a maritime preponderance as shall put even the possibility of any hostile attack altogether out of the question. The maintenance of a navy sufficiently numerous and powerful to command *at all times* the dominion of the seas, is therefore not only a matter of ordinary self-preservation, but a positive duty which this country owes to its colonies while they continue in a state of dependence. Regarded in this point of view, the attempt of any European power to bring British naval preponderance into question, by systematically increasing its maritime force, involves questions of the most serious international importance. The hostile mind implied in any such attempted competition cannot and ought not to be ignored. The peace and prosperity of our numerous dependencies are at stake; and however we may affect to overlook or slight dangers remotely threatening ourselves, there is an obligation which the state cannot in honour evade. There was a time when any unusual activity in the ports and arsenals of France would have been held to justify an energetic remonstrance; and the preparation of vast

armaments without any plausible pretext or legitimate aim, constitutes in itself a ground for categorical demands. It was an evil omen for England and her colonies, when her Foreign Minister recently rose in his place in the House of Commons, and, "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," said that it was *natural* that France should desire to possess a strong navy; and that *he* saw no ground for complaint on the part of Great Britain if our "ally" chose to augment his fleets in any proportion he might think fit. England once possessed ministers who would have spoken in tones of thunder, followed by swift and corresponding action, on the first indication of such a portentous naval development as that which has recently manifested itself within sixty miles of our shores.¹

While protecting the colonies, as we are bound to do, from any possible consequences of a rupture with a maritime power, it is but just that the whole of their internal police, and, as far as possible, the force requisite for controlling warlike neighbours or savage or semi-civilised tribes, should be provided exclusively by themselves. The Cape of Good Hope, in consequence of its scanty population in proportion to its extent, must be a temporary exception to this rule. It admits unhappily of no doubt, that the Cape colony, which absorbs almost an army for its defence, is quite incapable of keeping in check the vast hordes of barbarians that are constantly pressing on the colonial frontier; and that without an imposing force of British troops it would probably be speedily overrun by the Kaffir race, and every vestige of civilisation effaced in a few months of exterminating warfare. With this exception, the colonies should be left to provide for their internal defences, and every effort should be used to promote the growth of their military strength and the cultivation of that martial spirit which is the characteristic of their race.

But to measure the importance of our colonies merely by the standard of finance, would be to form a very false estimate of their value. The time has long passed when these magnificent possessions were regarded chiefly as the convenient but costly appurtenances of a corrupt government, supplying the means

¹ Thomson, who was as good a patriot as poet, has some noble lines in his "Britannia" on the importance of maintaining an indisputable naval pre-eminence:—

"For, oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polished, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untamed,
Unconquerable still: let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there."

for rewarding political services, and buying off troublesome opposition. They are now the homes of virtuous and happy but once depressed and suffering multitudes, who fled to them as a refuge from distress, and found in the fertile regions beyond the seas a comfort and an independence they had sought in vain amidst the crowd and competition of their native land. They still present boundless fields for the employment of our redundant population. Nor can there be a doubt that the world at large has greatly benefited by the activity of British emigration. The colonists carried the arts, sciences, language, and religion of the old world to lands previously occupied only by a few miserable savages; the empire of civilisation has been immeasurably enlarged; England has been enriched by a vast variety of new products, and by a commerce which overwhelms the imagination by its immensity; and her numerous settlements have served to stimulate the inventive powers of genius, and to call forth some of the highest qualities of human nature, while they have abundantly rewarded, and will long continue to reward, the patient industry of man.

- ART. V.—1. *Poems and Essays*. By the late WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by his Brother-in-law, RICHARD HOLT HUTTON. Two vols. 1860.
2. *Io in Egypt, and other Poems*. By RICHARD GARNETT. 1859.
3. *Lucile*. By OWEN MEREDITH. 1860.
4. *Blanche Lisle, and other Poems*. By CECIL HOME. 1860.
5. *Poems*. By THOMAS ASHE. 1859.

DURING the last year or two a considerable number of volumes of poetry have appeared, some of which have perhaps as good a claim to our notice as some in the above list; and nearly all of them indicate a decided improvement of tone and intention as compared with the class which was most abundantly issued some seven years ago. There is much less straining after effect,—the effect strained after being as worthless as the power to produce it was usually inefficient. The fundamental poetical rule, “Look in thy heart, and write,” has been much more commonly adhered to; and the consequence is, that a good deal of the most recent poetry, if it does not exhibit any extraordinary ability, is at least not a nuisance; if it does not give its authors a right to abiding stations in the halls of fame, it at least, as a rule, does no discredit to their intelligence and feelings as men and women.

We have already noticed and given emphatic praise to the late Mr W. C. Roscoe’s powers as a dramatist, though we, in common with the rest of the world, were ignorant, at the time we reviewed the tragedy of “*Violenzia*,” of the name of the author. Had this work—by much the most important piece in the two volumes just published by Mr Hutton—not been noticed by us before, we should have endeavoured to devote a separate article to this collection, which, with Mr Hutton’s charmingly written biography of his brother-in-law at the beginning, constitutes one of the most graceful and readable of the season’s contributions to literature. In all that Mr Roscoe has written there is a sound knowledge of, and hearty sympathy with humanity, which is oftener pretended to than really possessed by poets whom the world has pronounced much greater. Of all poetic qualities, the most essential, yet, strange to say, the most rare, are these. They are the very foundation of poetry, without which, whatever proud and painted superstructure is raised, and for the present applauded, no work can abide the patient test of time. On this truth we have over and over again insisted in this *Review*, and in the light of it we have

ventured at times to give opinions upon the value of poetic works which were strongly at variance with the popular faith of the moment, but which even a very few years have already, in some instances, done much to establish. Judging what Mr Roscoe has written by this truth, we do not hesitate to declare our impression, that if he has not won an abiding place among English poets, it is entirely because he did not see fit to give himself with the necessary *abandon* to the cultivation of his fully sufficient powers. The peculiar circumstances and moral conditions of the time render the production of thoroughly good poetry so extremely difficult; they demand so commanding and tender an intellect to see through the prosaic fallacies of society, and its flippant cynicisms, without despising it; a philosophy at once so subtle and so real,—so courageously, nay more, unconcernedly opposed to fashionable dogmas; so clear a vision of truths which men have ceased to see clearly, or have never learned so to see, and withal so patient a devotion to the completeness of verbal expression, in a time which endeavours to make up for its substantial deficiencies by demanding an unprecedented beauty of surface, that a man, who feels the power, must, in settling with himself and his conscience whether he has the *right* to make himself a poet, consider whether he is justified in abandoning all other kinds of success. Mr Roscoe appears to have weighed the matter thoughtfully, and answered it conscientiously in the negative; and there is something very touching in the sonnet printed at the end of “*Violenzia*,” in which he conveys this conclusion:—

The bubble of the silver-springing waves,
 Castalian music, and that fluttering sound,
 Low rustling of the loved Apollian leaves,
 With which my youthful hair was to be crown'd,
 Grow dimmer in my ears, while Beauty grieves
 Over her votary, less frequent found,
 And, not untouch'd by storms, my life-boat heaves
 Through the splash'd ocean-waters, outward bound.
 And as the leaning mariner, his hand
 Clasp'd on his oar, strives trembling to reclaim
 Some loved, lost echo from the fleeting strand,
 So lean I back to the poetic land;
 And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name,
 Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expiring flame.

Referring our readers to our recent article on the “*Modern Dramatists*” for fuller proof of our assertion of Mr Roscoe’s high natural powers, we must content ourselves in this place with a passage or two from the minor poems, now for the first time published by Mr Hutton. We have plenty of poets who can

paint clouds, and hills, and waters, but how few who can write so well of a woman as this :—

On many an English lady's face
 Fair Fortune grants these eyes to gaze ;
 Not fair alone in form and hue,
 But gracious, guileless, tender, true.
 I do not say you shall not find
 A fairer face or loftier mind ;
 But none where Love's deep fervour lies
 More deep in secret-keeping eyes ;
 None where fair Truth from more sincere
 Unstained windows gazes clear,
 Or consecrated duty made
 Eyes more abash'd, yet less afraid ;
 Where pain so quietly hath hid
 Beneath an unrevealing lid ;
 Or quick-accepted comfort smiled,
 With all the freshness of a child.
 None whence shyer, sweeter laughter
 Shot, the soft voice following after.

Or as this :—

When I ask'd her, " Wilt thou kiss me ? "
 Nought she said, but hung her cheek so,
 As if she were thinking, thinking
 Whether she might do't or no.

Then her fair, kind face upturning,
 One sweet touch I there did win ;
 As if she were thinking, thinking
 Such small graces are no sin.

She therein lost no composure,
 Nor ashamed did she seem ;
 Truly chaste may grant such favour,
 And therein lose no esteem.

In a graver style, the following poem, called " Opportunity," is fine, though not complete ; indeed, none of these smaller poems appear to have been more than the easily thrown off expressions of the thoughts and feelings of the moment. In " *Violenzia* " alone does Mr Roscoe seem really to have put forth anything like his true power.

O opportunity, thou gull of the world !
 That, being present, winnest but disdain,
 So small thou seem'st ; but once behind us whirl'd,
 A grim phantasma, shadowest all the plain.

Thou Parthian, that shoot'st thine arrows back,
Meeting our front with terror-feigning doles ;
But often, turning on the flying track,
With memory-winged shafts dost wound our souls.

Thou air, which breathing we do scarce perceive,
And think it little to enjoy the light ;
But when the unvalued sun hath taken leave,
Darkly thou showest in the expanse of night.

Thou-all men's torment, no man's comforter,
Lost opportunity ! that shut'st the door
On all unwork'd intentions, and dost stir
Their fretting ghosts to plague our heart's deep core.

Thou sword of sharp Remorse, and sting of Time !
Passionate empoyer of mortal tears !
Thou blaster of fresh Hope's recurring prime !
Crutch of despair, and sustenance of fears !

But oh, to those that have the wit to use thee,
Thou glorious angel, clasp'd with golden wings ;
Whereon he climbing that did rightly choose thee,
Sees wondrous sights of unexpected things.

Thou instrument of never-dying fame,
To those that snatch thy often proffer'd hilt ;
To those that on the door can read thy name,
Thou residence of glory ready built.

Used opportunity ! thou torch of act,
And planted ladder to a high desire ;
Thou one thing needful, making nothing lack'd ;
Thou spark unto a laid, unlighted fire.

Richard Garnett, the author of "*Io in Egypt, and other Poems*," is a young man who has only to do his own powers justice, in order to make himself a name among modern poets. It is not often that a first volume contains so much not only of promise, but of performance, as that before us. Mr Garnett, in this volume, tries his hand at two kinds of poetry,—one descriptive, and the other lyric. In the first, he seems to us to have written vividly, but not originally ; in the last, when we say that he has written well, we say that he has shown originality ; for there never was a good lyric produced which had not some unprecedented musical movement ; and unprecedented musical movement is perhaps the most absolute of all tests of originality in poetry. We like the poem which stands first, and gives its name to the volume, as little as anything in it. The prominent place given to this piece seems to show, that Mr Garnett has not yet acquired that very necessary element of a considerable

success in any art—a knowledge of the peculiarities of his own strength—which unquestionably lies in the lyric. “The Pope’s Daughter,” is a very intensely rendered sketch of Lucretia Borgia; but the intensity, besides having the fault of making the portrait frightful, reminds us much too strongly of Mr Browning’s verse, and of a certain picture by Mr Gabriel Rossetti, which obviously suggested this poem. In proportion as Mr Garnett’s verses approach the lyric, they improve. Here is a piece, half-descriptive, half-lyric, which, though not perfect, is, on the whole, beautiful and impressive:—

BEFORE THE STORM.

O majesty of night!
 The constant moon and stars
 Pursued their westward path
 In cold tranquillity, nor ever turn’d
 One sidelong glance, to scan
 Their spotless beauty tremulously glass’d
 In the eternal mirror of the main.
 Faint, unsubstantial clouds,
 Rapid as Panic, white as ghosts, sped on;
 Like guilty thoughts of night, unmeet to brave
 The awful splendour of the moon’s pure eye.

The restless sea rock’d on
 Like a child’s cradle, like a nurse the while
 She croon’d her endless, soft, irregular lay.
 Now to the rugged cliff
 The delicate foam with humid hisses clung,
 And now retreated coy;
 As saying, “Kiss me not
 Before the virgin moon and quiet stars.
 What do they know of love?
 The silent, the immutable, who pace
 The self-same path for ever, as they shed
 The self-same splendours from the self-same skies!
 What do they know of love?
 How shall they comprehend
 The tempest of my heart,
 The magic of my smile,
 My stormy passions and my sudden calms?
 Wait, patient Rock, but wait
 For nights without a moon,
 For skies without a star,
 For hurricanes unchain’d!
 Wait for the sea-bird shrieking in the gust,
 The sailor battling with the deep, and then,

I shake my briny locks,
I soar up from my bed,
And, thrilling with my multitude of waves,
I fall upon thy neck !”

We must confess that the last four lines seem to us sadly to diminish the effect of what is otherwise a striking and beautifully expressed thought. Mr Garnett appears to be a scholar in several modern languages, and we fancy we trace an unfortunate partiality for the worst of all schools for a lyric poet, the modern German, in which such mixed and discordant images as those in the four lines in question are very common, even with poets of name. For purity and dignity of style, an English poet has such high models in his own language, that he can scarcely turn his eyes to the verse of any other country, unless he goes back some four or five centuries, without risk of some corruption of taste.

From several equally beautiful and significant lyrics, we select

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.

The stream was smooth as glass : we said, “ Arise, and let’s away ;”
The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay ;
And spread the sail and strong the oar, we gaily took our way.
When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? when shall we find the bay ?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o’er cattle-dotted plains,
The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy rains,
The labourer looks up to see our shallop speed away.
When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? when shall we find the bay ?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds ; the sun, superbly large,
Slow as an oak to woodman’s stroke sinks flaming at their marge.
The waves are bright with mirror’d light, as jacinths on our way.
When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? when shall we find the bay ?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see
The spreading river’s either bank, and surging distantly,
There booms a sullen thunder, as of breakers far away.
Now shall the sandy bar be cross’d, now shall we find the bay !

The seagull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight
The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering thro’ the night.
We steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her lay,
When once the sandy bar is cross’d, and we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost ?
What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangour on the coast ?
Pull back ! Pull back ! the raging flood sweeps every oar away.
O, stream, is this thy bar of sand ? O boat, is this the bay ?

There is a fine moral symbolism in this and some other of Mr Garnett’s lyrics, which will probably, sooner or later, place them

among the popular classics. In several others we can detect no human purpose whatever; they are mere plays of fancy, which have no reason to show for their existence, and are not sufficiently beautiful to have a right to exist without reason. It may be, however, that these apparently meaningless poems have a sense too subtle for our finding. We do not say this ironically; for Mr Garnett's inner meaning is often veiled very deeply. His best lyrics, like much of the finest poetry which has been written, have two meanings,—one exoteric, and satisfactory enough in itself; the other esoteric, which does not appear till you look for it, as in

OUR CROCODILE.

Our crocodile, (Psammarathis,
A priest at Ombi, told me this,)
Our crocodile is good and dear,
And eats a damsel once a year.

To me unworthy hath he done
This favour three times—one by one
Three daughters ate! I praise, therefore,
And honour him for evermore.

Each spring there is an exhibition
Of maidens, and a competition.
The baffled fair are blank and spiteful,
The victor's triumph most delightful.

Three months secluded doth she dwell
With the high pontiff in his cell,
Due-worshipping each deity,
And Venus more especially.

Then, on an island in the Nile,
They take her to our crocodile;
He wags his tail, the great jaws stir,
And make a happy end of her.

B, a, bo! O you brainless child!
(My fourth, sir,) dirty, rude, and wild!
You'll break my heart! you'll ne'er be meet
For any crocodile to eat.

Are we mistaken in fancying that this very humorous little piece is meant to bear an application to modern views of the end and aim of damsels, and the main object of their education?

We trust that many of our readers will send at once for Mr Garnett's volume, when we assure them that we could easily fill the whole space to be devoted to this article with extracts as good, or very nearly as good, as the three we have given. It will be Mr Garnett's own fault if he does not, before long, come

before us with an irresistible claim to a fuller notice than we are now able to award him.

"Owen Meredith," whose earlier productions have been noticed in this *Review* with praise, comes before the world for the third time, in the poem called "Lucile." This young poet writes much too fast. It is scarcely a year ago that we were reviewing "The Wanderer," and here is a new work as long or longer than "Paradise Lost," and—we have the poet's word for it—almost as ambitious. "Owen Meredith," in his "Dedication," lays much stress upon the novelty of this effort. "In this poem," he says, "I have abandoned those forms of verse with which I had most familiarised my thoughts, and have endeavoured to follow a path on which I could discover no foot-print before me, either to guide or to warn." We take it for granted that "Owen Meredith" refers to English literature only; for in French literature, with which he is obviously very well acquainted, there is certainly much that strongly reminds us both of the versification and of the poetic tone and quality of "Lucile." Indeed, its most remarkable characteristic is the extraordinary, and, as far as we can remember, unprecedented spectacle, of a really vital reproduction, in the English language, of those qualities of the modern French novel which are most unlike the ordinary characteristics of our own literature. The moral point of view from which the author of "Lucile" regards man and society is quite startlingly unlike anything we have hitherto witnessed in any English writer of similar poetic pretensions; and his ideas of such matters as virtue, genius, love, marriage, and the like, are certainly wholly original, if regard be had only to what has hitherto appeared in the verse of any English poet, or indeed in the prose of any English writer of consideration. The poem opens with a letter from the Countess de Nevers (Lucile) to Lord Alfred Vargrave. We give the commencing lines as a fair average specimen of the verse and pitch of the style:—

I hear from Bigorre you are there. I am told
You are going to marry Miss Darcy. Of old,
So long since you may have forgotten it now
(When we parted as friends, soon mere strangers to grow),
Your last words recorded a pledge—what you will—
A promise—the time is now come to fulfil.
The letters I ask you, my lord, to return,
I desire to receive from your hand. You discern
My reasons, which, therefore, I need not explain.

The lady who writes thus to Lord Vargrave is one of those combinations of almost inconceivable virtue and extreme indiscretion which are seldom met with except in the modern French romance. She and Lord Vargrave were formerly lovers, but, to

quote the words of the English gentleman in relating the affair to "Cousin John,"

She bored me. I showed it. She saw it. What next?
She reproach'd. I retorted. Of course she was vex'd.

For the ten years intervening between the separation which naturally followed, Lucile had endeavoured to assuage her sorrow by dressing, and dancing, and fascinating the society of Paris and the German baths, travelling about "unprotected," and doing her dancing without any defence against a slanderous world but that of her incomparable virtue and "genius," which seem to have consisted, up to this period, in leading a very gay life from a very grave motive, namely, the necessity of keeping in abeyance her passion for the unworthy young coxcomb whom she knew that she had "bored." This lady, on hearing that Lord Vargrave is going to be married, writes, as we have seen, without the remotest intention of disturbing his matrimonial arrangements, or of reviving old feelings. She says that "he discerns her reasons, which therefore she need not explain;" but we think she gives him credit for uncommonly quick perception, if she supposes that he could have discerned that she bids him come to her, as she says afterwards, only in order that, by seeing him altered by ten years of additional age and intercourse with the world, she may have her early impression of him, and with that, her passion for him, removed. "Cousin John," who is a curiously French representation of a bluff and honest Englishman, on being shown the summons of Lucile, and told her story, comes to the not unnatural, but quite erroneous conclusion, that she is a mischief-making coquette. He advises his cousin not to go, for

Who knows what may hap?
This letter—to *me*—is a palpable trap.

Lord Vargrave, however, does go, without even bidding adieu to his betrothed, with whom he is, at the time, travelling in the company of a female relative. The result is, of course, what every one but the hero and the heroine could have foreseen. They find each other a thousand times more charming than ever, and the passion of their early youth was nothing to that which is at once produced, on either side, by this interview. We can give only the main features of Lord Vargrave as he is described in his attractive maturity:—

His classical reading is great: he can quote
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial by rote.
He has read metaphysics,—Spinoza and Kant;
And theology too: I have heard him descant
Upon Basil and Jerome. Antiquities, art,
He is fond of. He knows the old masters by heart,

And his taste is refined. I must own in this place
 He is scarcely good-looking; and yet in his face
 There is something that makes you gaze at it again.
 You single him out from a room full of men,
 And feel curious to know him. There's that in his look
 Which draws you to read in it as in a book
 Of some cabalist, character'd curiously o'er
 With incomprehensible legended lore.
 Relentless, and patient, and resolute, cold,
 Unimpassion'd, and callous, and silently bold.

"Owen Meredith," we see by the above, very properly chooses a "representative man" for his hero, and with a delight in difficulties which is not uncommon in young poets, renders him the type of a class which is, of all others, perhaps the hardest to make anything of in poetry,—namely, the "fast man" of the higher orders; the sort of man who, being, as St Paul says, "past feeling," pursues the pleasures of vanity and the senses "with greediness." Our readers will observe the irony of his "classical reading," being so "great" that he can not only quote, but quote "by rote," from certain very generally known Latin poets. We imagine, indeed, that we detect a continued under-current of irony in the description—hundreds of lines long—which is given of Lord Vargrave, in the early part of the poem. The description is probably meant to contain the hero's views of himself, rather than the views of his historian, who no doubt despises him as thoroughly as he deserves to be despised, and who means to show, by the course of his narrative, that the most contemptible and the most hateful characters—severally represented by Lord Vargrave and the Duke de Luvois—can be raised into the region of poetic interest by human passion. We are not sure that Owen Meredith has succeeded in showing this, or, indeed, that any poet could have so succeeded. A career of fashionable profligacy denaturalizes men beyond power of recovery by any such cures as those which are administered by the poet to his two heroes.

On his road to Serchon, Lord Vargrave overtakes a stranger—the Duke de Luvois—with whom he has a great deal of conversation. And here we must mention that the poem is half epic, half drama. Let us give a few lines from this conversation, as a specimen of the mode in which the poet faces the well-known difficulty of saying common things in serious verse:—

Stranger. I wish to enjoy what I can,
 A sunset, if only a sunset be near;
 A moon such as this, if the weather be clear;
 A good dinner, if hunger come with it; good wine
 If I'm thirsty; a fire if I'm cold; and, in fine,

If a woman is pretty, to me 'tis no matter,
Be she *blonde* or *brunette*, so she lets me look at her.

Lord Alfred. I suspect that, at Serchon, if rumour speak true,
Your choice is not limited.

Stranger. Yes. One or two
Of our young Paris ladies remain there, but yet
The season is over.

Lord Alfred. I almost forget
The place; but remember when last I was there,
I thought the best part of it then was the air
And the mountains.

Stranger. No doubt! All these baths are the same,
One wonders for what upon earth the world came
To seek, under all sorts of difficulties,
The very same things in the far Pyrenees
Which it fled from at Paris. Health, which is, no doubt,
The true object of all, not a soul talks about.

We find, from the close of this dialogue, that the Duke de Luvois is himself in love with Lucile; and it appears to be, in great part, owing to the discovery of this circumstance, that Lord Vargrave's affection is so passionately revived for the eccentric Countess, who seems to be on the point of accepting the proposals of the Duke, when her own heart also recurs to its early passion. The Countess's apartment, into which Lord Vargrave is shown on his reaching Serchon, is thus described:—

This white, little, fragrant apartment, 'tis true,
Seemed unconsciously fashioned for some rendezvous;
But you felt, by the sense of its beauty reposed,
'Twas the shrine of a life chaste and calm. Half unclosed
In the light slept the flowers; all was pure and at rest;
All peaceful; all modest; all seem'd self-possess'd
And aware of the silence. No vestige or trace
Of a young woman's coquetry troubled the place;
Not a scarf, not a shawl.

Into this apartment Lucile enters, and her demeanour, though declared by the poet to be everything that is circumspect and proper towards the hero, does seem to us to justify "Cousin John's" worst suspicions concerning the lady's true character.

Her figure, though slight, had revived everywhere
The luxurious proportions of youth; and her hair—
Once shorn as an offering to passionate love—
Now floated or rested redundant above
Her airy pure forehead and throat; gathered loose
Under which, by one violet knot, the profuse
Milk-white folds of a cool modest garment reposed,
Rippled faint by the breast they half hid, half disclosed;

And her simple attire thus in all things reveal'd
The fine art which so artfully all things conceal'd.

These last lines contain certainly a somewhat French representation of the nature of modesty, but we perhaps ought to judge "Owen Meredith" by his own ideal rather than ours; and there is no denying that this and many similar descriptions in "Lucile" are very pretty and French-life-like,—as no doubt they ought to be, when a French woman is the subject. This praise, of course, we give with a reservation in favour of the Scotch and English lasses, whose object in dress is not that "all things should be reveal'd." The poet goes on to tell us that

Lord Alfred, who never conceived that Lucile
Could have look'd so enchanting, felt tempted to kneel
At her feet,—

a state of mind which could not, of course, have been foreseen by the discreet heroine, in summoning her former lover to her side just before his marriage with "Miss Darcy." The lady at first keeps him at a proper distance by a great deal of talk, in the manner of La Rochefoucauld; nevertheless, in the midst of it "she tenderly laid her light hand on his own," and behaved so amiably, on the whole, that

He felt all his plausible theories posed;
And thrill'd by the beauty of nature disclosed
In the pathos of all he had witness'd, his head
And his knee he bow'd humbly, and faltering said,
"Ah, madam, I feel that I never till now
Comprehended you—never! I blush to avow
That I have not deserved you."

Lucile replies in a manner which makes Lord Alfred say to himself, "Is this an advance?" and, at the thought, he

Raised, with a passionate glance
The hand of Lucile to his lips,
unrebuked; and, of course,

The more that he look'd, that he listen'd, the more
He discover'd perfections unnoticed before.

Less salient than once, less poetic perchance,
This woman, who thus had survived the romance
That had made him its hero, and breathed him its sighs
Seemed more charming a thousand times o'er to his eyes.

Lucile, however,

Question'd much, with the interest a sister might feel,
Of Lord Alfred's new life,—of Miss Darcy—her face,

Her temper, accomplishments—pausing to trace,
The advantage derived from a Hymen so fit.

Unobserved by Lord Alfred, the time fled by.
To each novel sensation spontaneously
He abandoned himself,

Until

From the hall, on a sudden, a sharp ring was heard.

It was the Duke de Luvois, in whom Lucile seems to have been
in the habit of showing the same sort of sisterly interest.

There came
O'er Lord Alfred at once, at the sound of that name,
An invincible sense of vexation,

which was not diminished by observing, when he turned towards
Lucile "an indefinite look of confusion."

Lord Vargrave goes out at the garden-casement as the Duke
enters the door; but

The Duke's visit goaded, and vex'd,
And disturb'd him. At length he resolved to remain
In the garden, and call on the Countess again
As soon as the Duke went. In short, he would stay,
Were it only to know when the Duke went away.

By this needlessly clandestine exit, the young English Lord
places himself in a position which English gentlemen are usually
careful to avoid, namely, one which compels him to further con-
cealment, during which he is obliged to over-hear an offer made
and equivocally received.

And here we must remark that the poet seems to us to be not
quite aware of the great difficulties he has undertaken in adopt-
ing the "colloquial style" of conversation and modern manners.
When Mr Tennyson makes Arthur, Lancelot, and Guinevere talk
and act, we accept their conversations and conduct without
being very critical as to the exact resemblance of what they say
and do, to what such persons really would have said and done;
and this we do chiefly because we are not in a position to do
otherwise. It is not likely they talked and acted quite in
that way, but we can suggest nothing much likelier; so we take
Mr Tennyson's view of the matter. But of modern men and
women, Mr Meredith's readers know probably as much as he
does; and unless an English gentleman is made to "behave
as such," the reader is affected with a sense of incongruity.
All Mr Meredith's characters talk in a very talented way, and
their conversation is probably quite as much like the conver-
sation of living fashionables, as Mr Tennyson's Idylls are like

the talk of the court of King Arthur ; but the younger poet will do well to consider the above difference in the position of his readers. There is also another difficulty in the "colloquial" style, especially in the present day. The conversational style of every age has an element of slang peculiar to the age, and passing away with it ; but never was our English mode of talk so loaded and debased with a transitory slang as in the present day. Now, this element must be entirely eliminated before "colloquial" English can be "poetical" English. When it is thus eliminated, there is no style of language more beautiful ; but the task is one of the greatest difficulty, and requires the finest taste, and an *habitual* acquaintance with the models of pure English in all times. The quotations we have had occasion to make must have convinced our readers that Mr Meredith has not met this difficulty. His style, in the conversational parts of this poem, though unlike what is really talked by living men and women, abounds in the slang and slipshod in which living men and women, especially in the higher classes, indulge. To say that a mistress "bores" her lover ; to call a letter a "palpable trap ;" to speak of a man as having "read" metaphysics and theology in the sense of having studied them ; to affirm of another that he never "conceived" that a lady would have looked so enchanting ; to talk of theories being "posed ;" and to speak of a woman as "less salient" than she used to be, is not wrong because such expressions are "colloquial" English, but because they are not English at all. Our readers will easily detect other examples of what we deprecate in the lines we have quoted ; and we do not exaggerate when we say that almost every one of Mr Meredith's three hundred and sixty pages contains as many examples of the fault in question as we have instanced. It is only when Mr Meredith is describing external nature that we are reminded of the force and delicacy of language which commanded our admiration in his first publication, "The Earl's Return." The most unexceptionable passage of equal length, in the present volume, is the following description of a storm :—

After noontide, the clouds, which had traversed the east
 Half the day, gather'd closer, and rose, and increased.
 The air changed and chill'd, as though out of the ground
 There ran up the trees a compressed, hissing sound ;
 And the wind rose,—the guides sniff'd, like chamois, the air,
 And looked at each other, and halted, and there
 Unbuckled the cloaks from the saddles,—the white
 Aspens rustled, and turned up their frail leaves in fright.
 All announced the approach of the tempest. Ere long,
 Thick darkness descended the mountains among ;

And a vivid, vindictive, and serpentine flash
 Gored the darkness, and shore it across with a gash.
 The rain fell in large, heavy drops, and, anon,
 Broke the thunder.
 And the storm is abroad in the mountains!—he fills
 The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
 With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
 Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
 Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
 Of the cloud, whose reflection leaves livid the lake;
 And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
 From invisible lands, o'er those black mountain ends.
 He howls as he hounds down his prey, and his lash
 Tears the hair of the timorous wild mountain ash,
 That clings to the rocks, with her garments all torn,
 Like a woman in fear; then he blows his hoarse horn,
 And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,
 Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error
 Of mountain and mist.

The last part of this description is slovenly; but, upon the whole, the picture has a breadth that reminds us of Lord Byron, and here and there a subtilty of touch which is like Keats or Mr Browning. Of course, we can scarcely expect Owen Meredith to act upon the opinion, which we therefore address to our readers rather than to him, that his power lies in the representation of nature, and his weakness in his desire to represent men and women; and that the kind of poem in which he is really fitted to succeed is the descriptive idyll, in which an incident, requiring no more than very simple treatment, may be adorned abundantly with natural description.

We have followed the story of "Lucile" only as far as was necessary to enable our readers to judge for themselves of Owen Meredith's mode of viewing and relating events. We cannot go through all the elaborate sequel, from which it appears that the heroine is one of those saints, found chiefly in the modern French calendar, who, abjuring all recognised grounds of goodness, are virtuous, with a virtue as unequalled in degree as unprecedented in kind; and that the hero, Lord Vargrave, is one of those sinners, who, in their process of amendment and restoration, are *not* as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, but rather as the sun bursting from an eclipse,—the latter being certainly the most novelesque, though not, we fear, the most life-like idea of repentance. Owen Meredith, possibly, is as well aware of this as we are, but chooses to modify human nature to suit artistic effect. If so, we think the choice is wrong even in an artistic point of view,—an opinion which we are compelled to extend to other means of "effect"

adopted by this poet. For example, we think that, when Lord Vargrave's friend, Sir Ridley Macnab, calls on him, and sends in his card, an effect more "striking" than artistic is obtained by the typographical device of inserting the name in a large quadrilateral blank space, bounded with lines, by way of showing the size and general appearance of the card in question, especially as the volume contains no other pictorial adornments. Surely such modes of originality are beneath the dignity of a writer who claims to be judged by so high a standard as, it seems, Owen Meredith does, when he invokes the

Sole fountain of song, and sole source of such lays
As Time cannot quench in the dust of his days,
Muse or Spirit that inspireth, since nature began
The great epic of Life, the deep drama of man.

To this "Muse or Spirit" Owen Meredith appeals,

From the prattle of pedants, the battle of fools,
From the falsehood and forms of conventional schools.

Unto thee,
Mother Nature, that badest me sing what I feel,
And canst feel what I sing, unto thee I appeal.
For the poets pour wine; and, when 'tis new, all deny it;
But once let it be old, every trifier must try it;
And Polonius

[i.e., the *North British* or other Reviewer]

Complains of my verse, that my verse is not classic.

We conclude our notice of "Lucile" by stating our impression that its author has talents which, if he understood them, might lead to substantial distinction, but that this poem indicates that he at present does not understand them; a verdict which we deliver with the less compunction, inasmuch as "Owen Meredith" assures us—

As for you, O Polonius, you vex me but slightly.

"Poems by Thomas Ashe," have a vein of true quality in them, though its development is considerably marred by a profusion of Leigh Hunt-isms and Keats-isms of the most profligate order. Those great corrupters of English would themselves scarcely have ventured upon such a line as

Mellowly, low-lutedly.

When Mr Thomas Ashe is himself, he is very pleasing, as in these two sonnets:—

A CUCKOO.

O cuckoo, cuckoo, on a summer's day,
Should melancholy in sweet music dwell?

Why did it thus float unto me, who lay
 In shadowy flickering of beechen dell,
 With sorrowful, sad cadence ; as a knell
 For crimson cloud far-faded ; with a stress
 That would melt all things into tearfulness,
 And hang dew-tears on leaf and lily-bell ?
 O say not unto us, " Your earth is sad,
 Its beauty very fickle, did ye know !"
 We know it, bird, and so we would forget it :
 Sing it not to us when all seemeth glad,
 But in the deepness of thy spirit set it ;
 And say to us, " Smile in the summer's glow."

THE BROOK.

Brook, happy brook, that glidest through my dell ;
 That trippest with soft feet across the mead ;
 That, laughing on, a mazy course dost lead,
 O'er pebble beds, and reeds and rushy swell ;
 Go by that cottage where my love doth dwell.
 Ripple thy sweetest ripple, sing the best
 Of melodies thou hast ; lull her to rest
 With such sweet tales as thou dost love to tell.
 Say, " One is sitting in your wood to-night,
 O maiden rare, to catch a glimpse of you ;
 A shadow fleet, or but a window-light,
 Shall make him glad, and thrill his spirit through."
 Brook, happy brook, I pray, go lingering ;
 And underneath the rosy lattice sing.

The following lyrical statement of the nature and difficulty of lyrical poetry is very prettily expressed, and reminds us strongly of some of Goethe's small pieces on similar subjects :—

THE FETTERLESS SONG.

There is a little song
 That flutters over me,
 Like a gay lark hung
 In the ether free,
 Waiting to be sung
 With quaintest melody.
 Faint, and sweet, and airy,
 And with cadence light,
 Like to foot of fairy
 At the fall of night,
 Or undulant white feather
 Doubting to alight.
 It is wild and sweet,
 And for cage unfitted ;

It were all unmeet
To give it wings wire-fretted ;
Or e'en to chain its feet
With cords daisy-knitted.
Yet I would win it down
From the airy skies,
With no gloomy frown,
But with pleaded sighs ;
Sick my heart has grown
With its melodies.
It will not drop to me
Through the gold sunshine ;
It flits fair and free
With the cloudlets fine ;
It cares not to be
Shut in cage of mine.

Mr Ashe appears to know the limits of his power, and to avoid attempting more than he can do. The result is, that his verses are always unpretentious and inoffensive, and often pleasing ; and if he is conscious, as he justly may be, of abilities equal or superior to some of the various poets whose reputations have lately gone up like rockets, he may console himself for the modest height to which his own is likely to attain, by reflecting that, at least, he will escape the fate which has usually befallen those sudden splendours, namely, that of coming down like sticks. The same remark applies to the verses of "Cecil Home," in whom, however, we do not find the vein of originality which distinguishes Mr Ashe's poems. "Cecil Home" shows refined thought and feeling, and considerable skill in expressing them ; and these are qualities which have made extensive and useful popularities in our own day, so that we by no means imply worthlessness by this assertion of absence of poetic novelty. The following stanzas, from a piece addressed "To one whom I would forget," might have been written by Longfellow or Miss Procter:—

I wrong mine honour to descend
To scorn of thee.
It is not thine to comprehend
Aught that has birth or life in me ;
And if my spirit will not bend
To stoop beneath the low-arched vault
Wherein thy puny soul is penn'd,
Not thine the fault.
Not thine the fault thou canst not feel
The pride of truth ;
That self's dull armour clogs with steel
The soaring impulse of thy youth,

And thou, poor slave to thine own weal,
 Hast dreamed it blended with deceit,
 And offer'd what thou hast of zeal
 At shrine unmeet.

There is a veil before thine eyes
 That dims God's light,
 And shapes small things in giant guise,
 And nothing noble shapes aright,
 As, when the night fog shrouds the skies,
 The glimmering lamps that cheer the haze,
 More glorious to dull gazers rise
 Than Heaven's rays.

Pass on ; I somewhat soil my mind
 In thy contempt,
 Yet were I scornless I were blind ;
 And I am bitterer that I dreamed
 Some hidden spark in thee to find
 That might awake to truth and good,
 And that my hopes spake as the wind
 Not understood.

Go, and such happiness attend
 As thou canst know ;
 No envying ear my thought shall lend
 To learn how whirrs thy fortune's wheel ;
 Be glad, but never seek to blend
 One thread of life with mine ; for me,
 I pray thee never call me friend—
 That could not be.

“Cecil Home,” we see, is somewhat of a Pagan, and has a little too much of “the pride of truth,”—a fault which often attends the habit of putting one's thought into verse. The best piece in this writer's little volume is a narrative called “Once Lovers,” but it is too long to quote.

ART. VI.—*Histoire du Consulat et de L'Empire. Faisant suite a L'Histoire de la Revolution Française.* Par M. A. THIERS. Tome XVII. Paris, 1860.

THE drama of the French Revolution, and of the rise and fall of the first Napoleon, is so vast, grand, and complicated, it contains such a variety of phenomena, and it suggests such a multitude of reflections, that, like that of the Reformation, it will probably never find an adequate exponent. The historian who would truly unfold it should possess a character, moral and intellectual, which is seldom found in our imperfect nature. He should be able to pass the bounds of party and country, to free himself from their prejudicing influences, and to survey a wide range of human action and passion in almost every possible phase of development, with an eye alike philosophical and sympathetic. He should not write in the interest of any state or opinion, and especially he should avoid to warp his theme into evidence of any particular theory of government or politics. He should take care to prevent the fascinations of genius, when in alliance with colossal power, from blinding him to truth, justice, and right; and he should remember the claims of honour and patriotism, although divorced from ability or good fortune. Above all, he should remove the false halo of success from events, actions, and personal qualities; and his judgment should keep firm to that standard of conscience which is the only just canon of approbation. To these moral gifts he should add a force of intellect and a mass of multifarious acquirements, which rarely unite in a single person. He should thoroughly understand and vividly reproduce the social and political condition of Europe before the convulsion of 1789. He should penetrate the inner life of the various communities which, in the strife between 1792 and 1815, became theatres for the antagonism of Democracy and Monarchy. He should be able to point out how the furious energy of Revolution, after having overcome all obstacles to its progress, surrendered itself to an absorbing despotism, which gradually, through its widespread tyranny, arrayed against itself the very spirit which first gave it its evil ascendancy. He should trace out the effects which the fall of the old French monarchy and the growth and collapse of the rule of Napoleon have had upon the frame of European society, and upon its divisions, laws, and institutions. He should have the genius to portray such opposite characters as Mirabeau and Talleyrand, as Wellington and Metternich, as Napoleon and Alexander, as Pitt and Caulaincourt, and to note accurately their influence on the period. His mind should thoroughly master

and assimilate not only an immense variety of facts, but also the secrets of cabinets and councils, the mysteries and intricacies of diplomacy; the correspondence of princes, generals, and statesmen; the operations of war of every kind, on sea and land, in all parts of the world; and the effects produced on European society by different principles of government or policy. And he should have the art to extract the truth on all these subjects from an enormous mass of undigested materials; to place it vividly before the mind in its natural order and significance; and, finally, so to arrange his narrative as to make it clear, harmonious, and, when necessary, eloquent.

How M. Thiers has conformed to this ideal in his "*Histories of the French Revolution, and of the Consulate and First Empire*," is tolerably well acknowledged by competent persons. It would be unjust to deny him the merits of industry, of much skill in composition, of occasional felicity in describing events, and in portraying individual characters, and of a style never solemn or dignified, but generally glowing, and sometimes brilliant. He has the genius of order common to his countrymen, and the faculty of hitting on incidents and details which throw light on periods and historical personages; and he has described the inner life of the French Empire with more minuteness and vividness than any of his fellow-labourers. But he is entirely wanting in several of the qualifications which are necessary to a great historian, especially as regards the subject he has chosen; and he frequently displays a deficiency of knowledge, and a hastiness and inaccuracy when dealing with details which are equally censurable and ridiculous. He has no consciousness of the awful moral tragedy which the events he describes reveal to the thinker. He has not grasped the deep and sad significance of the Reign of Terror and the rise of Napoleon; for in the one he sees only an unintelligible chaos, and in the other the growth of his country's glory. He does not perceive that the strife which preceded the Empire was a contest between contending principles; and he dwarfs it into a brilliant episode in the annals of French military history. He ascribes the sudden downfall of Napoleon to errors of policy and individual ambition; and he is too shallow to trace it to the effects of a despotism that sapped life and energy at home, and that gathered on itself the vengeance of Europe. He has a sentimental love for free government; but he is so blinded by the glory of Napoleon, that he forgets that he was the inveterate enemy of freedom, and he evidently considers her gifts less valuable than a glittering page in the national history. So long as the career of his hero is crowned with success, he can scarcely find a fault in him; he only begins to condemn Napoleon when he is obviously endan-

gering his people's strength; and it is plain that he would have approved of all the sins of the Empire had its wild dreams of ambition been realized. And, as he thus sacrifices the truth and the lessons of history to the love of flattering national vanity, and to the exaltation of a single man, so he is quite insensible to many events which should have roused his deepest sympathies; and he defaces his narrative by a partiality which would be scandalous were it not laughable. He cannot comprehend the pious heroism of La Vendée, the nobleness of Hofer, or the patriotism of Blucher. He sees nothing to admire in the conflagration of Moscow, in the efforts of the German Togenbund, and in the insurrection of Prussia and Holland. He can appreciate the attitude of France in 1793, when she stood in arms against her tyrants; but he has no feeling for the agonies of Germany when in the grasp of French despotism. It is significant of the same spirit, that, while he magnifies Jena, Marengo, and Austerlitz beyond their natural measure and compass, he depreciates the Nile, Trafalgar, and Leipsic; and he underrates miserably the Peninsular war, and misrepresents every battle in it. Add to this, that he shows very little acquaintance with any writers but those of his own country; that he is extremely ignorant of English history, even for the period he has to deal with; that he is often greatly at fault with respect to facts of which we have complete evidence; and that in no portion of his work is he really sober, thoughtful, and candid. No grace of narrative and brilliancy of style can atone, we think, for the want of depth and feeling, for the vanity and the Talleyrand ethics, and for the onesidedness and the perversion of facts which are visible in every part of this History.

The most interesting part of the volume before us is an abridgment of the entire History, in the form of a sketch of the reign of Napoleon. It is characteristic of the author's political creed; of his utter insensibility to moral considerations, when inconsistent with French aggrandisement; of his pandering to the ruthless spirit of conquest, except when it is too self-destructive; of his readiness to sacrifice liberty to glory; of his gross unfairness, and of his hasty errors. His idea of the balance of power is, that France is to be predominant in Europe. His standard of the merits of a government is not, whether it secures respect abroad by its good faith and regard to justice, nor whether it adds to the happiness of its subjects, but whether it succeeds in making the Continent dependent on one only of its many communities. The test he applies to any course of policy is, that it is right if it extends the authority of France to the utmost limits compatible with her safety, but that it may be wrong if it proceed further. The European settlement made at Luneville,

assigned to France her true position, and to attain it again should always be her object. The policy of Napoleon, when First Consul, is the grand ideal for French statesmen, not because it staunched the wounds of anarchy, nor because it reconstructed society, but because it gave France her "natural limits, and, without overtasking her energies, made her arbiter of Spain, Italy, and Germany. It is true that this policy extinguished her liberties, not merely for a season, but designedly for ever; and that it bound her under a grinding despotism, which, "based on force, believed itself immortal;" but it gave her the Code, the Concordat, and the conscription, it placed her under an excellent organization, and it made her formidable to all the world. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien was a mistake, because it alienated Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and the invasion of Switzerland and the plot against Turkey were wrong, because they gave umbrage to England; but, on the whole, the reign of the First Consul was a noble specimen of "power and moderation." After this, it was an error to break the peace of Amiens, for the navy of England was then too powerful, and it would have been wise to wait for a better season; and the peace of Presburg was bad policy, because it tended to combine Austria and Prussia in a league against French ambition and rapacity. There was no great harm in annexing Venice and Piedmont; but the seizure of Holland and the Illyrian Provinces, and the conceptions of the Confederation of the Rhine and of the kingdom of Westphalia were to be deprecated, because France was unequal to such an enlargement. At the same time, the Continental system, for the sake of which chiefly this enlargement was made, was a really grand and noble idea, since, although it steeped half of Europe in misery, and was a monstrous piece of tyrannical violence, it weakened the strength of "impregnable England." The Spanish war, however, was a notable fault, not because it sowed the Peninsula with ruin, but because it gave a field to a British army, and put an end to a great deal of French boasting; and the Russian expedition was a piece of madness, since even Napoleon was no match for Nature. It is also satisfactory to know that the partition of Europe, planned at Tilsit, cannot be justified in point of prudence, although it was a magnificent thought; and that the weakening and spoliation of Germany, the plunder of Rome, Madrid, and Florence, the erection of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, the destruction of the Hanse Towns, the absorption of the Duchy of Oldenburg, and the rending asunder the system of Europe, according to the fancy of a despot, were calculated to "cause a reaction" against France, and, for this reason, were an "unsound policy." Finally, we are told that the Empire fell, it is true, but that it fell solely from Napoleon's "mistakes;" that

he never committed an error in strategy; and that the French army, though often "unfortunate," has no equal or rival in the world.

We are at a loss to decide whether this review of the affairs of Europe between 1800 and 1814 is more calculated to excite indignation or laughter, is more morally wrong or logically absurd. M. Thiers is a statesman who held power under a dynasty whose very watchword was "Peace," and yet he coolly proclaims a policy for his country which could never succeed except at the cost of war and misery from Finland to Cadiz. When he tells us that the right of France is her status at the Peace of Luneville, he means that she should expand to the Rhine and the Alps, that she should possess Savoy and Nice, Belgium, and the Rhenish Provinces; that she should occupy Holland as a dependency, that she should hold Switzerland in mere vassalage, that she should keep Italy to the Adige in subjection, and stretch her influence from Venice to Palermo, and, finally, that she should menace Germany, and be able to dictate to Spain as she pleases! For whatever M. Thiers may say to the contrary—and, indeed, he says very little to the contrary—this was the actual position of France in 1801, at the close of the war which ended at Marengo. The Peace of Luneville gave her the Rhine as a boundary, with all the strong places of the Netherlands, and sanctioned the annexation of Nice and Savoy. It broke up completely the German Empire, humiliated and weakened Austria excessively, and bought the assent of Prussia to aggression. As, unfortunately, it made no stipulation for Piedmont, the Great Republic of course annexed it immediately, and thus acquired the outwork of Italy. The recognition of the Batavian Republic made France as completely the ruler of Holland as England is of the Ionian Islands. The guaranteeing of the Cisalpine, the Helvetian, and the Ligurian Republics laid Italy at the feet of a dictator, who, in a few years, converted her into an appanage to his empire. As for Spain, the Peace of Luneville "left her in such a state of disintegration, that one word sent from Paris to poor Charles IV. or to the wretched Godoy was sufficient to govern her; and it was evident that she would soon be obliged to ask from the First Consul, not only a system of policy, which she had already done, but a government, and perhaps a king." In fact, this "just and glorious" peace made France the mistress of the Continent; and yet a statesman who speaks of public right, and even of the balance of power, calls that peace a legitimate arrangement of Europe, though he must know that Europe would run to arms were France even to hint a claim to such a position!

M. Thiers next tells us that the government of the First Con-

sul, from 1801 to 1804, was, on the whole, a model for admiration. Its foreign policy is especially to be approved of, since it secured the predominance of France in Europe without engaging her in perilous aggression. To follow up the system laid down at Luneville,—to complete the destruction of the German Empire, to degrade Austria and exalt Prussia, for the purpose of placing them in hostile equipoise, and laying them bare to French conquest,—“was a masterpiece of practical and profound policy, which placed in our hands the balance of German interests.” It was very commendable to “gorge Prussia” with German prey, for this bound her over entirely to France, and made her a tool for French ambition; and France, “with the alliance of one continental state, was certain of the submission of the others, and the Continent once having been reduced, England would be obliged to devour in silence her vexation.” The “beneficent dictatorship” of the First Consul was compelled to “send an army to Berne,” which secured French ascendancy in Switzerland; and, although this step was perhaps ill-timed, for it “irritated Albion,” and “excited a weak minister,” it was really “frivolous” to protest against it. Indeed, every part of this ruthless and selfish policy was worthy of “a philosopher and a conqueror,” except perhaps the “not humouring England sufficiently to induce her to forgive us her glory,” and “the caring little for the rights of nations in causing the fusillade of Vincennes,” which “chilled Prussia, encouraged Austria in her excesses, and induced Russia to join in the struggle with England.” As for the domestic policy of the Consulate, “it did not give liberty to France, it is true,” but “the only species of liberty then suited to France was the moderation of a great man;” and “no man has ever reached such a pitch of glory as the author of the Concordat, the Code, and the Recall of the Emigrants.” How weak-minded is the ideologist who hints that such a foreign policy as this is exactly that denounced by international equity,—the policy of overwhelming the feeble, of dividing the strong for the sake of ruining them, and of disregarding all thoughts of justice to attain the ends of territorial aggrandizement! And while we admit that much in the government of Napoleon was really beneficial to France, and that possibly his seizing the reins of power was justifiable in 1800, we should have thought that a constitutional minister would have found some words to denounce the ruler who, on the plea of restoring order, attempted to perpetuate tyranny in his country. If the Consulate produced the Code and the Concordat, it gave birth also to the silent Senate, the emasculated Tribunate, and the venal Legislative Body; it established the odious spy system, and the complete subjugation of the intellect, which were the characteristics of the Empire;

and it hastened the consummation of a plan to hand France over to an hereditary absolutism. It is singular that the tyranny of Napoleon is scarcely deprecated by M. Thiers until its fruits appear in national ruin.

It is fair to say, that after 1804 M. Thiers disapproves of the Napoleonic ideas. He does not assent to the interesting theory, that crushing war, commercial tyranny, rapacious exactions, and remorseless conquest, were a philosophic effort "to agglomerate the peoples" into obedience to "the dominion of enlightenment." The apology set forth for the uncle by the nephew finds little favour with a "positive" mind, which does not care at all for cosmopolitanism, and looks only at French interests. It is true that, when criticising the Imperial system, M. Thiers betrays so sublime an indifference to the rights of nations, the sufferings of the world, and the mangled liberties of his country, that he reminds us of those "who were born for servitude." The agony of Prussia after Jena and Friedland, when her Queen was insulted in her own palace, when her plains were eaten up by a swarming host of military tax-gatherers and civil locusts, and when her youth were chained at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror, does not excite a word of sympathy. The havoc of Spain after the crime of Bayonne suggests merely the deep remark, that "a popular insurrection should only have been conquered by well-directed masses, and overcome by daily and obstinate battles." When thousands bled at Eylau and Friedland, and when half a million of brave soldiers were swallowed up in the snows of Russia for the mere purpose of "pursuing a prodigy," we hear simply that it is to be regretted that "Napoleon did not serry his ranks, consolidate his base of operations, and inflict a mortal blow on the Russian Colossus." So it is when Austria was crushed at Wagram, when the pious author of the Concordat carried off the head of his Church from Rome, when the operations of the Berlin and Milan decrees made half the ports of Europe desolate, and when the Hanse Towns were placed under the rule of Davoust,—the measure applied to this policy does not take into account its hideous iniquity. Nor, indeed, does the greatest crime of the Emperor—his steady sapping of the national life, his debasement of the national energy, and his enfeebling of every national institution in the interest of a single ruler—find much disapproval in the eyes of M. Thiers, who panegyrises Napoleon's "infallible system of finance, and his active, honest, and efficient administration." But though M. Thiers cares little for public justice, and is blind to the moral aspect of Imperialism, he has a keen eye to its political mistakes, and these, he says, were very abundant. It was a mistake to throw down the gauntlet to a power which had "a hundred ships and two

hundred frigates, wherewith she hovered around the world ;" for, although the design of invading England "is an enduring monument of capabilities of resource," it ended unhappily at Trafalgar. It was a mistake, after the battle of Austerlitz, to pluck Austria to the quick, "for treating people in this way is like attempting their death, and if we do not kill them we prepare for ourselves enemies who will stab us in the back ;" and "Austria should have been placed on the Danube, where she would ever have been at enmity with Russia," and, of course, have left the field open to French aggression. It was a mistake to outrage Prussia in 1806 ; to treat separately with England and Russia after Austerlitz,—“for an over-refined policy is only legitimate upon the conditions of success ;” to mutilate Germany at Tilsit ; to erect the Grand Duchy of Warsaw against Russia ; and to set up the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Kingdoms of Westphalia and Holland. Above all, it was a mistake to attack Spain, “for this prepared an impregnable battle-field for the English ;” to reduce Austria to despair at Wagram ; to annex Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck, and the Duchy of Oldenburg ; and to attempt the subjugation of Russia “while the Spanish war seemed difficult to terminate, and even likely to be protracted.” All these mistakes destroyed the Empire, “for though genius is forgiven much and long,” she cannot always err with impunity ; and at length, when the Empire has fallen to pieces, M. Thiers coolly turns on Napoleon, and tells us, “that in reference to international law he was only a kind of military Jacobin.” The sea of glory turns into an ocean of blood, and France seems likely to be engulfed ; and M. Thiers throws the Emperor over as an offering to the Nemesis of Justice, though not, it must be owned, without a lying eulogy at the last.

We entirely agree with M. Thiers that the evil policy which he denounces was calculated to destroy the Empire of Napoleon. For it was a policy which trampled on international right, which contemned every consideration of justice, which mapped out Europe in arbitrary military divisions, without reference to the laws of nature ; which attempted to violate the first axioms of commerce, and the strongest feelings of self-interest ; which sustained itself by a crushing tyranny, that provoked only hatred and resistance, and which, therefore, either sooner or later, was certain to combine all Europe against it. But we think that a plausible case might be made for it upon the principle announced by M. Thiers, and if his views of the politics of Europe are tenable. It is easy to be wise after the event ; but if it be a maxim of French statesmanship, that France should always expand to the furthest limits consistent with her actual powers, that she should “hold the balance of Germany” in her hands, that “she

should govern Spain," and in a struggle with England should attempt the Continental system—and these are the doctrines of M. Thiers—we think that Napoleon's Imperial policy, so far as regards its foreign aspect, cannot justly be open to censure. In 1805, the Emperor had a fair chance to develop the maritime strength of France without exposing her to much peril, for the combined fleets of France and Spain were far more powerful than that of England; and, therefore, on M. Thiers' principles, a war with England was quite justifiable. It is true that the contest ended at Trafalgar, and that the Boulogne flotilla went to pieces, but the odds were in favour of Villeneuve, far more than they were in favour of France at either Rivoli or Marengo; and if this be so, an attack on this country was surely not a fatal error. Again, if France has a right to "hold the balance of Germany," was it not wise to degrade the great German Powers, to crush Prussia, and weaken Austria, and to create a French interest beyond the Rhine in the Rhenish Confederates and the kingdom of Westphalia? Even the idea of a Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which M. Thiers thinks so indefensible, may be vindicated on this very principle, for that duchy was a thorn in the side of Austria, and, through its nominal ruler in Saxony, it extended French influence up to the Vistula. Assuredly France never so thoroughly "held the balance of Germany" as when she sat on the neck of Prussia, kept all the fortresses on the Elbe and the Oder, and made Prussia a parade for her armies; and as then there seemed to be "no limit to her powers," the policy of "expanding" her as far as the Niemen, should hardly find in M. Thiers a censor. This maxim justifies even the Russian expedition, for all the chances were in its favour; and, had it succeeded, no doubt can exist that the Empire would have extended to Russia, and that Germany, throughout her length and breadth, would have been, for a time, at the feet of Napoleon, who, accordingly, would have "balanced" her at his pleasure. And surely, if France had a right to "govern Spain," there was no wrong in taking possession, though the attempt was followed by Baylen and Vittoria, and although the English army, which in 1809 "could not run away as fast as the Spaniards," issued from the Pyrenees in 1814, to give the *coup de grace* to the Empire.

There is one consideration, however, which, according to M. Thiers' reasoning, is decisive against his theory of the "mistakes" of the Empire. He tells us that the "Continental system," "the closing *all* European ports, both to England and to those who would submit to her maritime laws, was the most important and the most efficacious of all the designs conceived by Napoleon." He regrets exceedingly that Napoleon "committed infractions in this system by granting licenses to trade with England;" and

he insinuates that "the absolute prohibition of English commerce, and the methodising of the continental blockade," would ultimately have caused England to submit; and, in the event of another war, would paralyse her resources. Now, we shall not make any observations on the facts, that the continental system did not originate with Napoleon, but was a frantic idea of the Directory, that it was one of the most monstrous attempts at wrong which was ever perpetrated by a despot, that it caused the bitterest indignation in France as well as throughout the Empire, that it filled Amsterdam, Venice, and Hamburg with paupers, and inflicted the greatest wretchedness on their merchants; that it was sustained by a code of custom-house laws to which those of Draco were mild in comparison; that if it reduced at all the opulence of England, it reduced that of France in a greater degree; that it was able to exasperate this country it is true, but entirely impotent to force it to submission; that, had it not been for our own Orders in Council, it would have been all but an utter nullity; and that the widespread poverty and ill-will which it produced were one of the many reasons for Napoleon's downfall. These facts have been established over and over again, and, indeed, rest for the most part on plain principles, since the design of closing the markets of Europe against a Power which possessed all others, in virtue of her command of the sea, and to do this in the most savage manner, was obviously, even if it had been possible, an expedient to injure the commerce of Europe, to deprive her of imports, and restrict her exports, and to inflict loss and misery on many of her inhabitants; but, in reference to England, it was sure to be a failure. But if M. Thiers be right in his theory, if the continental system was a "great thought," if the sealing up the ports of Europe against our manufactures, and against the products of our colonies, was the true method of subduing England, how can he object to any attempt of Napoleon to extend the boundaries of his Empire, and thus to secure the obedience of Europe to this system? The only means of enforcing the continental system were to make all Europe subject to France, and to place French garrisons in every port, so as to compel the exclusion of British and colonial produce, and to ensure the observance of Napoleon's decrees along the whole seaboard from Archangel to Constantinople. If a single point along this vast circumference were open to the prohibited commerce, it is obvious that commerce would find its way to it, and through this entrance would reach the interior; and thus, by the smallest breach in the line of restrictions, the entire design would be defeated. On M. Thiers' principles, accordingly, Napoleon was right in occupying the Illyrian provinces, in seizing on Holland and the Hanse towns, in grasping

Venice, Trieste, and Italy, in entering the Peninsula, and assailing Russia. On these principles, he should never have ceased until he had established a universal empire, for the purpose of bringing England to reason, and of causing the fall of "the modern Carthage." We should like to know how M. Thiers can escape the dilemma into which his own reasoning here has seduced him.

The Empire fell, and great was the fall of it; but M. Thiers derives some solace in the thought, that "Napoleon was a miraculous commander," that those who dare "to blame the military genius of Napoleon are guilty of an error of judgment," that he never erred in point of strategy, and that the French army is something incomparable in excellence. We do not question the abilities of Napoleon as a general,—the depth and accuracy of his plans, the vigour and brilliancy of his attacks, the energy and rapidity of his movements, his great skill in pursuing an advantage, his masterly tactics when inferior in force, his prolific capacity and resoluteness of purpose. The general who conducted the campaign of 1796, who planned the strategy which led to Marengo, who conceived a scheme for invading England in 1805 which he justly said was a model of combination, who struck that tremendous blow at Austerlitz which rent in twain the opposing armies, who annihilated the strength of Prussia at Jena, who effected the grand manœuvres of Friedland, who saved the French army in 1809 and triumphed at Eckmühl, Ratisbon, and Wagram, who resisted half Europe in 1814 with no more than sixty thousand men at his command, and who, at the close of his great career, made that daring spring on Blücher and Wellington, must always rank as a master of strategy. But Napoleon himself would be the first to ridicule the absurd pretension of M. Thiers, that his generalship is never to be called in question. He would be the first to admit that he made mistakes, and that no commander is infallible; and we suspect that, especially in his later campaigns, he frequently sacrificed military rules, nay, the first principles of his art, to the exigencies of his political situation. All competent critics are agreed that he erred greatly at the battle of Aspern, that it was ruinous at Leipzig to venture to fight with one bridge only in his rear, that he showed indecision at the Moskwa, that he threw away a day after the battle of Ligny, and thus lost a chance of crushing Wellington, and that, on his last and most terrible field, he did not display his wonted genius. So, too, except upon political grounds—the necessity of awing Germany in his rear, and of producing a strong impression on Europe—his advance to Moscow cannot be justified; and, from a strategical point of view, his conduct of the campaign of 1813, his prolonged stand upon the Elbe, his vain de-

monstrations against Berlin, his detaching himself from all his lieutenants, and extending them on an immense line, while he "hung in the air" unable to protect them,—all this, if necessary for his political objects, was not in accordance with sound generalship. And as for the extravagances of M. Thiers in reference to the French army, while we admit its admirable valour and energy, its high intelligence and great achievements, that army was not the "finest in the world," which, with every rational chance in its favour, was beaten at Salamanca, Orthez, and Toulouse, and which never yet, under any general, successfully encountered an equal army of England.

For many reasons, therefore, we object to the review of the Empire contained in this volume. We think it vicious in point of morality, pervaded by a bad spirit of ambition, regardless of justice and sometimes of decency, and not seldom false in logic and assertion. To us the history of that Empire appears in a very different light from that in which M. Thiers beholds it. A nation, maddened by long misgovernment, and brutalized by wrong, neglect, and atheism, destroys its rulers, and, torn by revolution, becomes a people of ruthless soldiers. This nation has many lofty impulses, but, above all, that of military glory; and a great general appears before it, who, having secured it from foreign aggression, and raised its renown to the highest point, becomes its chief and soon its master. The position of this ruler is certainly difficult, for his title depends on his military prestige, and the spirit of war is still abroad among his subjects; but there is no reason why he should not ultimately control, and direct to peaceful and useful pursuits, the turbulent forces he has now under him. This, however, is not his real object; and he resolves to organize his people into a machine, compact, harmonious, and of giant strength, which shall make him a mighty conqueror abroad, and at home shall obey his imperious will. For this purpose he heals the wounds of revolution, and unites all Frenchmen to his government; but he flatters their vehement appetite for glory, and he binds them gradually to the yoke of despotism. His army is enormous, and his administration excellent, but the one requires a field for conquest, and the other rests on his single life, and has an inevitable tendency to destroy all energy in the nation, all self-reliance and patriotism. Soon he plunges into war, and forms an Empire which contemns natural right and justice, which disregards the laws of political society, which ignores national distinctions and limits, and depends solely on force for its existence, which, along its bounds from Russia to Spain, marks its presence in acts of cruelty and exaction, and which, resting ultimately on a dominant race, exhausts and degrades that race itself, and even irritates it in many particulars. That

Empire, a gigantic defiance to every civilised nation in Europe, a source of universal fear and odium by reason of its grinding oppression, stands awhile upon the renown of its author; but it is beset on all sides by the hatred of the world, and it is ruined within by its palsying tyranny, and by the severity of its burdens. At length a single misfortune assails it: its sovereign loses a single army; and Europe rises at once against him, with a spirit as fierce as that of the Revolution; he is feebly seconded by his own people, who have become weak, and, at heart, dislike him; and, notwithstanding his genius and his fame, and the terror felt at his conquering sword, a few months see the end of his edifice of ill-directed power and ambition. Not in virtue of mere political "mistakes," but of his rebelling against eternal laws, of his despotism at home, and his tyranny abroad, did the great Emperor meet his doom:—

" Thus he fell: so perish all
Who would man by man enthrall!"

We turn from the political ideas of M. Thiers to his narrative of the fall of the Empire. In 1812, when Napoleon crossed the Niemen, no power seemed capable of withstanding his arms. At the head of twelve hundred thousand men, he held the Continent in his grasp, was master of France, Italy, and the Netherlands, disposer of Germany, and spoiler of Spain; and he was about to invade the wilds of Russia, with a host such as Europe never had witnessed. If, in a distant corner of the Peninsula, his power was still resisted by England, and Massena had recoiled in defeat from Torres Vedras, the opinion of Europe had no doubt that his generals would soon drive Wellington out of Portugal. Six months passed, and the fangs of an Arctic winter and the wasting sword of an indignant nation had made a wreck of the Grand Army; while the baffled legions of Joseph and Marmont had fled in ruin from Salamanca. Then arose throughout Europe the cry for vengeance, and the hope of relief from long oppression: the youth of Prussia flew eagerly to arms, and forced their monarch to head the movement; the hordes of Russia poured into the heart of Germany to aid in the common cause against the tyrant; the forces of Austria were steadily raised to throw her weighty sword into the balance; and England, through the gates of Spain, resolved to aim a deadly blow against the enemy. That enemy, however, was not yet vanquished; and though France was already half weary of him, and her sources of strength were fast perishing, though his hold on Europe was nearly broken, and his huge armies in Germany and Spain were rapidly being cooped up in isolated garrisons,

surrounded by enemies and insurrectionary levies, he hastily crossed the Rhine in 1813, at the head of three hundred and fifty thousand men, and on the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen once more saw the dreams of universal empire. But the tide had turned, and the day had past when two defeats could paralyse Europe. The alliance of Prussia and Russia against Napoleon had become a thoroughly national impulse; and the great conqueror, at the armistice of Pleiswitz, found that the Coalition was not to be shaken. At this moment peace was within his reach, but he had the fatal folly to reject it; and he soon discovered that his pride and insolence had arrayed the whole force of Austria against him. He was now exceedingly over-matched; but, instead of yielding an inch of ground, of abating a jot of his haughty demands, of concentrating his garrisons scattered over Germany, or of securing a safe retreat towards France, he placed himself astride on the Elbe, with a menacing Bavaria and Wurtemberg on his flank, with a hostile Confederation of the Rhine in his rear, and with his wings inclining towards Berlin and the Oder; and, from this position, he sought to terrify the banded armies combined against him. Although victorious wherever he appeared, his forces are on too long a line: his generals are beaten in several battles; and at length, when planning a march into Prussia, and the relieving the fortresses on the Oder, he finds that the allies are accumulating in Leipsic, and that the German races behind him have risen against him. A battle follows, in which he is overwhelmed, and loses more than half his army; and he is driven headlong out of Germany, pursued everywhere by a furious insurrection, and meeting at all points a harassing enemy. He brings back to the Rhine sixty thousand men only, with Russia, Germany, and Austria on his traces. He is cut off completely from his garrisons in the German rivers; and when he reaches his capital, he learns that disease, with famine and misery in its train, is preying on the shattered frame of his army. In the meantime, Holland has flung off his yoke; Illyria and Italy have been slipping from his hands, and Eugene has been driven to the Adige; his own Murat is meditating perfidy; and Wellington, rapidly issuing from Portugal, and scattering the host of Jourdan at Vittoria, has penetrated to the roots of the Pyrenees, and is gathering in strength on the French frontier. The Empire, in 1812, seemed made of adamant: within a year it is a crumbling ruin.

We leave it to M. Thiers to describe the state of France at this fearful juncture,—her resources against invasion, and the spirit of her people. We merely premise that, as we shall show hereafter, he has not calculated fairly the Peninsular armies, in point either of strength or numbers; and we think that he has un-

derstated the unpopularity of Napoleon, and the destitute condition of many parts of the country. In reference to this latter particular, he has not quoted the celebrated Report of 1813, which declared that "agriculture for five years had gained nothing; that it barely existed; that the fruit of its toil was annually wasted by the Treasury, which unceasingly devoured everything to satisfy the cravings of ruined and famished armies:"—

"The situation of our armies was disheartening on every side. On the Rhine we had 50,000 or 60,000 men worn out from fatigue, followed by an equal number of stragglers and invalids, and having to contend with 300,000 men of the European coalition; in Italy we had 36,000 men in juxtaposition with 60,000 Austrians on the Adige, and burdened with the difficult task of holding Italy in check, that was weary of our rule, and of restraining Murat, who was ready to abandon us; on the frontier of Spain we had 50,000 veterans, disheartened by misfortune, and scarcely able to hold the Western Pyrenees against 100,000 victorious soldiers under Lord Wellington; and on this same frontier we had 25,000 more old veterans, in excellent condition certainly, but called upon to defend the Eastern Pyrenees against more than 70,000 English, Sicilians, and Catalonians. Such was the exact position of our affairs correctly noted down. Napoleon had, it is true, proved a hundred times with what prodigious rapidity he could create resources, but he had never before found himself in such distress. More than 140,000 of our best troops were dispersed in different European fortresses; there remained in France only deserted depots, which even in 1813 had made an effort to drill raw recruits in two or three months, and had sent them forth, officered by the few experienced men they still possessed. Undoubtedly there were still in the regiments that returned to France trained soldiers and officers, but the authorities were now about to send to them recruits, ill-dressed and ill-drilled, in order that these old soldiers might do for the recruits what the depots had neither time nor capability to effect; in fact, they were to be constrained to employ the time they would have needed for repose, if the enemy had left them leisure for a day, in instructing these conscripts. Our fortresses, which would have served as a support to the army, were, as we have said, stripped of all means of defence. The immense amount of war material sent beyond the frontiers left our home fortresses without indispensable necessities. We had given to Magdebourg and to Hambourg what was wanted at Strasbourg and Metz, and to Alexandria what would have been needed at Grenoble. Even a part of the Lille artillery was still at the camp of Boulogne. But it was not alone the material of war in which we were deficient. Our engineer officers, so numerous, skilful, and brave, were scattered through more than a hundred foreign cities. We had hardly time to form and despatch some cohorts of national guards to Strasbourg and Landau, to Lille and to Metz. In order to conquer the world, which was now escaping from her grasp, France had left herself defenceless. Our finances, formerly so prosperous, and

managed with admirable regularity, were now as exhausted as our armies, through the chimera of universal domination. The municipal lands seized to liquidate the debt of 1811 and 1812, and to supply the deficiency of 1813, had remained unsold. It was doubtful whether purchasers could be found for ten millions. The paper which represented the anticipated price sank from 15 to 20 per cent., although nearly the entire of what had been issued was still in the coffers of the bank, and in those of the crown itself, which had taken more than seventy millions. The moral condition of the country was, if possible, still more wretched than its circumstances. The soldiers, convinced of the folly of the policy for which they were pouring forth their blood, murmured aloud, though they were ever ready in presence of the enemy to sustain the national honour. The nation, deeply irritated that the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen had not been used to secure a peace, looked upon themselves as sacrificed to a mad ambition, now that they had experienced the serious inconveniences of an irresponsible government. Disenchanted as to the genius of Napoleon, having never believed in his prudence, but having always had faith in his invincibility, they were at once disgusted with his government, doubtful of his military capability, and terrified at the approach of enemies who were advancing in masses; the French people, in a word, were morally broken down, at the very moment when, to avert the impending danger, they would have needed all the patriotic enthusiasm with which they were animated in 1792, or at least the confiding admiration with which the First Consul had inspired them in 1800. Never, in short, was a people in a state of more profound dejection called upon to encounter a more imminent peril."¹

It is not easy to pronounce with certainty upon the designs of Napoleon at this crisis. It is evident, even at the eleventh hour, that he preserved his haughty and unbending attitude; that he underrated the strength of the Coalition, and, above all, its power of cohesion; that he did not comprehend the vehemence of the passions which his tyranny had excited in Europe; and that he did not appreciate fully the apathy or the rising indignation of his people. M. Thiers assures us, that at the close of 1813, the Emperor was really desirous of peace, provided it secured "the natural limits" of France, but that he viewed the Allies' overtures with distrust; that this made him elude the proposals of Frankfort; and that he girded himself up for the final struggle, for the purpose, not of regaining what he had lost, but of establishing France on the Rhine with honour. This attempt to portray Napoleon as a patriot, contending for an object dear to all Frenchmen, and resolved to stake his crown on the issue, is certainly not borne out by the facts; it is merely a "scene" for the Emperor's exit. For, even assuming that

¹ In justice to M. Thiers, we have quoted from "the authorised version" of his History, except where its errors of sense and grammar are unpardonable. It is a wretched performance—a bald, and unfaithful, and full of mistakes.

the Emperor had a right to mistrust the good faith of the Allies at Frankfort, and to evade a reply to propositions which offered him the line of the Rhine as a position—an assumption which M. Thiers repudiates—it is clear that, even in December 1813, he had no notion of accepting such limits to his Empire. His instructions to Caulaincourt at this period, prove that he still insisted on a part of Holland—on retaining the great bridge-heads on the Rhine, which gave him an easy access to Germany—on occupying all the territory of Piedmont—and on governing Italy through Eugene Beauharnais. This fact is decisive against M. Thiers; and, indeed, there are several other facts which are contradictory to his theory. Had Napoleon, in November and December 1813, been satisfied with the boundary of the Rhine, yet resolved to fight to the last for this stake, would he have set on foot a fresh army of Italy—have delayed to recall Suchet from Spain—have clung tenaciously to the Spanish fortresses—and have left garrisons in Piedmont and Holland, not to speak of those blockaded in Germany—when the forces of Europe were on the Rhine, and about to commence their threatened invasion? Would such a commander have hesitated for a moment to collect his armies from the extremities of his empire, and to concentrate them in imposing strength against the hosts that touched on the very line he had resolved never to abandon, and that stretched already from Basle to Antwerp? Upon the hypothesis of M. Thiers, it is impossible to doubt what his course would have been; but as he never adopted that course, and, on the contrary, up to the last, disseminated his forces on all points of his dominions, we conceive the hypothesis is utterly groundless. We think it probable, that, till all had been staked and lost, Napoleon clung to the idea of his Empire; that, relying too much on his own genius, on the support of France, and the jealousy of the Coalition, he conceived to the last that he could retrieve his losses; and that, when he surveyed his position in December 1813, he had no real desire for peace, and was hopeful, even on the verge of ruin, of yet emerging in triumph from the struggle. Whether Europe would be convulsed in the contest—whether France would be rent and wasted by his efforts—did not enter into the thoughts of one who called his soldiers “food for cannon,” and who had exclaimed to Metternich at Prague, “What are half a million of men to me!”

M. Thiers details at great length the political and military expedients of the Emperor in reference to the impending invasion. As he has a sentimental love of parliamentary institutions, he is shocked at the seizure of the Dictatorship—at the violence done to the remains of the “Constitution”—at the election of a president of the Legislative Body by the simple

fiat of Napoleon—at the garbling of documents by the Imperial ministers—at the raising of taxes by Imperial decrees—and at the wrath of the Emperor at the report of Lainé. All these acts, certainly, were “great mistakes;” but we suspect that, had they achieved the result which M. Thiers believes the *τὸ πᾶλον* of politics, the securing to France “her natural limits,” they would have been called “touches of genius and inspiration,” in his usual style of tawdry adulation. As it was, they were certainly not more illegal than several other measures of Napoleon, which, in his hour of glory, escaped uncensured; and, really, when we reflect what a cheat the “Constitution” of the Emperor was—how completely his paid and servile Senate, and his mute Legislature of unpopular deputies, were the mere instruments of his will—we are not disposed to blame him severely, for having got rid, at a period of pressure, of the inconvenient furniture of despotism. The fault of Napoleon was, that he had made his people unfitted for real freedom, and that he had veiled his tyranny under popular forms, and in the haze of military glory. It was not that, at the eleventh hour, he exclaimed boldly, “I am the State;” and there is much truth in his stinging remark, that in 1813 France “wanted not orators, but a man.” As for the diplomacy of Napoleon at this crisis, M. Thiers unravels it very fully; and his account, on the whole, is not uncandid, though, on some points, we think it erroneous. He admits that the Allies were in earnest at Frankfort in offering the boundary of the Rhine to Napoleon; and he blames the Emperor justly and sternly for not having at once accepted their overtures. This, indeed, is not consistent with his view, that at heart Napoleon was satisfied with these terms; but, in truth, it is not possible to reconcile the two positions of M. Thiers on this subject, that Napoleon rejected the basis of Frankfort, and yet had no other political object. M. Thiers is also right in his statement, that the insurrection of Holland in November 1813 caused a great change in the views of the Allies, and led them to insist on harsher conditions; but he is wrong in insinuating that the policy of England made the question of peace depend on Antwerp: and we think that, in his estimate of the diplomacy of the Coalition, he should not have suppressed that important document, the Allied Declaration from Frankfort. Perhaps, however, the marked contrast between the moderation of this state paper, and the arrogance of Napoleon’s manifestoes, was the cause of this significant omission.

M. Thiers’ account of the military measures adopted by Napoleon at this juncture is very graphic and elaborate, and is a valuable addition to the history of the period. The forces now arrayed against France, which were about to burst upon her

territory, were, though separated, immense in numbers; and, for the most part, they were flushed with victory. They consisted of the Army of the North, under Bernadotte, which was marching on the frontier of Belgium; of the Grand Armies of Silesia and Bohemia, which lay along the Rhine from Cologne to Bâle; and of the Anglo-Spanish army of Wellington, which had recently passed the Bidassoa. These forces were nearly four hundred thousand men; and in addition were the Austrian army of Italy, to be soon joined by that of Murat, the Anglo-Sicilian army of Arragon and Catalonia, large masses of reserves coming up from Russia and Prussia, and the troops blockading the French garrisons in Germany. Against this prodigious array of foes Napoleon had only the army of the Rhine, which did not exceed sixty thousand men; that of Belgium, not twenty thousand strong; that of Italy, under Eugene Beauharnais, which perhaps was of thirty thousand men; the nucleus of an army at Lyons, some regiments scattered in depôts in France, and the two armies of Soult and Suchet, which, in spite of M. Thiers' assertions, were at least a hundred and thirty thousand bayonets. His garrisons in Germany are, of course, out of the account; he had scarcely any reserves at hand, though he had recently obtained decrees from the Senate for a levy of six hundred thousand men; and his people were so exhausted and terrified, and the fortresses of France so ill provided, that a national resistance appeared chimerical. A sovereign on a revolutionary throne, and with a people rising against him, and a general with not more than two hundred and twenty thousand troops, and with no certainty of a large increase of them, he stood against a mass of banded enemies whose combined forces were nearly a million of men, who, of late, had been victorious everywhere! And yet he remained confident in himself; and, so far as his outward acts are evidence, he resolved to defend his empire on all points, not to give up a yard of territory, and to brave half the world in arms against him. Relying on a respite of four months, and that no invasion would take place till April, he calculated that his levy of six hundred thousand men would yield him three hundred thousand soldiers; and with these, added to his forces in hand, he still hoped to reconquer victory. Accordingly, his dispositions were made on this hypothesis; and his plan was to leave his armies on their stations, and to strengthen them with large reinforcements of conscripts; while he himself, at the head of his corps of Guards which he hoped to raise to one hundred thousand men, would meet the pressure wherever it was heaviest. Eugene was thus left upon the Adige, and Soult and Suchet on the Spanish frontier, while the feeble corps on the Rhine and the Meuse remained opposite to the enormous hosts that lay on the German banks of these rivers.

It seems obvious that, from a strategical point of view, this plan of Napoleon is open to censure: for he had no right to count on a delay till April; and on the assumption of M. Thiers, that he was fighting only for the boundary of the Rhine, he was absurdly wrong in dispersing his forces. But if, as we believe, he was still striking for his empire, the plan becomes intelligible and consistent; and if he erred in the important particular, that an invasion was not immediately impending, he had had many proofs in his previous campaigns of the tardiness of the allied movements. His mistake lay, not in judging the Allies from what his own experience had taught him, nor yet in calculating on divisions among them, but in not perceiving that the generals opposed to him had learned the necessity of celerity in warfare, and in not comprehending the energy of the hatred which his own conduct had aroused, and which now quickened the advance of his enemies. His dispositions were all unfinished: of the three hundred thousand men he had hoped to obtain, not more than a hundred thousand had been enrolled; no attempt had been made to fortify Paris; his fortresses in France were still out of order, and wanting provisions and ammunition; and his weak divisions on the Rhenish frontier had received very small reinforcements, when, at the end of December 1813, the hosts of the Allies were set in motion; and the army of Silesia having crossed the Rhine at Mayence, while that of Bohemia penetrated by Bâle, an enormous flood of invasion poured into his dominions. The design of the Coalition was to drive before them the weak divisions arrayed against them; to march straight by any fortresses in their way, relying on their prodigious strength; and, converging towards each other after their entry into France, to concentrate themselves between Chaumont and Langres, and from thence to march directly to Paris. M. Thiers, who never praises any general but a Frenchman, of course says not a word of this strategy, but it was not the less an admirable move. It would probably have been completely successful had it been vigorously carried out at once; and, as it was, it entirely disconcerted the Emperor: it gained for the Allies a third of France in three weeks; and it reduced the ultimate issue of the war to all but a military certainty. The result of this attack was, that by 25th of January 1814 the armies of Silesia and Bohemia, under the respective commands of Blücher and Schwarzenburg, had reached the valley of the Seine and the Marne, with an open country before them to Paris, and with all the provinces in their rear in their possession; that the French corps opposed to them had been forced to fall back without having fired a shot; and that Napoleon had been compelled to hurry from Paris, to endeavour to hold the invaders in check, with a force not more

than sixty thousand strong, against a host of more than two hundred thousand. In fact, his plan of war had been utterly baffled, and his strategical position appeared desperate.

The campaign which ensued is one of the most splendid of the many great achievements of Napoleon, and it proves the force of his military genius, the originality and daring of his manœuvres, the celerity of his movements, and the excellence of his soldiers. A few words will convey an idea of the brilliant and profound strategy, by means of which, for several weeks, the Emperor, with a comparatively small army,—it never exceeded sixty thousand men,—kept at bay the hosts of Blucher and Schwartzenburg, defeated them in several battles, in a military point of view was not baffled to the last, and, at length, was only overwhelmed because his people and capital abandoned him. It is scarcely indeed probable that his plan for this campaign would have given him ultimate success against the Allies, and, as we think, it was erroneous in principle; but it showed such skilful combinations, such boldness, energy, and firmness of purpose, and so few faults of detail occur in it, that it will always attract the soldier's admiration. The commencement of the struggle was disastrous, for the allied armies kept together, and, having attacked Napoleon at La Rothiere, with a very great preponderance of force, they defeated him with considerable loss, and, for a moment, compelled him to sue for terms. But, soon afterwards, from whatever cause, whether mutual jealousy or over-confidence, they separated into two divisions,—the army of Silesia, with Blucher in command, pursuing the road to Paris by the Marne, and that of Schwartzenburg marching for the same point on the nearly parallel line of the Seine. As these tactics placed Napoleon between them, and prevented them from communicating with each other, this step of the Allies was obviously imprudent; and its peril was increased by the impetuosity of Blucher, who, instead of keeping abreast with Schwartzenburg, pressed hurriedly forward in isolated columns, and thus exposed his whole flank to Napoleon. Immediately the Emperor saw the error, and, having left a few troops to observe Schwartzenburg, he fell like thunder on the Prussian's line, cut up his scattered divisions in detail, enveloped his lieutenants in a circle of fire, destroyed the corps of Sacken and Olsouvieff, killed many men, and took many prisoners, and hurled backwards the whole army of Silesia, in the battles of Champaubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamps. Having thus disposed of one of his enemies, he makes a rapid flank march on Schwartzenburg; assails the head of his advancing columns, which also were too distant from each other; wins the two battles of Nængis and Montereau; and, terrifying the Austrian by his rapidity and his renown, compels him to retreat on Troyes, and

even to meditate falling back on the Rhine. For an instant the Allies hesitate and treat; the armistice of Lusigny is held; a march to the Rhine is soon talked of, and peace is nearly made at Châtillon. But the French Emperor, flushed with success, refuses to listen to reasonable terms, and even to recall a soldier from Italy: he remains stubborn, isolated, and unsupported; and at length the conferences are broken off, and Blücher inclines northward to the Aisne, to join the corps of Bülow and Wintzingerode, who are hurrying to his aid by Soissons, while Schwarzenberg again moves forward to operate on the Seine towards Paris. Thus the allied armies are separated once more, and Napoleon hurries to crush Blücher, who is losing time in an effort to cut off Marmont. He almost reaches him as he falls back on Soissons; but here fortune abandons Napoleon,—the place surrenders, and the army of Silesia, reinforced by those of Bülow and Wintzingerode, now exceeds in strength the force pursuing it. The Emperor hesitates, but only for an instant: he attacks Blücher with the energy of despair; wins the plateau of Craonne, but is defeated at Laon; and now, finding himself overmatched, he falls back on Rheims to rest his army. In the meantime, Schwarzenberg, who had advanced slowly, concentrates his columns and moves against him: the sanguinary battle of Arcis-sur-Aube is fought, and cuts off Napoleon's communications with Paris; and he resolves instantly to march towards the Rhine, to disengage the garrisons of the fortresses on the frontier, to add their strength to that of his army; and, falling on the rear of the allied forces, which he hoped would be kept in check before his capital, to place them thus between two fires, to surround them with a national insurrection, and to crush them in the heart of his dominions. This bold design is, however, discovered; and, while he retreats with his back to Paris, his enemies, now left free to act, march straight upon it in immense force: they overthrow all obstacles in their way, and take the capital after a brief struggle; his throne falls amidst general rejoicing; the Senate decrees his abdication; and the Empire perishes, unwept and dishonoured. At this news he hurries back with his army, and meditates fresh combinations for an instant, which still bear the stamp of his genius; but Marmont deserts him, and then his marshals; he is left desolate at Fontainebleau, and the conqueror becomes a prisoner and an exile.

Such, in a word, was the wonderful campaign of 1814, which, as a specimen of strategy in the field, is perhaps the masterpiece of Napoleon. It is impossible to admire too much the daring and vigorous swoop upon Blücher, which paralysed the army of Silesia; the flank movement on the army of Bohemia, which

drove Schwartzenburg to retreat; and the bold thought of a descent on the Rhine, for the purpose of striking the rear of the enemy, and crushing him while in front of Paris. But it seems certain, that, as a general design, in the actual state of Napoleon's affairs, and in reference to the defence of France, the plan from beginning to end was a mistake; that it proceeded on false assumptions and ideas; and that its partial and brief success was due, more to the errors of the Allies, than even to the skill of their antagonist. Supposing that up to December 1813 Napoleon had still a rational prospect of being able to defend his empire at all points, what chance remained to him in January 1814, when he found himself in front of Blucher and Schwartzenburg, united in the valley of the Seine and Marne? In other words, had he any right to believe that, with sixty thousand men in his hands, he would overthrow two hundred and twenty thousand? Why, then, did he not bring up Eugene from Italy, to fall upon the rear of the army of Bohemia, summon Suchet at once from the frontier of Spain, and, according to the advice of Soult, leave a few detachments in the south of France to retard the advance of Wellington for an instant; and, uniting the two armies of Spain with his own, contend with the invaders on the base of Paris? That this would have been the true scheme of defence, that it offered several chances of success, and that, possibly, it might have repelled the Allies, and certainly would have retarded the fall of the Empire, is now admitted by most judges; and, as it is idle to suppose for a moment that Napoleon did not appreciate its advantages, we can only ascribe his rejection of it to his resolution to play for his Empire or nothing, to his overweening confidence in himself, and to an ignorance of his unpopularity in his capital. In these points, however, he was far from the truth; and, accordingly, his design of the campaign of 1814, apart from his conduct in the field, was a mistake as a plan of defence; and, in fact, but for the separation of the Allies upon the lines of the Seine and Marne,—an error on which he had no right to speculate,—it would probably have ended quickly in his ruin. When actually engaged, his skill was masterly, but the general disposition of his means of resistance was obviously faulty in the extreme; and it is difficult to doubt that, in this respect, he sacrificed his art to political considerations, or perhaps to his pride as a sovereign. We may also observe, even as regards his strategy in 1814, that while all concur in praising it as a whole, he seems to have erred in accepting battle at La Rothiere, in not striking Schwartzenburg in the flank before Montereau, instead of assailing his columns in front, and in venturing on the desperate struggle at Laon, and the still more desperate strife of Arcis-sur-Aube, with a force so inferior to that opposed to him.

We shall not, however, presume to pronounce on the moves of such a commander as Napoleon, when guided solely by military considerations.

M. Thiers, however, true to his ideal, extols not only the strategy of Napoleon, but even his general scheme of resistance. He will not allow that any mistake was made in fighting the battle of La Rothiere; he struggles to show that Napoleon was infallible in all his movements against Schwartzenburg; he throws on Marmont the blame of the defeat of Laon, against conclusive evidence to the contrary; and, like some "vieux moustache" of the Guard, he believes Napoleon an omniscient commander. This is not the way to write history truly; and we should add, not only that his views on military affairs are sometimes marked with much ignorance, but that his accounts of battles are usually so unfair, so full of grandiloquence about the French, and of scorn and indifference towards their enemies, that scarcely one of them is really trustworthy. One of his chief delinquencies in this respect is the falsifying the numbers engaged on either side; and, as to the results of some actions, he graduates them according to a scale in his fancy. Thus he tells us that, on the field of La Rothiere, "thirty-two thousand French" were opposed to "a hundred thousand;" and that the losses of Napoleon were "about five thousand," against "eight or nine thousand" of the enemy. The truth is, that Napoleon had nearly fifty thousand men in his hands, of whom he lost about seven thousand, with more than seventy pieces of cannon, while the Allies were weakened by three thousand only. He states that, in the combats of Champaubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamps, the killed, wounded, and prisoners of the army of Silesia were at least two-and-twenty thousand; the real numbers were about one-half. At Craonne, he declares "that thirty thousand Frenchmen, without a sufficient force in guns, attacked fifty thousand Prussians and Russians, on a formidable plateau, with numerous artillery: the actual proportion was thirty to twenty-one thousand; for, as Marshal Marmont writes expressly, the corps of Sacken did not fire a shot, and was not even in sight of their enemy. So, according to this veracious account, at Laon the losses of Napoleon were twelve thousand against fifteen, instead of sixteen thousand against ten; and, at Arcis-sur-Aube, twenty thousand are made to resist, first fifty, and afterwards ninety thousand, the real proportion being sixty to a hundred. No one doubts the excellence of the French army, or the valour it showed in this memorable campaign, not seldom against enormous odds; but is this the way to write its history? Is it fair to describe it like a Jack the Giant-Killer, or some other prodigy of a story-book?

During this desperate struggle in the plains of France, the Allies made several attempts to negotiate, and, but for the obstinate pride of Napoleon, the war would certainly have ended at Châtillon. M. Thiers enlarges on these events; but, as usual, he is unjust, and occasionally ridiculous, considering the actual condition of France: he looks at everything from a French point of view, and subject to his theory of the "natural limits;" and some of his assertions are very erroneous. He seems to think it a monstrous wrong, that, after the battle of La Rothiere, when one-third of France was in the hands of the Allies, and the gates of Paris seemed open to them, they should have abandoned the proffered terms of Frankfort, and have resolved to reduce France to her position of 1790. It is, doubtless, not a little pleasant, that an historian, who has described the treaty of Luneville, which deprived Austria of the Netherlands—the treaty of Presburg, which reft Italy and Illyria from her, and tore from her sovereign the crown of Germany—the treaty of Tilsit, which made Prussia a third-rate power, and all Germany a French dependency—and the treaty of Vienna, which sealed the bondage of Europe,—should inform us that the proposals of Châtillon were such as "never had been presented to a conquered country," and "that though Napoleon *had* abused the rights of a victor, he had never done so to such a degree as this." It is also somewhat bold to assert that Napoleon was right in scorning these terms, because, "however unfortunate France might afterwards become, no greater sacrifice *could* be demanded of her than that actually required; and, even under the Bourbons, she would be allowed the position of 1790:" as if the immediate stoppage of war and desolation were nothing; as if the Allies could never advance in their terms; and as if the events of 1815, when it was seriously proposed to partition France, and when she was ground to the dust by exactions, and by the weight of an army of occupation, did not occur as a contingency on the rejection. We must own, however, that he persists logically that France was justified in running any risks for the sake of his favourite idea, since "we do not hesitate to say that, though even all the splendour of Paris had been destroyed in one bloody day, the Rhine frontier would be a compensation;" and that her sovereign was quite right, for this paramount object, to lure the Allies into negotiations, under cover of which he was treacherously to assail them—"to finish all sword in hand" is the phrase—a project which M. Thiers characterizes as "the equanimity of a great mind superior to circumstances!" But, though all this is exceedingly fine,—and M. Thiers is resolved to portray Napoleon as making "the line of the Rhine" the one aim of his arms and diplomacy in 1814, which, "though it should involve the

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slaughter of thousands of men, was more consonant to his glory and the true interests of France" than peace and the throne of Louis XV., according to the "indecent" proposals of the Allies,—it is certain that this is mere misrepresentation, and that the French Emperor had very different ideas at this juncture. Immediately after the battle of La Rothiere, he gave Caulaincourt *carte blanche* to treat, even on the terms proposed at Châtillon; not, as M. Thiers tells us, "in self-deception," or in the hope "that great sacrifices would not be agreed to," but, as he wrote distinctly, "in order to save Paris." After the victories which ended at the conferences of Lusigny, he desired his plenipotentiary to "sign nothing but on authority;" and although he added that "he still adhered to the basis of Frankfort," it is well known, from the testimony of bystanders, that he was dreaming already of a campaign in Germany. But, when the capitulation of Paris had overthrown the Empire, he again gave Caulaincourt "full powers;" and at this time he knew well that his minister was ready to accept any peace compatible with the continuance of the Empire, though M. Thiers would lead us to believe that this mission was merely a diplomatic stratagem. All this policy had obviously one object only,—to shift according to the chances of war;—and it requires no little boldness to characterize it as "the heroic termination" of a "reign of wonders."

M. Thiers describes with much clearness the state of Paris at the approach of the Allies—the terror and imbecility of the Administration—the apathy and despair of the inhabitants—the slow fermenting of a Bourbon movement—and the adroitness of Talleyrand in the game of treachery. His narrative of the battle of Paris is also good; though, as usual, he misstates the proportion of the combatants, who were not "twenty-four thousand to a hundred and seventy," but, during the greater part of the day, were nearly equal on the points of attack. As for his account of the wonderful events which followed, it is very full, vivid, and elaborate; but, in some respects, we object to it, for it omits several important particulars; it neglects some very plain considerations; and we doubt the correctness of not a few of its statements. M. Thiers refuses a word of praise to the magnanimity of the Allies, who, in the hour of triumph and vengeance, when Paris was prostrate at their feet, forbore to retaliate upon her the conduct of Napoleon to Berlin and Vienna, and treated her with the most merciful courtesy. He also conceals, as well as he can, the exultation which greeted their entry,—how that entry was hailed as a national deliverance, and what a pregnant commentary it forms upon the fickleness of the French nation, upon the disloyalty caused by revolution, and upon the abhorrence felt for Napoleon. When such were

the sentiments of the Parisians, he is obviously in error in his assertion, that a patriotic resistance on the streets was possible; that it was madness to have fought outside the barriers; and that, had barricades been erected—is he thinking of the days of July?—and arms placed in the hands of the citizens, the Allies could not have made good their entry. The testimony of Marmont is conclusive on this point: he declares, not only that the people of Paris were indifferent as to the result of the contest, but that even the National Guard did not assist him when he was struggling on the heights of Belleville. We should like, too, to know on what authority M. Thiers denies that Ney and the Marshals were “violent” in resisting Napoleon at Fontainebleau; that Macdonald was wrong in the supposition that the Emperor intended to march on Paris, and even to destroy it, if necessary, for his projects; that Marmont was “at heart a traitor,” in dealing with Schwartzburg for the surrender of his post; and that the shameless desertion of Napoleon by Berthier, “was, in some degree, by his master’s orders.” On these particulars, the statements of M. Thiers are at variance with every account we have read; and it is evident that, as is natural perhaps, he strives to throw a kindly veil over the recklessness and treachery of the fall of the Empire.

The worst part of this volume, however, is the narrative of the Peninsular war from July 1813 to April 1814. There is nothing in Livy more reckless and unscrupulous than M. Thiers’ treatment of this memorable struggle. In the first place, he depreciates its importance by noticing it only as an insignificant episode in the great epic of Napoleon’s downfall. In the next place, while he cannot deny the excellence of the army of Wellington, he attempts to damn it with faint praise: he has the audacity to assert that the army it vanquished “was unrivalled in respect of military qualifications;” and he assures us that the “unfortunate issue of the encounter was owing to our generals, and not to our soldiers.” Finally, he misrepresents every battle in the campaign; disparages Soult and Wellington alike, for the purpose of screening his favourite Suchet; misstates or conceals the strategy of these great captains, and indulges freely in his pleasant habit of falsifying the numbers of armies and losses according to his ideas or fancies. A few words will be enough to expose his errors in these important particulars. In July 1813, after the battle of Vittoria, the army of Spain, with Soult in command, which lay on the French side of the Pyrenees, exceeded one hundred and thirty thousand men; and those of Arragon and Catalonia, which occupied these provinces under Suchet, were somewhat more than seventy thousand. It is true that deductions should be made for the sick, the inefficient, and

the troops in garrisons ; but Sir William Napier has shown conclusively that the two armies at this period could bring one hundred and thirty-eight thousand good soldiers together, not to speak of thirty thousand conscripts. Opposed to these veteran and powerful arrays was the Anglo-Portuguese army of Wellington, just seventy-seven thousand of all arms, which, between Pampeluna and San Sebastian, confronted Soult on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, and the Anglo-Sicilian army of Lord William Bentinck, which, perhaps, was seventy thousand on paper, but was so ill-organized and badly provided, that Wellington had written that "Suchet could have tumbled it back to the Xucar." Unquestionably, therefore, at this period, the advantage in strength was with the French, and that in an immense proportion ; and, although this ratio was afterwards changed, and during the campaign of 1813-14 the force of Wellington was usually about seventy thousand, and that of the Anglo-Sicilians nominally about the same, while that of Soult fell at length to forty-five thousand, and that of Suchet to about fifty, yet for several months this advantage remained with the marshals. It should be observed, too, that the French armies of Spain were the best troops in Napoleon's service, excepting only the Old Guard ; that, even when reduced to their lowest strength, they outnumbered the Emperor's army in 1814 ; and that at no time, considering the irregulars in them, and their heterogeneous composition, could the Anglo-Portuguese and the Anglo-Sicilian armies be counted as really much stronger than their opponents. It is evident, therefore, that a campaign, in which a force, at first inferior in strength, and afterwards scarcely superior, if at all, defeated the formidable enemy opposed to it, and prevented him from throwing his weight into the scale when the Emperor chiefly needed his support, was of the very greatest importance ; and that the events of the Peninsular war in 1813-14 are scarcely less momentous than those in the east of France.

Any fair account of the Peninsular campaign of 1813-14 will explain the causes of these events, and place them in their proper significance. No blame certainly can be laid upon the strategy of the Duke of Dalmatia, nor upon the valour and stubbornness of his soldiers. His re-organization of the army of Spain, in a few weeks after the desperate shock which it had encountered at Vittoria, and his bold irruption on Wellington through the passes of Roncesvalles, for the purpose of relieving Pampeluna, have justly received the admiration of tacticians. The lines which he drew on the Bidassoa and the Nivelle, and the camp which he entrenched in front of Bayonne, attest his energy and resources in defence ; and his sudden attack upon Wellington on the Nive, when that general had extended his line

towards the Adour, and in fact had divided it on the former stream, has been characterized as worthy of the genius of Napoleon. His grand scheme of attracting Suchet into France, of combining their armies at the pass of Jaca, and of bursting through it on Wellington's flank, has been justly praised by Sir William Napier; and perhaps it might have changed the fate of the contest. His blows at Orthez were all but successful; his retreat on Toulouse was a masterly move; his struggle outside that town was worthy of a great captain; and the steadiness and tenacity which he showed in resisting and striking his enemy hardly to the last, were fine specimens of a general's energy. Nor, in truth, were his soldiers unworthy of him; for, although they were almost always defeated, and occasionally shrunk from contact with troops whose terrible weight they had learned to dread, they fought with desperate valour at Sauroren, distinguished themselves greatly at Orthez, and contended with steady heroism at Toulouse, not to speak of many minor combats. On the other hand, if not always perfect—and no general can be infallible,—the strategy of Wellington in this campaign was a model of vigour, rapidity, and caution; and the conduct of his army entitled it to rank as decidedly the best army then in Europe. If disconcerted for a moment at the attack by Roncesvalles, with what vigour he struck the counter-blow, and drove Soult on a line of retreat which well nigh proved that marshal's ruin! His passage of the Bidassoa, and forcing of its lines, will always be cited as examples of quick, brilliant, and resolute generalship. The same may be said of the passage of the Nivelle; and if for an instant he was in peril on the Nive, with what prompt energy he recovered himself, and overthrew his nimble antagonist! So it was at Orthez and at Toulouse,—he invariably baffled the finest combinations, and seized the occasion to retaliate on his antagonist with a weight and force which overbore resistance. Of his army, it is enough to say, with Sir William Napier, "that what Alexander's Macedonians were at Arbela, Hannibal's Africans at Cannæ, Cæsar's Romans at Pharsalia, Napoleon's guards at Austerlitz, such were Wellington's British soldiers at this period." And it was the work of this general and this army that the ablest marshal of France, with a force superior at first, if inferior at last, was chased out of Spain to the interior of France, defeated in every attempt he made, and completely prevented from lending his aid to Napoleon struggling against the Coalition. In fairness, however, it must be said, that probably this great result would not have been gained had Suchet acted with proper zeal, and really seconded the Duke of Dalmatia. In truth, as Sir William Napier more

than hints, it was the incapacity or jealousy of this marshal which ruined Napoleon in the south of France, and, indirectly, in the north and east, and which paralysed Soult when contending against Wellington. For Suchet, with the armies of Arragon and Catalonia, had about seventy thousand men under his orders; and, allowing for those he left in the fortresses, he could have brought fifty thousand good troops to his colleague. Opposed to him was a heterogeneous force, which could scarcely have followed him over the Pyrenees, and which had been greatly weakened in efficiency by the departure of Lord W. Bentinck for Italy. Had he, therefore, in the autumn of 1813 retreated from Spain into France by Toulouse, and effected a junction with Soult at Jaca, from whence the two marshals might have fallen on Wellington, the fate of the war might have been altered; and, even in March 1814, had he joined Soult on the line of the Garonne, it is the opinion of Sir W. Napier "that the French army would have been numerous enough to bar Lord Wellington's progress altogether." From these considerations, therefore, it is evident that the Peninsular campaign of 1813-14 was of the very greatest importance; and that the French lost it not through want of numbers, nor because the Duke of Dalmatia was incompetent, but because Suchet committed great errors, and the genius of Wellington and the heroism of his troops were able to bear down everything before them.

A few lines will suffice to show how M. Thiers has dealt with this contest. He strives to depreciate its importance; and, though he cannot deny that the operations of Wellington effected a strong diversion against Napoleon, he slurs over those operations completely. He informs us that, in July 1813, the forces of Soult and Suchet together did not exceed one hundred and ten thousand men, against a hundred and seventy thousand; and that, afterwards, their antagonists kept their numbers, while they were reduced to sixty-five thousand. While he extols the excellence of the French troops, and reluctantly calls the British "good," he carefully conceals the wretched composition of the Anglo-Sicilian force in Catalonia against Suchet. He says not a word about Soult's reorganization of the army which attacked Wellington at Sauron; but he sneers exceedingly at the Marshall's dispositions for the attack, and insists that they were entirely erroneous. On the other hand, he withholds the important fact, that Soult, when driven backward by Wellington through the passes of Dona Maria and Echallar, was nearly destroyed, with half his army; and he describes the battles of the Pyrenees "as combats where we had lost about ten or eleven thousand men, against twelve thousand of the enemy,"—the true proportion being fifteen to seven thousand, as he might have seen in the

Wellington Despatches. He misrepresents the action of San Marcial, and calls the brilliant passage of the Bidassoa "the surprise of Marshal Soult at Andaya." He carps at the admirable plan of Soult to effect a junction with Suchet by Jaca; and sustains his case by exaggerating the two armies commanded respectively by Wellington and Lord William Bentinck, and by reducing falsely the numbers of Suchet. He passes over in all but silence the daring passage of the Nivelle, the able defence of Soult at Bayonne, and the interesting actions on the Nive—in attack and defence alike remarkable. He is so absurd as to blame the Duke of Dalmatia for not having thrown himself into Bordeaux; that is, engulfed himself in the Landes, and lost all chance of communicating with Suchet; and he describes the glorious victory of Orthez as "a battle where Soult killed or wounded six thousand men, and left three or four thousand on the field,"—the real numbers being two thousand five hundred to four! Finally, he absolves Suchet from all censure, and sneers at the "temporising genius" of Wellington; that is, of the general who had won the battle of Vittoria, and who, in the campaign of 1813-14, with Soult in front and Suchet on his flank, and with mixed armies, certainly scarcely superior to those, which might have coalesced against him, not only drove the French out of Spain, but in less than six weeks, in the spring of 1814, had "forced the French from the neighbourhood of Bayonne to Toulouse, a distance of two hundred miles, had conquered the whole country between the Pyrenees and the Garonne, had passed six large and several smaller rivers," and had defeated a brave and experienced enemy on every occasion he ever encountered him. It is a fitting close "to this strange eventful history," that M. Thiers suppresses any mention of the battle of Toulouse—we presume, because it reflects great credit on Soult, and still greater on his illustrious antagonist!

In taking leave of M. Thiers, we beg to reiterate our approval of the flow and rapidity of his narrative. He has also thrown some fresh light on several of the events detailed in this volume, especially on the diplomacy of Napoleon, and on the Revolution of 1814. But we are compelled to add, that neither in this nor in any other part of his work is he at the level of his great argument, perhaps the greatest in the history of the world. He is entirely blind to the awful majesty of the drama he has attempted to delineate. He writes as if this momentous scene, in which, amidst the shock of stirring events and the sound of half the world in conflict, we can trace Providence shaping His ends, were a stage to show off one nation and its chieftain. In dealing with political questions, he is indifferent to moral rules; and, in reference to his own country, he steadily adopts the

dogma of the Athenian at Melos, rebuked by the solemn irony of Thucydides, "that might is the measure of the rights of nations." Finally, he is reckless in assertion, and careless of truth, whenever it shocks his prejudices or vanity; and although he tells us solemnly, in a part of his work, "that he entertains such a respect for the mission of History, that the fear of alleging what is inaccurate fills him with confusion," we own that this sally strongly reminds us of Lady Blarney's Eulogies on Virtue. (On the whole, the character of this work is this :

Κακοῦ δὲ χαλκοῦ τρόπον
 τρίβῳ τε καὶ προσβολαῖς
 μελαμπάγης πίλει
 δικαιοθεῖς.

ART. VII.—*Imaginative Literature. The Author of Adam Bede and Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

It is expedient to examine occasionally the more striking products of our romance literature. Many of our ablest writers seem to find the dramatic form most congenial to their own tastes, and best adapted to convey their convictions on morals, politics, and theology—on arts, science, and letters, to the public. The novel is unquestionably a marked and characteristic form of the literary activity of this century. For this, if for no other reason, the critic is bound not to neglect it. But we confess that other motives induce us at intervals to undertake such a review. There are many questions of social concernment which lie apart from politics, philosophy, theology, and the larger questions of national life. These cannot be more conveniently discussed than in connection with the literature which undertakes to represent them as they work themselves out among us. To attempt to solve, or at least to adjust, some of the more subtle and knotty problems in practical ethics, which meet us at every step we take, is a task that ought not to prove unprofitable. We can all repeat the ten commandments. Few of us are sinners on a large scale; thieves and murderers will not return a parliamentary representative until "minorities" are enfranchised; but the minor moralities—the charities, and graces, and courtesies which sweeten life—are little understood, and habitually neglected.

Many people appear to suppose that the imagination is a faculty which necessarily manifests in its operations a certain falseness. One man has common sense,—another has imagination. The one sees things as they are,—the other sees things as they are not. Such is the current phraseology;—the fact being, that the man whose imagination is most intense and exalted, is the man whose impressions of things are, in general, the most truthful and exact. Doubtless, there is a grain of truth in the popular view. The imagination in different men works under different laws. The more powerful intellects keep it in subjection, but it takes the feebler captive. In the one case, it vitalizes and exalts; in the other, it discolours and exaggerates. The author of *Adam Bede* represents the first class; Nathaniel Hawthorne, the second.

The second class is, undoubtedly, the more numerous. Our planet is seldom visited by a Cervantes, a Shakespeare, or a Goethe,—men, in whom this mental equilibrium, this balance of the faculties, is perfectly preserved. The minor poet or

dramatist is tyrannized over by his imagination. It draws into its vortex the shifting phases of human life, the versatile motives of human action; and when they emerge, they bear the impress of the violent but monotonous energies which have been at work upon them. Such an imagination is never at rest; as on a windy sea the shadow cannot settle unbroken upon its surface. But in the stiller and more perfect places of the imagination, such agitation is unknown. The eyes are undimmed by tears, the hand does not tremble with the weakness of passion, the serene tolerance of the intellect is not disturbed by the flood-tide of impetuous feeling.

Among such men (or women) the author of *Adam Bede* may be reckoned. She can evolve "great actions and great passions;" but she dwells with equal complacency on the most trivial events, and the most frivolous careers. Vulgar and prosaic minds do not *hurt* her,—they never sting her into indignation; she portrays their narrowness, their selfishness, their meanness, without resentment or contempt. With resolute patience, she accumulates every trait that can make the likeness more living; and when she has finished her work, she leaves it to tell its own story, pronouncing no verdict, passing no sentence, neither acquitting nor condemning. Only an artist, working in this supremely impartial spirit, could have drawn the Tullivers and Dodsons:—

"It is a sordid life, you say, this of the Tullivers and Dodsons—irradiated by no sublime principles, no romantic visions, no active, self-renouncing faith—moved by none of those wild, uncontrollable passions which create the dark shadows of misery and crime—without the primitive rough simplicity of wants, that hard submissive ill-paid toil, that child-like spelling-out of what nature has written, which gives its poetry to peasant life. Here, one has conventional worldly notions and habits without instruction and without polish—surely the most prosaic form of human life: proud respectability in a gig of unfashionable build: worldliness without side-dishes. Observing these people narrowly, even when the iron hand of misfortune has shaken them from their unquestioning hold on the world, one sees little trace of religion, still less of a distinctively Christian creed. Their belief in the Unseen, so far as it manifests itself at all, seems to be rather of a pagan kind; their moral notions, though held with strong tenacity, seem to have no standard beyond hereditary custom. You could not live among such people; you are stifled for want of an outlet towards something beautiful, great, or noble; you are irritated with these dull men and women, as a kind of population out of keeping with the earth on which they live—with this rich plain where the great river flows for ever onward, and links the small pulse of the old English town with the beatings of the world's mighty heart. A vigorous superstition, that lashes its gods or lashes its own back, seems to be more congruous with the mystery of the human lot, than the mental condition of these emmet-like Dodsons and Tullivers."

Yet this subtle anatomist of the heart, whose spell evokes the most potent passions, does not hesitate to transfer literal and "painful" likenesses of those drearily prosaic people to her canvas. To be able to do this as she has done it, necessitates a very special gift. The characters are prosaic, but a prosaic artist could not render them,—the affinity would prove fatal. They would emerge from the crucible disjointed and disfigured, entirely unrecognisable. The second-rate imagination, more engrossed, feebler, and less restrained, would fail also. Yearning after the true, the beautiful, and the good,—the poetry of life in its purest aspects,—things that are neither true, nor beautiful, nor good, but only mean, and dwarfed, and sordid, stir it into sharp protest, leave it irritated and aggrieved. As soon as it has uttered its protest it quits them, and retreats to a world of its own, where every object is seen through a poetic mirage, and from which all Tullivers and Dodsons are excluded. No such sharp pain, no such keen recoil, is felt by the author of *Adam Bede*. The sun shines and the rain falls upon the just and the unjust. The silver shield reflects, with tranquil fidelity, the boors who plough the fields, and the summer clouds which fleck the heaven.

It is long since every English reader finished *Adam Bede*; upon it, therefore, we do not need to linger. The later work shows that the writer's power does not wane; and though deficient, perhaps, in the rapid interest, and untouched by the shifting lights and shadows of its predecessor, *The Mill on the Floss* is directed throughout by a finer and more consistent purpose.

The humour is as genial and true,—nay, perhaps, truer,—having, so to speak, less of *glare* in it. Mrs Poyser's sharp sayings and keen retorts were, as such, better probably than anything that the Dodsons or Tullivers utter. But the humour has become elevated and sustained,—a steady and constant light, manifested more in the conception of the characters themselves than in the words which they use. This is probably the finest form of humour, implying, as it does, a profounder insight into character than the ability to say smart things does; and with this humour the book overflows. But there is no want of *point* either; at times, the pervading and informing spirit blossoms into jest. Luke, the miller's man,—“subdued by a general mealiness, like an auricula,”—is painted in a single line. How good the sketch of Mr Pullet is!—

“Mr Pullet was a small man with a high nose, small twinkling eyes, and thin lips, in a fresh-looking suit of black, and a white cravat, that seemed to have been tied very tight on some higher principle than that of mere personal ease. He bore about the same relation to his tall, good-looking wife, with her balloon sleeves, abundant mantle,

and large be-feathered and be-ribboned bonnet, as a small fishing smack bears to a brig with all its sails spread."

or of Mr Stelling's creed,—

"Mr Stelling was very far from being led astray by enthusiasm, either religious or intellectual; on the other hand, he had no secret belief that everything was humbug. He thought religion was a very excellent thing, and Aristotle a great authority, and deaneries and prebends useful institutions, and Great Britain the providential bulwark of Protestantism, and faith in the Unseen a great support to afflicted minds; he believed in all these things as a Swiss hotel-keeper believes in the beauty of the scenery around him, and in the pleasure it gives to artistic visitors."

or of Tom's boyish awkwardness,—

"He stood looking at nothing in particular, with the blushing, awkward air and semi-smile which are common to shy boys when in company,—very much as if they had come into the world by mistake, and found it in a degree of undress that was quite embarrassing."

or of Bob Jakin,—

"Maggie ran to the high bank against the great holly-tree, where she could see far away towards the Floss. There was Tom; but her heart sank again as she saw how far off he was on his way to the great river, and that he had another companion besides Yap—naughty Bob Jakin, whose official, if not natural function, of frightening the birds, was just now at a standstill. Maggie felt sure that Bob was wicked, without very distinctly knowing why; unless it was because Bob's mother was a dreadfully large fat woman, who lived at a queer round house down the river; and once, when Maggie and Tom had wandered thither, there rushed out a brindled dog that wouldn't stop barking; and when Bob's mother came out after it, and screamed above the barking to tell them not to be frightened, Maggie thought she was scolding them fiercely, and her heart beat with terror. Maggie thought it very likely that the round house had snakes on the floor, and bats in the bedroom; for she had seen Bob take off his cap to show Tom a little snake that was inside it, and another time he had a handful of young bats; altogether, he was an irregular character, perhaps even slightly diabolical, judging from his intimacy with snakes and bats; and to crown all, when Tom had Bob for a companion, he didn't mind about Maggie, and would never let her go with him."

Nor has the style suffered. The author of *The Mill on the Floss* writes the clear, limpid, transparent English which charmed the world in *Adam Bede*. This is the age of "affectations," especially of "affectations" in style; and it is comforting to meet with writing so perfectly simple and natural as this is. No mannerism of any kind is visible, and there is not a trace of imitation either in language or thought,—not an echo of

Carlyle, or Thackeray, or Kingsley. How simple in expression, and yet how rich in suggestion and poetic association, such passages as these are!—

CHILDHOOD.

“Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing ‘the river over which there is no bridge,’ always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

“Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it,—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lispings to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows—the same redbreasts that we used to call ‘God’s birds,’ because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

“The wood I walk in on this mild May day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibres within me as this home-scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows—such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day, might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.”

WINTER TIME.

“Fine old Christmas, with the snowy hair and ruddy face, had done his duty that year in the noblest fashion, and had set off his rich gifts of warmth and colour with all the heightening contrast of frost and snow.

“Snow lay on the croft and river bank in undulations softer than the limbs of infancy; it lay with the neatest finished border on every sloping roof, making the dark-red gables stand out with a new depth of colour; it weighed heavily on the laurels and fir trees till it fell from them with a shuddering sound; it clothed the rough turnip-field with whiteness, and made the sheep look like dark blotches; the gates were all blocked up with the sloping drifts, and here and there a disregarded four-footed beast stood as if petrified ‘in unrecumbent sadness;’ there was no gleam, no shadow, for the heavens, too, were one still, pale cloud—no sound or motion in anything but the dark river,

that flowed and moaned like an unresting sorrow. But old Christmas smiled as he laid this cruel-seeming spell on the out-door world, for he meant to light up home with new brightness, to deepen all the richness of in-door colour, and give a keener edge of delight to the warm fragrance of food : he meant to prepare a sweet imprisonment that would strengthen the primitive fellowship of kindred, and make the sunshine of familiar human faces as welcome as the hidden day-star. His kindness fell but hardly on the homeless—fell but hardly on the homes where the hearth was not very warm, and where the food had little fragrance ; where the human faces had no sunshine in them, but rather the leaden, blank-eyed gaze of unexpectant want. But the fine old season meant well ; and if he has not learnt the secret how to bless men impartially, it is because his father Time, with ever-unrelenting purpose, still hides that secret in his own mighty, slow-beating heart."

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

"I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness : while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting ; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations : the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

Before we pass on to consider the special purpose of this book, one other personal characteristic may be noted. The first volume is devoted to the childhood of Maggie, the heroine, and of Tom, her brother ; and the manner in which this is done establishes what *Adam Bede* had indicated,—that the author possesses remarkable insight into the feelings of children, and an almost unique power of expressing them. This is a very fine and a very rare gift. It is so difficult for a grown-up man or woman to enter into the heart of childhood, to follow its inarticulate logic, to recreate its simple but intense emotions, to set down in order its broken words. Wordsworth has described how the glory of childhood perishes :—

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy ;
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy :
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."

Most of us know how true this is. The light of infancy has died out of our hearts, and we cannot now restore even the memory of its pain. "We have all sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place ; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment, and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of these keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still ; but such traces have blent themselves irrecoverably with the firm texture of our youth and manhood ; and so it comes that we can look on the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain." But some men and women are able to preserve, and carry with them through life, the feelings and sensations of these early years. Whether what is called "genius" arises out of, or may be identified with, this preservative faculty, is a question that we cannot stay to consider ; but certain it is that only a supreme imagination can recall with fidelity the brightness or bitterness of its childhood. The attempt is sometimes made by men of inferior powers, but the counterfeit is easily detected. We see through it at once,—the representation is what a moderately clever man fancies childhood *should be*, not what our childhood *was*. It is constructed upon a plan ; there is method in the madness ; and the meretricious simplicity betrays the embarrassed efforts of the mature mind elaborately attempting to be immature. Other artists have sought to describe an abnormal sentimental childhood—as in the *Little Dombey* of Mr Dickens,—a childhood where, though the finer characteristics escape, its *diseases* at least are laid hold of and put down in print. But the childhood which the author of *Adam Bede* draws is quite another thing : it is the sensational life of healthy and hungry little animals, who are not beyond dressing dolls, and playing at marbles, and liking jam-tarts. We cannot doubt its genuineness for a moment. "Totty" was the gem of the Poyser household ; and some of the scenes in which the little lady figured were delicious :—

" 'Munny, my iron's twite told ; pease put it down to warm.'

"The small chirruping voice that uttered this request came from a little sunny-haired girl between three and four, who, seated on a high chair at the end of the ironing-table, was arduously clutching the handle of a miniature iron with her tiny fat fist, and ironing rags with an assiduity that required her to put her little red tongue out as far as anatomy would allow.

" 'Cold, is it, my darling ? Bless your sweet face !' said Mrs Poyser, who was remarkable for the facility with which she could relapse from her official oburgatory tone to one of fondness or of friendly converse. 'Never mind ! Mother's done her ironing now. She's going to put the ironing things away.'

" 'Munny, I tould 'ike to do into de barn to Tommy, to see de whittawd.'

" 'No, no, no ; Totty 'ud get her feet wet,' said Mrs Poyser, carrying away her iron. 'Run into the dairy, and see cousin Hetty make the butter.'

" 'I tould 'ike a bit o' pum-take,' rejoined Totty, who seemed to be provided with several relays of requests ; at the same time, taking the opportunity of her momentary leisure to put her fingers into a bowl of starch, and drag it down, so as to empty the contents with tolerable completeness on to the ironing-sheet.

" 'Did ever anybody see the like ?' screamed Mrs Poyser, running towards the table when her eye had fallen on the blue stream. 'The child's allays i' mischief if your back's turned a minute. What shall I do to you, you naughty, naughty gell !'

"Totty, however, had descended from her chair with great swiftness, and was already in retreat towards the dairy, with a sort of waddling run, and an amount of fat on the nape of her neck, which made her look like the metamorphosis of a white sucking-pig."

Many of Tom and Maggie's experiences are quite as graphic and true to nature :—

" 'O don't bother, Maggie ! you're such a silly—I shall go and see my rabbits.'

"Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger ; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things—it was quite a different anger from her own.

" 'Tom,' she said, timidly, when they were out of doors, 'how much money did you give for your rabbits ?'

" 'Two half-crowns and a sixpence,' said Tom, promptly.

" 'I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse up-stairs. I'll ask mother to give it you.'

" 'What for ?' said Tom. 'I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man ; and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl.'

“ ‘Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?’

“ ‘More rabbits? I don’t want any more.’

“ ‘O, but Tom, they’re all dead.’

“Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. ‘You forgot to feed ’em, then, and Harry forgot?’ he said, his colour heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. ‘I’ll pitch into Harry—I’ll have him turned away. And I don’t love you, Maggie. You shan’t go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day.’ He walked on again.

“ ‘Yes, but I forgot—and I couldn’t help it, indeed, Tom. I’m so very sorry,’ said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

“ ‘You’re a naughty girl,’ said Tom, severely, ‘and I’m sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don’t love you.’

“ ‘O, Tom, it’s very cruel,’ sobbed Maggie. ‘I’d forgive you, if you forgot anything—I wouldn’t mind what you did—I’d forgive you and love you.’

“ ‘Yes, you’re a silly—but I never *do* forget things—I don’t.’

“ ‘O, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break,’ said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom’s arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

“Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, ‘Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren’t I a good brother to you?’

“ ‘Ye-ye-es,’ sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

“ ‘Didn’t I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o’ purpose, and wouldn’t go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn’t?’

“ ‘Ye-ye-es . . . and I . . . lo-lo-love you so, Tom.’

“ ‘But you’re a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I’d set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing.’

“ ‘But I didn’t mean,’ said Maggie; ‘I couldn’t help it.’

“ ‘Yes, you could,’ said Tom, ‘if you’d minded what you were doing. And you’re a naughty girl, and you shan’t go fishing with me to-morrow.’

“With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.”

Maggie is the heroine of *The Mill*. The wilful little maiden, in her early girlhood, is one of the most charming figures ever drawn in a romance. The petulant poetic child, with her flashing black eyes, and her dark unkempt locks, which she tossed about with the air of a small Shetland pony, wrecking stormy vengeance upon her doll, or caressing it in tender remorse, vain of her cleverness, defying the powers that be, and yet eager for love, flashes through that prosaic life like a sunbeam—like a verse of Homer in the Pandects. Governed by her feelings, she

is continually in mischief, her fitful and vivid imagination is always leading her astray; and then she is judged as though her wrong-doing were the fruit of deliberately wicked intention, and not (as it is) of a peculiar, fine, and highly strung nature. She feels keenly, but blindly, the coarse injustice of the verdict; she protests against it in bitterness of soul, or appeals mutely to the gods (for Maggie is a little heathen at heart); but the passionate pain in the child's breast remains mostly inarticulate. The temptations which try this little Maggie when she arrives at womanhood—her moral and spiritual education, so to speak—give to *The Mill on the Floss* its dramatic interest and consistency. We are not asked to pronounce a verdict on any vulgar temptation, on any absolute crime. The lofty and imperious woman is in no danger of falling as the vain and simple Hetty did. The guilt is so subtle, that it is difficult to determine whether it be guilt or no; the temptations to yield are so complex, that it becomes a controversy whether to resist be better. The weaknesses are those to which a nature like Maggie's is peculiarly liable,—not the less dangerous, because masked and intricate. The conflict between desire and duty,—the desire being in itself perfectly legitimate, and the duty repugnant and oppressive,—is the conflict which Maggie has to encounter. She does not win, and she is not altogether defeated. The proud beauty is humbled and brought low; but even in her bitterest abandonment she asserts a nobleness of nature which raises her above those who condemn her. It is a story of martyrdom,—none the less touching because the martyr is not always strong, because the sensitive nerves shrink from the torture, because the feeble knees sometimes refuse to sustain the eager and soaring spirit.

Maggie, the woman, is the development of the dark-eyed and rebellious child. "Magsie,"—as her brother used to call her in their moments of childish reconciliation,—has grown into a lovely girl, tall, dark, crowned with a circling coronet of jet-black hair; for the wild mane which she had shaken so defiantly at the world has been subdued, and is now the crowning charm of her rich and expressive beauty; and owning the eyes which captivate and madden mankind,—“such eyes,—defying and deprecating, contradicting and clinging, imperious and beseeching,—full of delicious opposites.” And the spirit is still the child's,—there is the same deep necessity for loving, the same impetuous unrest, the same ungovernable sensibility. But as her nature expands, the hard and crushing narrowness of her lot becomes more and more difficult to bear. She yearns for the finer and more open life beyond its borders. But her duty, as she reads it, requires her to renounce the world with which her own loftiest

and most poetic instincts claim fellowship. On more than one occasion these motives come into sharp collision,—sometimes she yields, sometimes she triumphs. This is the storm which wages in Maggie's heart all her life, and which, through its various issues, is traced with supreme truthfulness.

Twice Maggie is bitterly tempted,—by her pity (for at bottom it is truly never more than pity) for Philip, and by her love for Stephen. Philip is the son of the man who has ruined her father. She knows that the parents of both would forbid the banns; yet, after a severe struggle, she consents to meet Philip, and confesses that she loves him. She yields to her intense longing for a larger life. Her father's querulous sense of failure, the mild irrationality of her mother, the meanness of the desolated home, were withering her mind, and crushing her heart; and the proud and lofty spirit could not endure the bonds which the disciple of *Thomas à Kempis*, in the ardour of renunciation, had tried to bind around her lithe limbs. Philip represents to her imagination that liberated life for which she yearns, and in which alone she can breathe freely. His conversation, his love, his quaint reveries, his animated pencil, open up to her a new world, warm with light, and vivid with colour,—and she cannot resist the temptation to enter. So she admits a ground of concealment into her life that hurts its simplicity and clearness. The rule of sacrifice ceases to be the rule of her conduct. She surrenders herself henceforth (as she feels with fruitless pain) to “the seductive guidance of illimitable wants.”

The same contest is renewed, in even more tragic fashion, when Maggie, in the pride of her mature beauty, fascinates Stephen Guest. Her hand is promised to Philip; Stephen is virtually engaged to Maggie's cousin, Lucy—a pretty, gentle, affectionate little soul. But the bitter god of love comes between the affianced lovers, and separates them. Maggie cannot help loving Stephen. There is a richer, more complex music in his nature than in Philip's, a poetic sensibility which attunes with her own, an intense enjoyment of the beautiful in life, to which her heart responds. The miserable fascination cannot be resisted by either of them; and, in the fierce inward conflict which it arouses,—for Maggie unites with a certain passionate abandonment the spiritual force of a woman who has held silent and protracted communings with pain,—the great power of the writer is manifested. The interview at the ball, when the girl casts back with the ire and bitterness of shame the involuntary homage she has extorted, is rendered by its dramatic vigour and minute truthfulness singularly impressive.

But Maggie, subdued by this appealing love, cannot be always strong: she loves Stephen, and she is forced to beg for pity, for

mercy; to beseech him, *because* she loves him, to aid, and not to weaken, her resolution.

"He was looking eagerly at her face for the least sign of compliance; his large, firm, gentle grasp was on her hand. She was silent for a few moments, with her eyes fixed on the ground; then she drew a deep breath, and said, looking up at him with solemn sadness,

"O it is difficult—life is very difficult. It seems right to me sometimes that we should follow our strongest feeling;—but then, such feelings continually come across the ties that all our former life has made for us—the ties that have made others dependent on us—and would cut them in two. If life were quite easy and simple, as it might have been in paradise, and we could always see that one being first towards whom . . . I mean, if life did not make duties for us before love comes—love would be a sign that two people ought to belong to each other. But I see—I feel it is not so now: there are things we must renounce in life: some of us must resign love. Many things are difficult and dark to me; but I see one thing quite clearly—that I must not, cannot seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural; but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural too. And they would live in me still, and punish me if I did not obey them. I should be haunted by the suffering I had caused. Our love would be poisoned. Don't urge me; help me—help me, *because* I love you."

How, without any volition of their own, the river bears the lovers to the sea, and forces upon them the wrong against which they have striven; how, for one brief hour, Maggie's resolution fails; how she yields to what seems the inevitable and irresistible; and how again she gathers up all the spiritual forces of her nature, and shakes herself free from the drowsy and bewitching spell which had benumbed her faculties,—reaching, ere the end comes, the highest levels of self-sacrifice;—is told in language of surpassing beauty.

But we quarrel with the ending,—not, indeed, because it is tragic, but because it is not the fit close to that keen, and subtle, and masterly analysis. A bit of melodrama at the finish is inappropriate and illogical. Nature, we may be sure, did not bring the tragedy to a close in that rough-and-ready fashion. She evoked a subtler issue—she tried a more intricate process of reparation. The author says finely, that it is often difficult to judge when life *must* go henceforth in a different direction from the best (from the best, at least, which was possible once),—when the wrong-doing *must* be condoned. "The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it; the question whether the moment has come in which a man has fallen below the possibility of a renunciation that will carry any efficacy, and must accept the sway of a passion against which he has struggled as a

trespass, is one for which we have no master-key that will suit all cases." True, such judgments are difficult; but, with all deference, we believe that a woman placed in Maggie's position would have instinctively felt that the time had come when she must marry Stephen. She had resisted. But the world, circumstances, her own weakness (call it by what name we like), had proved too strong for her. It was time to give in. Not that it can ever be right to give in to evil; but there was no absolute evil here—all the evil that could be done had been done. The two hearts that were bound up in them were already hurt and bleeding, well-nigh broken. Maggie was innocent, but her fair name was sullied. She loved Stephen more than she loved any other man; he loved her deeply and truly. Why should she renounce him? Could the renunciation bear any fruit? That is the question; for when it is fruitless, renunciation degenerates into asceticism. The man who practises a true self-denial restrains his inclinations, because he knows that his restraint will work good to others; but the ascetic *starves*, without purpose, a part of his nature. It is no doubt very humbling to feel that the time has come when, by our own act (or, as in Maggie's case, because we have not resisted day and night with all our might), we are forced to take the path which we know is the lower or less noble one; but the discipline which teaches humility is not unpurifying. So Philip and Maggie should have been united—*were* united, if we read their story aright. No very vivid happiness, perhaps, was in store for them. A sense of defeat and failure, of the loss of that more excellent life which might have been theirs had they had courage for the sacrifice, abided with them. The vision of a still sorrowful face haunted them at times with its gentle reproach. But the great love which had taken them captive gave them shelter; under its boughs they walked on together—"through Eden took their solitary way"—hand in hand, and looking into eyes whose light, memories, that were once keen and stinging pains, had somewhat dimmed. But few eyes, owned by the men and women one knows, do not bear the traces of such pain; there are not many lives into which more of imperfection has not entered. We all carry the marks of these failures with us to our graves; and this consciousness of a fall from absolute goodness—this sense of loss, irretrievable, that can never be quite repaired in this world, is often supremely tragic—so tragic, that Tragedy herself, "sweeping by in sceptred pall," need not scruple to use it.

Maggie's relation to her brother is another centre of interest; and the contrast between the two is very skilfully sustained. Tom is one of those intolerable men we have all met,—who are

always superficially right, and fundamentally wrong. Even as a boy he is a somewhat Radamanthine personage, determined to punish every one who deserves punishment, but sure that he himself never can deserve it. His rigid purpose, his inflexible will, his silent vindictiveness, his hard unloving righteousness, do not constitute a very amiable character. Such a man never gets into a scrape; yet we feel that it would be better for him if he did; for that confident integrity, that icy and repellant probity, is really, when analysed, just one of the many disguises which selfishness assumes. It is, of course, impossible for Tom to understand his sister. He thinks her weak, vacillating, and untrustworthy. He is below feeling the imperious sensibilities, the fine mental needs, which are the source of her wrong-doing. He means to do her justice,—he is always bitterly just; but it is the justice which is meted out by a man who has never felt the need of mercy, and is, therefore, a justice essentially inhuman. Maggie, who is devoted to her brother, resents his harsh treatment of her,—in childhood, in an uneasy inarticulate way, and believing that she herself is at fault, but learning, as she grows up, that it is his narrowness, as much as her own weakness, that is to blame. At length they come into angry collision: Tom has spoken with cruel rudeness to Philip, has made Maggie promise not to see her lover again, and the hurt and indignant soul of the girl cannot be any longer silent:—

“Tom and Maggie walked on in silence for some yards. He was still holding her wrist tightly, as if he were compelling a culprit from the scene of action. At last Maggie, with a violent snatch, drew her hand away, and her pent-up, long-gathered irritation burst into utterance.

“‘Don’t suppose that I think you are right, Tom, or that I bow to your will. I despise the feelings you have shown in speaking to Philip: I detest your insulting unmanly allusions to his deformity. You have been reproaching other people all your life—you have been always sure you yourself are right: it is because you have not a mind large enough to see that there is anything better than your own conduct and your own petty aims.’

“‘Certainly,’ said Tom, coolly. ‘I don’t see that your conduct is better, or your aims either. If your conduct, and Philip Wakem’s conduct, has been right, why are you ashamed of its being known? Answer me that. I know what I have aimed at in my conduct, and I’ve succeeded: pray, what good has your conduct brought to you or any one else?’

“‘I don’t want to defend myself,’ said Maggie, still with vehemence: ‘I know I’ve been wrong—often, continually. But yet, sometimes when I have done wrong, it has been because I have feelings that you would be the better for, if you had them. If *you* were in fault ever—if you had done anything very wrong, I should be sorry for the pain

it brought you; I should not want punishment to be heaped on you. But you have always enjoyed punishing me—you have always been hard and cruel to me: even when I was a little girl, and always loved you better than any one else in the world, you would let me go crying to bed without forgiving me. You have no pity: you have no sense of your own imperfection and your own sins. It is a sin to be hard; it is not fitting for a mortal—for a Christian. You are nothing but a Pharisee. You thank God for nothing but your own virtues—you think they are great enough to win you everything else. You have not even a vision of feelings by the side of which your shining virtues are mere darkness!”

So the two are henceforth separated,—Maggie seeing more and more clearly how faulty that narrow nature is, how hard and unloving the judgment it passes upon erring mortals is, resenting that judgment, and rebelling against it with all the strength of her womanhood; Tom more and more confident in the rectitude of his intentions, and in the inflexible theory of life in which he has been nurtured. He is always successful; no failure shakes him adrift from his moorings, or teaches him a wider and kindlier wisdom. He regards with cold scorn his sister's failures, with pitiless wrath his sister's disgrace; and it is not until the end that his eyes are opened, and that the true superiority of that richer, purer, and more noble nature is seen by him as it ought to be seen. Then—in that last supreme agony of their lives—he learns how entirely he has misjudged her:—

“It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force—it was such a new revelation to his spirit, of the depths in life, that had lain beyond his vision which he had fancied so keen and clear—that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other: Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face—Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent: and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous divinely-protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter: the old childish—*‘Magsie!’*”

Here we must leave them. We hope that we have explained pretty clearly the purpose of this book, and the moral difficulties which it touches. They are difficulties which need to be conned by all of us,—specially belonging, as they do, to an age like the present, when duty has lost its simplicity, and material forces govern the world. That they are probed by a hand which seldom falters, by a judgment supremely impartial, and by a genius vivid and intense, the sketch we have given, and the extracts we have made, amply suffice to prove.

We have said that Nathaniel Hawthorne may be taken as the representative of what we have called the secondary order of the imagination. Many readers, we know, will resent the award. The grave sympathy, the homely insight, the classic Puritanism, the rich and meditative intellect, have commended their owner to a multitude of admirers, and kept a place of kindly greeting for him in many hearts and by many firesides. Nor can it be denied that his imagination is vivid and affluent, and capable of sustaining an impassioned and lofty flight. It is perhaps hardly fair, moreover, to assert without qualification, that the imagination, which takes the colour of what it feeds on, is necessarily inferior. The question is still an "open" one—one on which the Cabinet is divided; and though, for our own part, we have never doubted that the tranquil supremacy of the "Shakespearean" mind represents the very highest type, yet we all know that treatises have been written to prove the reverse. But to the class we have described—whether first-class or second-class—Mr Hawthorne belongs. At present Rome masters him: he has been subdued by the vanquished Queen of Christendom. Nor need we wonder at this. Stronger men have yielded to the fascination. Uncrowned, dishevelled, and forlorn, she yet remembers a spell taught her in the old pagan ages, which takes us captive, and binds our hearts to her for ever.

Mr Hawthorne is an admirable writer; but his style (where both are so pre-eminently good) is curiously unlike that of the lady of whose works we have spoken. *Hers* has a crystal-like purity; his is dyed with rich and vivid colours. The rhetoric of *Adam Bede*, untouched by the heart or the imagination, might become bald; with these,—exactly as we have it, in short,—it is the perfection of natural eloquence. But even without original thought or deep feeling, Mr Hawthorne's style—rich, fragrant, and mixed with flowers of many hues, like Attic honey—would be always delightful. Even in this matter of language the contrast we have insisted upon asserts itself; while, as respects the relative power of these writers to delineate *character*, the evidence is still more decisive. In the one book it grows like a flower; in the other, it is constructed like a machine. Mr Hawthorne, starting with some moral or intellectual conception, adapts his characters to it, fits them into the framework he has prepared, and expands or compresses them until they fill the mould. Thus there is in his representations a want of the ease, *abandon*, and lawlessness of life,—they are too symmetrical to be natural, too exact to be true. A character may accidentally or incidentally illustrate a law; but the writer who models the character upon the law, produces a moral or intellectual monster. If there are no actual "monsters" in *Transformation*, there is at

least very little flesh and blood in it,—very little except the affluent fancy, the fine analysis, and the perfect taste, of an admirable *critic*; no life, but only a great deal of very delightful talk about life. Gazing on these statuesque figures, we are never perplexed by the controversy that troubled Leontes:

"Still, methinks
There is an air comes from her; what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath?"

As a guide to Rome, no pleasanter than Mr Hawthorne could be wished. To pilgrims, like ourselves, who have trod the dust of the Holy City, and on whom the spell of her widowed beauty rests, his romance recalls vividly the associations and incidents of that delightful life. Our readers will thank us for a glimpse or two, through Mr Hawthorne's spectacles, into these world-famous churches and galleries.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.¹

"I used to admire this statue exceedingly, but, latterly, I find myself getting weary and annoyed that the man should be such a length of time leaning on his arm in the very act of death. If he is so terribly hurt, why does he not sink down and die without further ado? Flitting moments, imminent emergencies, imperceptible intervals between two breaths, ought not to be encrusted with the eternal repose of marble; in any sculptural subject, there should be a moral standstill, since there must of necessity be a physical one. Otherwise, it is like flinging a block of marble up into the air, and by some trick or enchantment, causing it to stick there. You feel that it ought to come down, and are dissatisfied that it does not obey the natural law."

THE LAOCOÖN.

"Nothing pleased him, unless it were the group of the Laocoon, which, in its immortal agony, impressed Kenyon as a type of the long, fierce struggle of man, involved in the knotted entanglements of Error and Evil, those two snakes, which, if no Divine help intervene, will be sure to strangle him and his children in the end. What he most admired was the strange calmness diffused through this bitter strife; so

¹ Mr Hawthorne entertains a very high idea of the value of the artist's work. His remarks upon the functions of the sculptor are very eloquent—as eloquent as anything Mr Ruskin has said on the subject:—"A sculptor, indeed, to meet the demands which our preconceptions make upon him, should be even more indispensably a poet than those who deal in measured verse and rhyme. His material, or instrument, which serves him in the stead of shifting and transitory language, is a pure, white, undecaying substance. It ensures immortality to whatever is wrought in it, and therefore makes it a religious obligation to commit no idea to its mighty guardianship, save such as may repay the marble for its faithful care, its incorruptible fidelity, by warming it with an ethereal life. Under this aspect, marble assumes a sacred character: and no man should dare to touch it unless he feels within himself a certain consecration and a priesthood, the only evidence of which, for the public eye, will be the high treatment of heroic subjects, or the delicate evolution of spiritual, through material beauty."

that it resembled the rage of the sea, made calm by its immensity, or the tumult of Niagara, which ceases to be tumult because it lasts for ever. Thus, in the Laocoon, the horror of a moment grew to be the fate of interminable ages. Kenyon looked upon the group as the one triumph of sculpture, creating the repose, which is essential to it, in the very acme of turbulent effort; but, in truth, it was his mood of unwonted despondency that made him so sensitive to the terrible magnificence, as well as to the sad moral, of this work."

GUIDO'S BEATRICE.

"The picture represented simply a female head; a very youthful, girlish, perfectly beautiful face, enveloped in white drapery, from beneath which strayed a lock or two of what seemed a rich, though hidden luxuriance of auburn hair. The eyes were large and brown, and met those of the spectator, but evidently with a strange, ineffectual effort to escape. There was a little redness about the eyes, very slightly indicated, so that you would question whether or no the girl had been weeping. The whole face was quiet; there was no distortion or disturbance of any single feature; nor was it easy to see why the expression was not cheerful, or why a single touch of the artist's pencil should not brighten it into joyousness. But, in fact, it was the very saddest picture ever painted or conceived; it involved an unfathomable depth of sorrow, the sense of which came to the observer by a sort of intuition. It was a sorrow that removed this beautiful girl out of the sphere of humanity, and set her in a far-off region, the remoteness of which—while yet her face is so close before us—makes us shiver as at a spectre."

THE RUINS OF ROME.

"The Italian climate, moreover, robs age of its reverence, and makes it look newer than it is. Not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Appian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, be it as dilapidated as it may, ever give the impression of venerable antiquity which we gather, along with the ivy, from the grey walls of an English abbey or castle. And yet every brick or stone, which we pick up among the former, had fallen ages before the foundation of the latter was begun. This is owing to the kindness with which Nature takes an English ruin to her heart, covering it with ivy, as tenderly as Robin Redbreast covered the dead babes with forest leaves. She strives to make it a part of herself, gradually obliterating the handiwork of man, and supplanting it with her own mosses and trailing verdure, till she has won the whole structure back. But, in Italy, whenever man has once hewn a stone, Nature forthwith relinquishes her right to it, and never lays her finger on it again. Age after age finds it bare and naked, in the barren sunshine, and leaves it so."

ST PETER'S.

"One afternoon, as Hilda entered Saint Peter's in sombre mood, its interior beamed upon her with all the effect of a new creation. It seemed an embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive,

or the heart desire, as a magnificent, comprehensive, majestic symbol of religious faith. All splendour was included within its verge, and there was space for all. She gazed with delight even at the multiplicity of ornament. She was glad at the cherubim that fluttered upon the pilasters, and of the marble doves, hovering, unexpectedly, with green olive-branches of precious stones. She could spare nothing, now, of the manifold magnificence that had been lavished, in a hundred places, richly enough to have made world-famous shrines in any other church, but which here melted away into the vast, sunny breadth, and were of no separate account. Yet each contributed its little all towards the grandeur of the whole. . . . The pavement! it stretched out illimitably, a plain of many-coloured marble, where thousands of worshippers might kneel together, and shadowless angels tread among them without brushing their heavenly garments against those earthly ones. The roof! the dome! Rich, gorgeous, filled with sunshine, cheerfully sublime, and fadeless after centuries, those lofty depths seemed to translate the heavens to mortal comprehension, and help the spirit upward to a yet higher and wider sphere. Must not the faith that built this matchless edifice, and warmed, illuminated, and overflowed from it, include whatever can satisfy human aspirations at the loftiest, or minister to human necessity at the sorest? If Religion had a material home, was it not here?"

Of the strange story which binds these charming criticisms together, we have not time to speak at length. Only let it be noted that one trait very characteristic of Mr Hawthorne's habit of thought reappears. Those who have read *The House with the Seven Gables*, and *The Scarlet Letter* (the latter by far the most powerful and sustained imaginative effort that Mr Hawthorne has yet made), will understand to what we allude. His fictions have, almost without exception, a peculiar *background*. The commonplace events of the present are shrouded in the ghost-like shadows of the past. The influences of the dead haunt and afflict the footsteps of living men. This new English earth has seen the Indian and the Puritan, and Monarchy and Revolution; and two centuries of English civilization and English crime cannot be lightly lost. It is the moral feeling, however, that he communicates to this association which is most peculiar to himself. The crime of yesterday is curiously interwrought with the retribution of to-day. It follows the present with menacing tenacity, and clings to it with an immitigable grasp. It is continually rising up in judgment against us. Why do the bright eyes lose their lustre, and why are the rosy lips paled, and how has a dark shadow fallen upon the fair brow of the young girl—darker than is meet for the blooming youth of an English maiden? We are told that her health is delicate and uncertain; and we know that her mother died of the same mysterious blight. Mr Hawthorne finds another explanation,—

an explanation not endorsed by the Faculty. It is *the family curse*,—the cruel sin of the grim Puritan grandfather,—that falls upon the maiden's head, and spoils her innocent youth. And so in *Transformation*, the Count of Monte Bene represents the pleasant rural life of old Etruria, and inherits the playful unreflective virtues of the ancestor who had piped to the Nymphs and caroused with Pan, "while Italy was yet guiltless of Rome." The marble of Praxiteles preserves to us in unfaded youth the form of this sylvan Sire; and with Mr Hawthorne's picture of the famous statue,—striking, as it does, the key-note to his story,—we take our leave of a capricious and fantastic, but captivating romance:—

"The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree: one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humour. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

"Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

"The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's

composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs; these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures, there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

“Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But, if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discoloured marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.”

ART. VIII.—*La Verité sur la Russie.* Par le PRINCE PIERRE DOLGOROUKOFF. Paris, 1860.

WE have here a work of no common merit, on the actual condition of the Russian Empire. It is marred, indeed, by prejudices so strong, and antipathies so poignant, that the utmost assumption of dispassionateness fails to disguise them. But although Prince Dolgoroukoff, in depicting, for instance, the iniquities of the Russian bureaucracy, is apt to turn portrait into caricature, we cannot question that his grievance is essentially true, and that the work, viewed as a whole, presents the ablest *exposé* of Russian government and Russian society that has yet reached the west of Europe. The three principal works hitherto published on this subject, in our generation, have been written respectively by a Russian, a German, and a Frenchman. No one of these can be said to be absolutely out of date. The work of De Custine relates to Russia twenty-one years ago;¹ that of Haxthausen dates from ten and fifteen years ago; and that of Tegoborski describes the author's country as it existed within the last six or seven years.² Yet, with these and other rivals, such as Tourgueneff in the field, Prince Dolgoroukoff has contrived to write a book on the same subject altogether new; and he has compressed into one volume much more than a politician would desire to read, than his three leading predecessors have produced in twelve. Haxthausen and Custine were foreign travellers, superficially acquainted of necessity with a government almost as intolerant of inquiry as the Chinese; Tegoborski failed in depth of thought and clearness of view; but M. de Dolgoroukoff, though sometimes falling into empiricism, sometimes running into extremes, writes with the knowledge of a Russian, and with much of the comprehensive view of a statesman.

The distinguished author of this work held, we believe, at one time, a station of some eminence in the Russian Government; and though subsequently banished the empire under the reign of Nicholas, and now probably more than ever in *mauvaise odeur* in Russia, we understand that he is no longer in legal or involuntary exile. From Paris, he therefore publishes this work in the language of his adoption; and in his preface he defends himself against the possible presumption of a want of nationality, in choosing to convey his views in the French language rather than the Russian. While the former, he says, is the language of Europe, the latter is, for his purposes of authorship, no language

¹ *Mémoires et Voyages en la Russie pendant 1839.*

² *Etudes sur la force productive de la Russie, 1852-54.*

at all ; for the circulation of such a work as his would be at once arrested in Russia. With this introduction for his work, he next introduces himself to the European public, with antecedents which form in themselves a qualification, of which the internal evidence of his work bears reciprocal evidence :—

“ I have largely studied,” says M. de Dolgoroukoff, “ the history of my country ; I have known the greater part of the men who, during five-and-twenty years, have held power in Russia, and the greater part of those who hold it at this day ; I am acquainted with their biography and their intimate relations. I have lived in the two capitals and in the interior of the country ; I have suffered banishment ; I stand in relations with persons in the most different social positions, from the most elevated to the most unassuming. Established now in a foreign country, I design henceforth to write on Russia, in the intimate belief of seeing the truth, placed in the great day of publicity, even by a pen so feeble as mine, prove useful to my beloved country.”—Pp. 3-4.

The emancipation of the serfs is at this moment constituting an epoch in Russian history, and probably the greatest in all the changes of internal organization that the empire has yet undergone. It is immediately *à propos* of this that Prince Dolgoroukoff writes. And though his work apparently diverges from that subject into a general view of the constitution of the Russian government, he does so, less in order to present his readers with a complete view of the position of his country, than because the emancipation of the serfs presents quite as much of an administrative difficulty as of a territorial or social question. His elaborate and reiterated philippics against the Russian bureaucracy form, therefore, a part, though perhaps an exaggerated and disproportionate part, of the didactic aim of his work ; for he holds it impossible to explain the situation of the serf question irrespectively of the bureaucratic organization, by which he represents all progress as trammelled. Prince Dolgoroukoff, therefore, unlike those writers on the state of Russia with whom we have compared him, has the advantage of coming forward as the man of his epoch, to explain the question which now divides interests in Russia, and arrests attention throughout Europe.

We must take up the subject very much in the same way. The great problem of serf-emancipation having been brought forward, it must be worked out, if worked out at all, in great degree at any rate by the government of the country ; and the first question is, accordingly, the general character of that government, and its attitude towards this as one of the chief examples of social and political reform. The author himself commences by offering a general view of the state of government in Russia. He looks on the State as a sort of whited sepulchre, pleasing

outwardly to the eye, but within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Russia, he tells us, "is an immense edifice, European in its exterior, adorned by a European façade, but Asiatic in the fashioning of its interior." Its functionaries are true Tartars in their administration, disguised as Europeans in costume. The Russian government is mendacious, venal, cruel, despotic, and essentially barbarous.

In coming next to the distribution of power thus marked and thus exercised, Prince Dolgoroukoff describes the autocracy of the Czar as merely nominal. He appears to regard the Emperor very much as a hereditary Doge. He describes the absolute rulers of the empire to be neither the emperor, nor the aristocracy, nor the priesthood, but the bureaucracy. "One of the most generally accredited errors," he tells us, "consists in regarding the Emperor of all the Russias as an all-powerful autocrat. Autocrat in law, the Emperor is scarcely ever so in fact. He may exile any one, he may deprive any one of his fortune, his liberty, his life; he can strike off heads at his caprice; but one would believe that the Emperor Alexander, a far-sighted and good prince, would be very careful of exercising such savage rights. In reality, the Emperor is but the editor, and sometimes even only the promulgator, of laws and ordinances, without having the slightest power in the world to control their execution."

Such being the degree of power in possession of the Czar, Prince Dolgoroukoff inquires upon what basis the Russian administration reposes:—

"Is it (he asks) upon the laws? Certainly not; for no country is more rich than Russia in laws, ordinances, and rules of all kinds: the Russian code is the most voluminous in the world. It contains fifteen volumes of more than a thousand pages each; and every year there appear supplements besides. But this code, so useful for the prosperity of the paper-makers, is a dead letter to the country. The first article of the first volume, in placing the Emperor above all the laws, transforms all the fifteen volumes, thick as they are, into the most voluminous of bad pleasantries. The Russian administration reposes on the equality of all, not before the law, as in Europe, but before the caprice of the power and venality of the administration, as in Asia."—P. 6.

The author then tells us that the bureaucracy are an incarnation of evil, and the chief incubus on government. No expressions are too strong, no colouring is too vivid, for Prince Dolgoroukoff, in his portraiture of this body. Their corruption, their inhumanity, their falsehood, their systematic deception of their own sovereign, their resolute opposition to every sort of reform, their servility in the midst of power, their fraud and avarice in the midst of wealth, are the themes on which the author pre-eminently delights to dwell. His initial chapter,

which he styles "*Aperçu général sur la Russie*," is devoted to a general view of the whole system ; and from this he reproduces in later chapters, and at greater length, the description which he here extends, as it were, in a concentrated form, somewhat beyond the limits of credibility. He speaks of the bureaucracy as possessing two allies :—

"If a law published by the Emperor is useful to the interests of the bureaucracy, or to those of Ministers, or of the *entourage* of the Imperial Court, you may be certain that it will be executed with a vigour and a zeal quite remarkable ; but if it is of no use to the interests of the three powers which we have just mentioned, it will at any rate be executed only with tardiness and distaste ; and if it is opposed to their interests, you may be certain that it will never be executed at all. But of these three powers, the most influential, the most powerful, is, without contradiction, the bureaucracy, *that moral leprosy* of Russia."—P. 7.

Again, we read that the Russian bureaucracy are "corrupt, greedy, plundering, a triple extract of the worst and vilest passions." They are described as first deceiving the people by declaring that the worst abuses of their administration are sanctioned and desired by the sovereign ; and as next deceiving the sovereign, in representing as dangerous and revolutionary "a people so worthy of confidence and affection." The author describes this body as presenting an invincible barrier between the sovereign and the whole of the rest of the community, and by means of which it rules everywhere, and pillages everywhere. Russia he describes as the country of organized official falsehood. He characterizes the official reports of the authorities, from the deputy chiefs of the district police up to the ministers and the President of the Council himself, as consisting, where they are designed for the Emperor's perusal, of deliberate falsehoods, which all the other bureaucrats presuppose to be falsehoods, and which no bureaucrat, much as he inculcates them on the Emperor, ever thinks of believing himself.

These generalities, however, give way—and it is high time that they should do so—to more definite accusations. In devising the means of a reform of a government weighed down by such an imposture as this, the author tells us that all complaints and all demands for reform, even when reaching the Emperor himself, are stifled by a very simple process. The bureaucracy have obtained a law by virtue of which every complaint made against a public functionary, or a minister, is submitted to the very minister himself ; and it becomes *his* task to examine the merits of the complaint, and to tender his advice to the Emperor on the character of the petition ! The author makes rather a large demand on our credulity here ; and, in-

deed, he himself goes on to state, what is hardly consistent with such an instance of Imperial imbecility, that there exists at St Petersburg a Secretary of State specially charged with the receipt and consideration of grievances; and this official is very naturally pointed out by M. de Dolgoroukoff, as one of the most incapable and contemptible men in Russia, who has held the post in question for a quarter of a century; and that no persons ever think of going to him without gold in their hands! The author then speaks of a financier no better than Baron Brück, who had robbed the Russian Treasury of many millions of roubles. But pecuniary malversation, he tells us, is common to all Russian functionaries; and it is carried out, according to him, with a deliberate villany of which we hope that Austria presents no example. Whenever certain officers of police are desirous of further plunder, they terrify the Imperial mind by adducing fictitious indications of political conspiracies. Having thus obtained the Emperor's confidence for their simulated zeal, they obtain general permission to hold inquiries and punish the pretended malefactors. Declarations of exile are thereon pronounced, the rich being glad to pay ransoms in arrest of these declarations—which it is the aim of the police, from first to last, to obtain—and all those who cannot or will not pay, go into exile or Siberia!

What the author says of the exclusive social pretensions of the bureaucracy, is hardly less striking than his view of their political assumptions. They alone, it appears from his statement, possess the slightest access to the Imperial Court:—

“In the Courts in which the old monarchical etiquette, the old European etiquette prevails, every gentleman, every noble, possesses the right to go to Court. In the Courts organized on principles so large and so reflective of modern society, such as those of Paris, of Turin, and of Brussels, every man of capacity, every man who is well-born, every man having some title, be it what it may, to a social position, may have admission to Court. In this manner, it is possible for the sovereign to see all the distinguished men of the country, to converse with them, to become enlightened by their light, and to understand thoroughly the wants and necessities of the country. In Russia there is nothing of the kind. *In order to be received at Court, it is necessary to enjoy a certain bureaucratic rank.* The most eminent man, the most distinguished writer, the deepest thinker, the gentleman of the oldest family, cannot be admitted at Court without possessing a certain bureaucratic rank.”—P. 14.

This is something worse than the exclusive prepossessions for men who are nobles by birth which prevail at the Austrian Court, or than Lord Carlisle's story of Prince Schwartzenberg's ball at Vienna, at which were present the wives of some eminent

bankers, whose presence "created the wildest dismay." Furthermore, Prince Dolgoroukoff tells us, that in order to command rapid promotion in the bureaucratic service, it is of all things necessary to eliminate whatever amount either of "dignity or of conscience" may naturally exist in one's composition; that "the dignity must be replaced by a highly flexible back-bone, and the conscience by *finesse*!"

This rapid glance at the working of government in Russia, serves to indicate the difficulties with which any great measure of reform, such as the emancipation of the serfs, is beset, even though the obviously prejudiced sentiments of the author be adopted with a certain reserve. Prince Dolgoroukoff fully states the difficulty of the question, when he asserts the only method of really surmounting it to consist in the establishment of a general publicity, of a right of public discussion, and of the freedom consequently of the press; but acknowledges that this is the very measure to which, beyond all others, the bureaucracy are opposed. He describes the acumen of literary Russians as fully equal to the maintenance of a political press in a high degree of respectability; and refers to articles lately contributed to Russian journals which would have commanded the approbation of Europe, had they only been written in a language intelligible to other nations. This right of publicity he advocates on three grounds. He considers it to form the only means by which the Emperor can ever be made acquainted with the truth, in any of the questions of the day; by which the demands of the people can be ventilated, and their interests known; and by which the aristocracy, whom he describes as generally patriotic, humane, and enlightened, can take that part in the direction of public affairs which would best consult the general advantage. "*La publicité*," he says with felicitous sarcasm, "*est la tête de Méduse de la bureaucratie Russe; si l'aigle fixe le soleil de ses regards, les hiboux et les chats-huants ne peuvent vivre que dans les ténébres.*"

The only alternative to this publicity, as a condition of the success of serf-emancipation, he obviously seeks in the replacing of the existing chiefs of the Government by new men. This condition is perhaps no less impracticable in a country in which there exists no conflicting power equal to the Herculean task of driving the present men out of office. The late Emperor of Russia was playfully described as rejecting a reforming policy because the existing ministers were unequal to its adoption, instead of rejecting the existing ministers because they were unequal to a reforming policy. He entertained no doubt, it was said, that it was eminently dangerous to entrust fiacre-drivers with railway locomotives. That, however, would scarcely have formed a

reason in any other country than Russia, for the discouragement of railway traffic.

We shall take the Russian government as it now is, and shall not greatly concern ourselves with its historical development, which assumes an undue share, as we think, in the work of our author; if only because successive violent revolutions have gone far to destroy the political connection between different periods comprehended in his voluminous survey. In his chapter on nobility and serfdom, for example, he begins by ascribing the foundation of the Russian monarchy to the year 862; but the intervention of the Mongol conquest, four centuries later, establishes a period almost wholly disconnected from that which preceded it. All this, however, may serve to show that Russia has followed in a course not very dissimilar from other nations; only that she is some ages in the rear of the rest of Europe. Her local government, originally free, elective or patriarchal, gave place to conquerors, then to feudality maintained by a varying and rarely permanent nobility; the crown, in turn, beginning to trench, with the extension of social and political relations, on the rights of the nobility; and stretching throughout the empire a uniform bureaucratic centralization;—this, which is the history of Russia, is the history also of almost every European nation that has not yet learnt to be at once civilised and free. Bureaucratic centralization has become so obnoxious that it now arrays all classes against it; and it would seem that a division of parties on all questions but that of serfdom in Russia very nearly amounts to the sovereign, the church, the aristocracy, the *bourgeoisie*, and the serfs, being on one side, and the bureaucracy being alone on the other.

This is no unnatural result, when we perceive in what degree the Government has encroached on the privileges of all classes, and how largely the Government partakes even of the advantages arising from the possession of serfs by the nobles. The common representation of the Russian nobility, as a body powerful in themselves and invincibly antagonistic to the sovereign, appears to be now quite obsolete. Indeed, there appears at this day to be more rapprochement between the sovereign and the aristocracy, than between the sovereign and his own ministers.

M. de Dolgoroukoff enumerates the privileges of the nobility under nine heads. He begins by describing them (marvellous immunity!) as exempted from corporal chastisement; from which two out of the three classes of the *bourgeoisie* are exempt also. 2. A Russian noble is alone permitted to possess serfs. 3. He is qualified to enter the public service, if permitted to do so by the Government. 4. Again, he may quit it, if he obtain permission

to leave. 5. He may travel, if he is not refused a passport. 6. He possesses the right of delivering his opinion on all that concerns the public interests at the triennial assemblies of his district or province; but if his opinion, so declared, happen to displease the Government, he may be exiled or imprisoned without either judgment or judicial process. 7. The noble has the privilege of complaining to the Emperor, if his personal dignity be outraged by any member of the civil or military administration. But the complaint of the noble is sent to the chief of the department to which it refers, and the minister commonly supports his underling at the expense of the indignant and litigious aristocrat. 8. The noble possesses the right of publishing his opinions, under certain restrictions; but unless those opinions are favourable to the Government, he is again liable to imprisonment. 9. The noble may reside where he pleases; nevertheless, he is liable to be interdicted from going to any places which the Government think fit to exclude him from.

Puerile as such an analysis of aristocratic privilege in Russia may seem, it serves to indicate the degree in which every local authority has been trodden under foot by the Government. The Russian nobility, says the Prince, possess neither liberty of opinions, freedom of conscience, nor guarantees for their personal independence. The humblest subject of a constitutional monarchy enjoys greater rights than a Russian noble.

But the power of the Crown over the noble cannot, of course, imply an absence of oppression in the exercise of the power of the nobles over their serfs; for it may possibly be with them, somewhat as Mrs Trollope says of the Americans, that "the only freedom which they possess is liberty to wallop the niggers as much as they please." The readiness, however, with which a considerable proportion of the nobility have come forward to promote emancipation, bears its own indication of the general treatment of the serfs by their masters.

The population of the Russian Empire in Europe is 66,000,000, and the number of serfs is 22,000,000. The measure of emancipation involves, therefore, one-third of the inhabitants. With such an immense number of people to be affected, it is obviously of the last importance that the transformation of their position should be such as not materially to derange the means of subsistence and the supply of labour.

The Prince states the general proposition with characteristic boldness: "Serfdom," he says, "being an enormity contrary to all the notions of human justice, as well as to all Divine laws, every serf possesses the right, before God and men, to obtain im-

mediate and complete liberty. *Ceci est hors de toute discussion ;*" and although some of the ablest expounders of "human justice" in the Old World did not concur in his proposition, no one, probably, will dispute it now. But so far as the immediate necessities of the serf are concerned, the author acknowledges that there is some reciprocal interest subsisting between him and his master. The proprietors of serfs possess, as he states, exorbitant rights. They can inflict corporal punishment upon them, and they can send them into exile. These serfs are, in the eye of the law, "not men, but things; all civil rights are refused them; and we, their masters, can dispose of them at our will." He then states the privileges of the serf in return for this abject dependence:—

"In recompense, they enjoyed the right, as against the proprietor, of neither dying of hunger, nor of wanting shelter or clothing; and, in the event of unforeseen calamities, such as the burning of their cottages, *l'épizootie*—a word which it would be a contradiction in terms to render 'epidemic'—among their cattle, it was our duty to come to their assistance, compelled to do this both by the law and by our own peculiar interest. Moreover, we were responsible before the Government for their imposts and rent."—P. 111.

If this view of the question is to render us cautious of emancipation on the one hand, so, on the other, it tends materially to diminish the great loss of property alleged to be sustained by the landlord by the mere freeing of his serfs; because the obligations of the serf-owning noble stand in some respect as rent paid by him for the possession of his serfs. The reciprocity, it is true, may not be exact: the owner may gain much more by the possession than he loses by the coinciding obligation; but the fact, nevertheless, remains in sufficient force to exercise a certain modifying influence on the claim of the owner for an indemnity from the Government, for which Prince Dolgoroukoff, himself a serf-owner, is not less clamorous in this volume than his confraternity are through other channels.

Prince Dolgoroukoff considers that the Russian Government, at the commencement of this question, a year and a half ago, had three courses to determine between and to follow. He defines them,—

1. Either to emancipate each serf without granting him any property;
2. Or to emancipate him by affording him singly an allotment of ground; the indemnity due in consideration of it to the proprietor—the measure being held to be but an impropriation for public interest—being to be paid by the former serf in compul-

sory labour, subject to a redemption of this work by a money payment, to be fixed by law ;

3. Or to emancipate also with an allotment of ground, in consideration of which the serf should pay to Government an annuity during a period to be determined by law,—the Government being left to indemnify the proprietors immediately.

The Government of Russia have adopted the second of these courses. The author, of course, finds fault with their decision, and ascribes it to the hostility of those around the Emperor Alexander to any kind of reform. It is certain, however, that this decision most nearly corresponds, of the three alternatives that he gives us, to the policy pursued by Prussia under the administration of Baron Stein and Prince Hardenberg, from 1807 to 1821. In that country, the serf was emancipated with the possession of an allotment of territory, though subject to a species of rent,—the labour, which is the original rent of a serf, being commuted into an annual and money payment ; and this annual payment again being compounded for, in many cases, by a lump sum paid immediately by the serf, through the sale of a portion of the territory allotted to him on his emancipation. A substantial difference of circumstances may be traced, perhaps, in the fact that, in the case of Prussia, the administration, as well as the sovereign, were anxious to carry out the measure ; and in this manner the greatest facilities were given to the serfs in the execution of the conditions under which they were to become free, and, as far as the law of tenure in any country will permit, absolute proprietors. Royal commissioners assessed the obligation of the serf to his master at the lowest practicable terms ; and when they had done this, they next valued the portion of his property which he wished to sell in redemption, at the highest. It would seem, if we are implicitly to follow M. de Dolgoroukoff, that the Government of Russia is scarcely likely to carry out the laws of emancipation, when once passed, with the good will of Prussia ; but, at any rate, judging from the example of the latter country, we should be led to infer that the disadvantages alleged by the author against the mode of emancipation resolved on by the Government, would be experienced rather in the execution than in the design of the measure.

But it is time to trace the progress of this question in Russia, since it first became active in 1857. Towards the close of that year, the nobles of the provinces of Wilna, Goodno, and Kovno, which border upon Prussia, applied to the Russian Government for permission to resolve themselves into provincial assemblies, with the view of themselves working out the emancipation of their respective serfs. The proposal of these nobles avowedly

sprang from their own view of the advantages of civil freedom in the neighbouring country; and thus we may associate again the example of Prussia in the devising of the present undertaking. An Imperial rescript granted the required permission, on the 20th of November, much as it had previously constituted an assembly for a general inquiry into the whole question on the 2d of January. The Government, however, took care to include two parties in either assembly; and the reactionists in the latter contrived, by their incessant representation of insurrectionary results, to bring the assembly to a close, after ten months of investigation, without pronouncing any conclusion. This the author ascribes to the general state of parties, which he thus depicts:—

“The retrograde party had hoped that the majority of the provincial nobility felt no sympathy for the new movement, and would find the means to upset it. It was right on the first point; it was completely deceived upon the second. The great majority of the provincial nobility was opposed to emancipation; but the enlightened minority, relying on public opinion in the two capitals, on the reviews, on the journals, indeed on all that was intelligent and upright in Russia, ranged itself on the side of the Emperor, determined to support him at all risks in the enlightened path in which he showed an intention to advance; and, thanks to these fine and noble dispositions, the cause of progress gained the upper hand.”—P. 92.

Emancipation, then, is here traced to the participation of the Emperor in the views of a minority of the nobles, whom we suppose we must term the Russian Whigs.

The Government, however—the existence of which we have already shown that we may conceive apart from the Emperor—having learnt to their surprise the force of the current, set themselves with all their strength to arrest its course. Being in command of the superior assembly, they issued through that body a circular to all the provincial assemblies on the 17th of April 1858, rigorously defending the method by which the emancipation of the serfs was to be worked out, and they at the same time imposed the utmost restrictions upon public discussion. The principle of emancipation by means of compulsory labour, or, in other words, the principle of the *corvée*, was the only one which they permitted the provincial assemblies to work out. Having thus followed in the track of these bodies, the Government forbade the press altogether the discussion of the question, in any other point of view than that from which the provincial assemblies had been permitted to handle it.

Nor was this the only restriction upon publicity. These assemblies being chosen by the nobles from among proprietors,

they were assumed to possess the right of public inquiry which appertains to the noble class; and the ordinance of the 17th of April had been silent on this particular. But the retrograde party once more prevailed, and all the sittings of the provincial assemblies were made private.

The Government then created a *Commission de Rédaction*, with plenary powers. A majority of this Commission was composed of men totally unacquainted with rural life, and thus often at issue with the minority,—the Government again restricting discussion to the alternative of compulsory labour or of equivalent rent. M. de Dolgoroukoff pursues his narrative of the proceedings of this Commission at a length to which we are unable to follow him; and we pass to the results of its deliberations.

This Commission, then, ordained that the peasant might redeem himself from service by capitalising the charge for his redemption within limits prescribed by law, as the author not very distinctly enunciates its decision. He renews his complaint that the poverty of the Russian peasant would preclude him from paying more than an annuity for a given term of years. Serfdom, therefore, in a certain shape—that is, either labour or payment of a compulsory kind—would continue. To this scheme M. de Dolgoroukoff raises two objections. In the first place, he observes with truth, that compulsory labour yields but one-half of what voluntary labour yields. This objection seems to us beside the question, if the peasant may compound for the liberating service—or, in other words, if he may pay a day's wages in lieu of performing a day's work. In the second place, the author complains that the new system, in abolishing seigneurial power without abolishing also compulsory labour, will confer on the bureaucracy an immense accession of authority, and that the conflicts which will ensue between the proprietor and the serf in process of freeing himself, and which will go to a venal bureaucracy for adjudication, "will for them be equal to the discovery of a new California."

But, unless we are greatly mistaken, the immediate result of any system of serf-emancipation must be to increase the power of the Government, which thereby becomes the direct superior of the whole population. Every supporter of civil freedom must make up his mind to such a result; for it is to be presumed that no race of newly emancipated peasants would be in such a state of development as to take any share in the Government upon themselves. Between emancipation from feudal oppression and parliamentary government, there almost necessarily intervenes a longer or shorter interval, only to be filled by the greater absolution of the Crown. Thus the two first of the Tudors in

this country, and the three last of the Bourbons prior to the Revolution in France, were more absolute than either their successors or their predecessors. M. de Dolgoroukoff, fertile of theory as he is, nowhere suggests any expedient by which the growth of bureaucratic power is to be countervailed when the serfs are free.

Thus much being apparently settled on the general method of emancipation, we come next to the question of the indemnity. Here the "serf-proprietor" peeps out again in Prince Dolgoroukoff. He argues that the Government should take the indemnity to the proprietors on itself, instead of leaving it to be worked out by the peasants; because the Government was itself the author of serfdom. This is a somewhat indifferent argument; for if the Crown introduced serfdom, the nobility have unquestionably profited by it; and if the author of the evil is to pay one part of the indemnity, it would be only fair that the gainers by the evil should forego the other part.

The poverty of the Government has been made the chief argument in Russia itself, against the grant of money from the treasury. M. de Dolgoroukoff, freely acknowledging that the finances of the country are in a deplorable condition, replies that there is, nevertheless, ample wealth at the disposal of the Crown for this purpose. He instances the Crown lands, and proposes that they should be sold by auction, the proceeds being paid in indemnities. And he refers to the compensation voted in this country to slaveowners a quarter of a century ago, a precedent which will hardly be thought apposite in the face of Prince Dolgoroukoff's own admission, that the State had originally created the property of the lord in his serf in Russia. It may, nevertheless, be fair that the State in that country should contribute to the object; but it appears to be resolute in refusing the demand.

But it is time that M. de Dolgoroukoff, after being so critical, should himself be constructive in turn. At p. 120 he publishes his own notion of the conditions under which the emancipation of the serf in Russia should be carried out. We shall condense into shorter language than his own the terms which he proposes:—

1. He demands that a definite extent of allotment should be fixed on in each province for every male serf, the female serfs being to be emancipated without any grant of land,—the extent of the allotment to vary with the population and the price of land in each province.

2. That the serfs attached to the personal service of the seigneurs should choose between two kinds of emancipation: either to be freed like the rest, or to receive no land, and therefore to pay nothing by way of indemnity.

3. That serfdom should terminate at the expiration of one year, this interval being allowed to the landowners to make their arrangements for the new system.

4. That an indemnity of 100 roubles (L.16) should be paid to the owners for each male serf, the number of which was returned, under the census of 1857, at 10,850,000.

5. That each male serf should pay, in redemption of his allotment of ground, five roubles (sixteen shillings) annually for *thirty-three* years,—he being at liberty to compound at any time by payments in advance.

The other conditions in the author's project refer to the manner in which the above five principles should be carried into effect.

Prince Dolgoroukoff, it will have been seen, demands two classes of indemnities,—an indemnity to the proprietor for the loss of service, and a further indemnity for the loss of land allotted to the emancipated serfs. Now, the former of these indemnities alone will amount, on the author's computation, to more than L.170,000,000 sterling, since he demands, in behalf of his order, L.16 for each emancipated male serf.¹ Whence is this immense sum to be obtained? The considerable loan which the Russian Government is at this moment negotiating in London, is but a drop in the ocean in comparison with it. The Russian Government would be compelled to borrow *annually for ten years nearly double that amount*, in order to meet such a demand. M. de Dolgoroukoff, indeed, has suggested the Crown lands. But even if we may take his computation of the revenue which their abstraction would sacrifice as an index of their saleable value, they would hardly meet *one-fourth* of the required sum. He fixes the present revenue that they yield at 10,500,000 roubles, or, in round figures, at L.1,600,000 sterling annually. Estimating the revenue at 4 per cent. on the presumptive value, this would fix the value at L.40,000,000. Therefore, after the whole of the Crown lands were sold, and the last resource in the actual property of the State exhausted, there would still remain a deficit of L.130,000,000.

Another equally practical consideration seems never to have struck the author. If, as he appears to acknowledge, both Government and people are so poor that neither can materially help the other, who is to be found to purchase the Crown lands?—Not Russians, surely. There can hardly be L.40,000,000 lying idly in the pockets of would-be landowners in Russia. If the money is to be sought from abroad, the foreigner who supplies it must become the landowner, or, at any rate, the *hypothé-*

¹ The male serfs are computed to number 10,800,000: the author proposes to emancipate the females gratuitously.

caire, which, so far as security is concerned, is the same thing. What would an Englishman living under free institutions, or a Frenchman dabbling in *crédit mobilier*, give for a Russian title to property, beyond a snap of the fingers? It is quite true that the financial credit of the Russian Government is tolerably good in most of the European money-markets; and the normal price, for example, of Russian Three-per-cents. is 65 to 66, whereas the French Three-per-cents. are rarely in these days above 70; and the Dutch Two and a half-per-cents. (probably the safest of all Continental securities) are commonly quoted at not more than 64 or 65. But French and English bondholders of the Russian Government would be supported by their respective Governments if the Russian exchequer were to break faith with them. Not so French and English landholders in Russia. Their title might escheat, perhaps, through a trivial violation of Russian law. But, apart from this distinction, no one could invest money in Russian soil who did not personally superintend its due cultivation, if he wished his investment to retain its former value.

The author, however, has his little plan, which we will quote in his own words:—

“Dettes hypothécaires aux établissements de crédit de l'état,	500,000,000 roubles.
Un emprunt à 50/0, contracté à l'intérieur comme à l'extérieur, et qui contribuerait à attirer l'or en Russie, pour la somme de	200,000,000 „
Emission de billets fonciers portant in- térêt à 30/0, pour la somme de	385,000,000 „
Total,	1,085,000,000 roubles.”

The author must necessarily know his own country better than we can; and we should hesitate in venturing to consider such a scheme chimerical, had he not himself, in other parts of his volume, furnished us with sufficient evidence for doing so.

One indemnity found to be impracticable from its magnitude, we next come upon another. That which we have just discussed, involving simply the demands of the proprietors against the Government for loss of service, there remains the demand of the same body against their serfs for loss of land. For thirty-three years each serf is to pay, on this system, sixteen shillings annually; and M. de Dolgoroukoff says nothing of commutations for immediate payment of the whole, though we may presume that he would admit of ordinary discount. Here, then, is a further demand of L.26, 8s. for each of the nearly eleven million male serfs, to be liquidated before the serf can be emancipated with

property of his own. This is a heavier bill than the last, and would amount to nearly L.280,000,000. M. de Dolgoroukoff accepts the orders of the Emperor to emancipate the serfs with property, and sends in to his Imperial Majesty a little charge of L.450,000,000 as the cost of his philanthropic design.

We may be doing our author injustice in supposing that he would not reduce the amount of the indemnity to the serf-owners, did he see a probability of their acceptance of a scheme of emancipation upon terms less favourable to themselves. But we certainly do not find any contrary sentiment expressed in the volume before us. It is one thing to say, that the majority of the owners being opposed to emancipation, they will not assent to it without an equivalent, and that without their assent it cannot be done; but it is quite another thing to demand this indemnity, and to leave us to the conclusion that the serf-owners are to claim it *de jure*. The author has told us that there can be no dispute of the moral illegality of serfdom, and that the Government instituted it three centuries ago. Thus, during the whole interval the landowners have reaped the benefit of an immoral system. It may be just to indemnify that class for the land which they are to alienate in full possession to the serf; but to indemnify them also for loss of service, especially after what the author has already stated as to the reciprocal nature of that service, would be irrational. If it be replied that, without indemnities, the retrograde party will not concur, let the progress party set the example of gratuitous emancipation, and so put their liberality and patriotism to the test. Self-denying patriots must really not demand their share in L.170,000,000, before they will do that which they acknowledge to be right.

The chief remaining question on this subject relates to the communal or private appropriation by the serfs of the property to be attached to their emancipation. The author advocates, as has been already indicated, the eventual separate enjoyment by each serf of his respective allotment; but he advocates the throwing of the whole serf-land, in the first instance, into hotch-pot, so far as each commune is concerned, and its partition among the serfs when the debt of emancipation shall be paid. "One must be blind," says M. de Dolgoroukoff, "not to perceive the disadvantage of the perpetual maintenance of a communal system which belongs to the infancy of civilisation." He goes on to observe that this system "is an obstacle to the progress of agriculture and to the development of industry, and an encouragement to idleness." This may be true; and yet we know of few greater obstacles to progress than the partition of the soil into small and poor proprietorships. Small farmers are bad

enough : small landowners are incomparably worse. Assuming that petty proprietorships must be called into existence, we think the best guarantee for a certain amount of capital for the improvement of the land being found available, would consist in the division of the emancipation-land into private and communal. The community, with a broader back than the individual owner, would be better able to assist the owner in the improvement of his allotment, than he could assist himself if he were in undivided possession of his whole share.

The author again speaks with apprehension for the result of a general emancipation, in increasing the already exorbitant power of the bureaucracy ; but only in the event of this aim being accomplished in the manner which he deprecates. We are sorry that he has, nevertheless, passed it over in so few words ; for it is one of the most important attributes of the serf question. It is hard to perceive on what pretext the natural rights of the Crown to deal with emancipated serfs, as it deals with the rest of its subjects, is to be rejected. Prince Dolgoroukoff appears to content himself with the stipulation that this class shall not be treated like the peasantry on the Crown domains ; and he asserts that the more moderate of the bureaucrats are ready to concur with him in this particular ; although we apprehend that if *his* scheme for the sale of those domains were to be realized, the class of Crown peasants would vanish, and all would be on an equal footing. Let the emancipation, however, take place as it may, it seems certain that the power of the aristocracy of land must be lessened, and the power of the aristocracy of bureaux be increased. Centralization will have made a great advance. This tendency is so obvious, that it is hard to understand how the Russian bureaucracy can entertain the aversion to the proposed measure which the author imputes to them.

In contrasting the manner in which the British people, as distinguished from the principal nations of the Continent, struck off the universal curse of feudalism, we shall appreciate our own good fortune in escaping the coarse expedient by which other nations have gained their deliverance. With ourselves—more especially with England—the feudal nobility was broken up by its own intestine divisions nearly a century before serfdom in Russia began. That result once achieved, the interference of the State was hardly required ; for the abolition of feudalism became almost a *fait accompli*, and the statutes which formally terminated it were little more than the public recognition of a long existing fact. Still less was it found necessary with us to create an immense mass of small proprietorships. If there were in Russia an adequate intervening class between the land-

owner and the serf, in correspondence with our own farmers, the creation of these petty proprietorships would be not only unnecessary, but undesirable. Even, indeed, as things stand, we hardly perceive the basis of Prince Dolgoroukoff's assertion, that the emancipation of the serf without property would place the serf more under the power of the Crown than his emancipation with property: we should rather say that it must prolong his dependence on the noble, since he would then exclusively subsist on the labour which the noble's estate might provide. The precedent of Prussian emancipation is, however, so alluring, while that of the emancipation carried out in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, in the early part of this century, in which the freedman obtained no allotment of land, is so disheartening if we contemplate its results, that we should, without further analysis, be content to see the question settled on the basis of allotments of land, if only because such an arrangement would raise the position of the serf; but we think, with every deference to the practical experience of the author, that he would thus greatly detract from the power of his own order, which he is anxious to maintain as a bulwark against the encroachments of the Crown.

Even the bourgeois class, which, under the worst systems of feudality in other countries, have generally found shelter both from the noble and the Crown (though sometimes, indeed, only to fall victims to the tyranny of municipal magnates), appear to possess scarcely the shadow of town rights, such as feudality tolerated in the rest of Europe. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that, of the three divisions of the bourgeoisie recognised by the State, the third is liable to corporal punishment, and both the second and first are liable to degradation, at a moment's warning, to the inferior class! It becomes obvious, therefore, at a glance, that the protective power of the municipalities in behalf of their own fellow-citizens amounts to nothing at all. Peter the First having effected the threefold classification of the bourgeoisie, to which we have alluded, Catherine II., in 1785, published a municipal constitution, whereby such inhabitants of cities as did not belong to the nobility, and were householders, or followed some line of industry, formed a municipal body in each city, and gained the right of electing their own mayors, and their assessors in the courts of justice. But the nominal character of this privilege leads every merchant to obtain the rank of nobility for his sons, the bourgeois order being thus as far as possible a caste of passage. Prince Dolgoroukoff asserts that there is no example to be found in Europe to the contempt with which the mayors are treated by the functionaries of the Imperial Government; and that the elective assessors are made

use of by the chief of the tribunal to help him off with his cloak and his boots! In 1832 certain inconsiderable improvements appear to have taken place in the bourgeois privileges; and M. de Dolgoroukoff's suggestion for the benefit of the municipalities is, that they should all be raised to the enjoyment of the privileges held by the municipality of St Petersburg.

We shall hardly be able to follow the author into all the departments of public administration which he passes in review; and, indeed, conceding the merit and the value of the picture which he gives us, there is a certain sameness in all his descriptions. Venality is the universal characteristic. The civil bureaucrat jobs in his department, the colonel in the army pilfers his regiment, the judge sells justice. Thus, in his chapter on civil administration (p. 61), he begins by telling us that the peasants of the Crown domains are much worse pillaged than the serfs of the noble. All transactions, he pursues, are carried on in writing; and scarcely any of the functionaries of corporations can either read or write. The Imperial authorities in this manner practically absorb nearly the whole of whatever the legal authority of the municipalities may be. It is easy to conceive, therefore, the truth of the author's assertion, that nearly the whole powers of government, in each province, fall into the hands of the governor of that province. A governor-general, as distinguished from a governor, and who appears to be appointed over the larger provinces, is a yet worse infliction, according to the author, than an ordinary governor. Being commonly chosen from among the friends either of the ministers or of the Court, he has *carte blanche* to violate the Russian laws at his caprice; and these violations are described "as the most hateful as well as the most ridiculous." These governors are assisted by a *Conseil de Régence*, and the councillors subsist, according to Prince Dolgoroukoff, by preying like locusts upon the heart of the country. Being generally men without fortune, they take office in order to make money, and thus they levy enormous imposts on all who are unfortunate enough to fall in their way.

The whole civil service, and every other service also, being described as an elaborate and graduated organization of thieves, the humbler functionaries are compelled to extort money, if only to satisfy the rapacity of their superiors. They may singly figure in the mere relation of jackals; but whatever the proportionate distribution, plunder is the universal law. Such is Prince Dolgoroukoff's picture of Russian civil administration.

We pass to the judicial proceedings in Russia, and find very much the same story. "Justice," says the author, "exists but in name." He proceeds to say that, whether one has right or wrong,

it is the payment which determines the issue of one's cause. Claims legally and morally incontestable go for nothing in a Russian court of justice without money. But even this, it seems, is not in itself an absolute security. There remains a double danger,—the danger of your being outbid by the opposite party to the suit, and the danger of your money being taken in bad faith, with the predetermination of deceiving you. The latter course, unfortunately, is not commonly pursued: if it were, the result, of course, would be that no suitor would offer bribes. There appears, however, to be a certain humble level of morality attained by Russian judges, much as we say here that there is honour among thieves, according to the following definition of it in the author's chapter on courts of justice:—

“With the Russian judges and the secretaries of tribunals (the latter possess the greater influence in affairs), it is the custom, among one another, to term ‘dishonest’ one who takes money and deceives; but to promise to carry out an act of injustice for a sum agreed upon, and to hold to this promise, calls by no means for censure, according to them, but is an act of *sagesse*!”—P. 22.

The author here intermingles an anecdote which rather appertains to the civil administration:—

A foreigner established at St Petersburg wished to obtain a place among the contractors of an administration. He comes to the *Chargé d’Affaires* of his country, a man highly esteemed and of much capacity, and asks for his support. The *Chargé d’Affaires* answers him that the diplomats were unable to interfere in the recommendation of contractors, but that he ought to know how things were done in Russia: that he must pay money to Count —, and to the mistress of the father of Count —; that Count — (the father) being the head of the administration in question, and his son enjoying immense influence at Court, his aim would be accomplished. “Alas, Monsieur,” replied the merchant, “I have given so much to Count — (the son), so much to the mistress of Count — (the father); my money has been taken, everything has been promised me; but nothing has been done for me.”—Pp. 21–22.

So much for the venality of the officials. Let us turn next to the nature of judicial proceedings. Prince Dolgoroukoff offers an elaborate view of the various tribunals through which every litigant may be carried on appeal, and enumerates no less than *eleven* authorities, each of which may reverse the decision of the Court immediately below it. Such a system, closely connected as it is with the venality of all concerned with it, and requiring bribery at every stage, as a condition of success, is obviously a mere piratical establishment, with this reservation, that

property probably remains safe, because it has the means, as it were, of ransoming itself; but it is safe only at an amazing expense for the assurance of title. Poverty, on the other hand, can know no rights whatever.

The following is a synoptical view of the various procedures, through which it appears that even ordinary suits may be dragged:—

1st Instance.—The Tribunal of the District.

2d Instance.—The Civil (or Criminal) Tribunal of the Province.

3d Instance.—The Department of the Senate.

4th Instance.—The *plenum* of the Senate.

5th Instance.—The Consultation of the Ministry of Justice.

6th Instance.—The Ministry of Justice.

7th Instance.—The *plenum* of the Senate (again).

8th Instance.—The Commission for Petitions.

9th Instance.—The Department of the Council of the Empire.

10th Instance.—The *plenum* of the Council of the Empire.

11th Instance.—The Imperial Will and Pleasure.

This is something worse than Lord Eldon's Chancery suits and Lord Bacon's bribes would be, put together. "To traverse ten procedures," says the Prince, "most frequently with one's purse in one's hand, to come finally, in the eleventh, on the Imperial good pleasure, is not this terrible? is it not ultra-Asiatic? Who will dare to say, after that, that justice exists in Russia, and to call the fifteen big volumes of the Russian code otherwise than by the name of the most voluminous of bad pleasantries?" This is by no means the only occasion on which the author has repeated himself.

The nine courts of appeal thus intervening between the original tribunal and the reference to the Emperor himself, appear to be in very many cases put into requisition; and decisions to be reversed in one or other of them, according to the flimsiest technicalities that can supply a pretext for each functionary in demanding a bribe, in order to find or overlook a flaw. Procedure also differs according to the quality of the litigant; a noble having certain privileges denied to the bourgeoisie. Nor can it differ less according to his wealth; for it is to be assumed that a poor man would either bear his wrongs without attempting to redress them in a court of justice, or would soon yield the suit under the exhaustion of his purse.

The author's chapter on military administration is certainly disappointing. It contains no *exposé* of the military system of Russia that is adequate to the magnitude of the subject, and it deals too largely in anecdotes of speculation, which those who

have read and believed the earlier chapters hardly require, and which will no more convince those who have read without believing them, than the assertions and illustrations of the malversations of the civil authorities. The reader begins somewhat to weary of having every functionary described as "un voleur," however readily he may follow the author in his indiscriminate onslaught on the bureaucracy. We find, however, some remarkable statements of the mal-organization of the Russian military system at the time of the Crimean war, and of the suffering which ensued. In an earlier chapter (p. 125), the author asserts, that the excess of expenditure over revenue in Russia, during the three years of the Turkish war, 1853-56, amounted to 400,000,000 roubles, or about L.64,000,000; and that it threw into circulation notes of credit (or, in other words, *assignats*) for that amount. Hence the administrative difficulty brought about a financial crisis. Prince Dolgoroukoff lays the credit of the military maladministration which caused so much money, as he says, to be spent in vain, to the late Emperor Nicholas, and to the incompetency of the Minister of War. Indeed, he goes so far as to ascribe the disastrous issue of that campaign to the conduct of the civil departments of the War Office, such as the clothing and the commissariat. This is a bold statement, and one eminently grateful to a patriotic Russian, whose aversion to the party in power is neither disguised nor measured. That it has some truth no one will question. But we have no doubt that every bureaucrat-hater in Austria says the same thing for the issue of last year's war between that state and France; yet there are few to believe that previous bureaucratic reform would have rendered Russia triumphant over the Allies in 1856, or Austria over France in 1859.

It may be true that all the vices of administration which Prince Dolgoroukoff describes exist in the Russian army; but as we cannot but deem him a somewhat willing and prejudiced witness, so neither can we disbelieve that some of the stories he produces may be but counterparts to what may now be current in Europe, since the *exposé*, before the Sevastopol Committee, of the shortcomings of our own War Office, as it existed prior to the changes in its constitution (as well as in its *personnel*) in 1855. Thus the author tells a story regarding some biscuits supplied to the Russian army, which may very likely have its parallel in some transformation at St Petersburg of the grievance of the green coffee-berries. The Russians certainly fought well, bravely, and vigorously, and it is hard to see how armies so ill administered as the author represents them to have been, could so long have held the front to the enemy that they did.

The author, however, narrates elsewhere an impudent and systematized military speculation which may be regarded as unique, and altogether eclipses the contractor at Verona, who drove the same oxen five times within its walls. He tells us that the chiefs of the "compagnies des bœufs," in receiving five hundred head of oxen, were expected by the supplying contractor to sign a receipt for six hundred. This was apparently the contractor's profit; and the signers of the receipt made up the difference, partly by pillaging the territory through which the army passed, and partly by bribing the local authorities as they marched, each to certify the death of an ox that had never existed. Again, we read that another officer in the commissariat of the army which retreated from the Danube in 1854, transported for an immense distance a dead ox, for the death of which a fresh certificate was made out at the close of each day's march; although the author does not appear to perceive that the same animal could hardly have served the contractor in good stead for a newly defunct animal for more than two or three days. Once more, we are told that the Russian War Office received on one occasion official intelligence of 1800 oxen having been purchased, then of their having been fed for several months, next of their having been killed, and, finally, of their having been salted, "each of these mythological oxen having brought the inventors of the proceeding," says the Prince, "about 300 roubles."

Not dissimilar from this is the author's charge against the colonels of regiments. His sweeping statement is preceded, however, by the following reservation:—

"There are certainly many loyal and upright colonels in the Russian army, all the more honourable that they form a minority among their colleagues. The major part of the colonels, like the major part of the general officers commanding the regiments of the Imperial Russian Guard, enrich themselves in the most shameful and disgraceful manner, at the expense of the well-being of the soldiers, whose fate is confided to them."—P. 255.

The author now comes to his definite charges against the colonels:—

"The soldiers are badly and insufficiently fed. The flour for making bread being allowed them in sufficient quantities, a part of this flour is confiscated by the colonel, and sold for his own profit. The colonels agree to make serviceable to their own profit, the savings in the cloth intended for the clothing of the soldiers, and in the leather intended for their boots. In the regiments of cavalry the revenues of the colonels are much more considerable than in those of infantry: they make savings out of the rations of the horses in hay as well as in oats. Finally, one of the most lucrative branches of the revenue of the

colonels consists in the *official prices*, that is to say, the amount, weekly arranged, of the prices of all that belongs to the feeding of men and horses, in the locality occupied by the regiment. This amount is established jointly by the colonel and the local authorities; the prices are always exaggerated beyond the reality; the colonel gives a perquisite to the local authorities, and pockets the remainder of the difference between the true and asserted price."—P. 256.

The gravamen of this charge depends upon its precise accuracy. A very slight deviation from perfect accuracy in a description of the English military system would have imparted a very sinister aspect to the perquisites of the "clothing colonels." Venality, however, has been a common charge against officers in the Russian army: the pay of juniors is too small to admit of their living upon it, and maintaining the usual position of gentlemen; and no Government whose poverty or impolicy leads to the adoption of such a scale of remuneration can anticipate any other result than dishonesty.

With the venality of the officers, Prince Dolgoroukoff connects another evil of the Russian military system. "In the Russian system," he says, "a chief can never be in the wrong towards his inferior; an inferior can never be in the right towards his superior." The Government, however, appears to have done its utmost to countervail this state of things, by appointing general officers of inspection, who make periodical visits to the different regiments, and demand of the soldiers if they have any complaints to make of their officers. If the opportunity be taken, the case is heard; but the colonel who has enriched himself, according to the author, with unlawful spoils, readily bribes the general of inspection to pronounce him in the right; and the first pretext, let it be as frivolous as it may, is seized by the colonel, when the inspecting general's back is turned, to sentence the complaining soldier to five hundred blows of the knout. The author describes the junior officers as standing in very nearly the same abject relation to their colonels with the privates in the ranks.

The Russian soldier is here regarded as possessing by nature the best qualities for his profession. "Humane, always ready to come to the aid of any one distressed, capable of sharing with him his last morsel of bread; in war brave as a lion, and after battle compassionate to a disarmed enemy; gifted with a resignation based absolutely on religious faith; presenting in his character an admirable combination of stoicism and good nature, the Russian soldier adores his chief, and is ready to give up his life for him." The experience of the Crimean war enables Englishmen to confirm the author's view of the courage and resolution, as we have said, of Russian soldiers; but few more barbarous acts are upon

record than their conduct to wounded enemies after several of their engagements with our own armies.

We turn with more interest to M. de Dolgoroukoff's view of the state of the Church in Russia. So great appear to have been the assumptions of ecclesiastical power by the Czars, that our author thinks it necessary to inform us, with what at first sight would seem great simplicity and some profanity, that the head of the religion is not the Emperor, but really Christ. And he goes on to distinguish between the spiritual prerogatives of ecclesiastics and the all-pervading absolutism of the Crown, in a manner which shows that spiritual rights are not wholly commingled with or lost in temporal power. The right of interpreting the doctrines of the Church rests, as we all know, in Œcumenical Councils, but the supreme administrative power is exercised by a Synod, through which the Government contrives to rule the Church. Beyond the threefold order of bishops, priests, and deacons, Russia follows the general usage of the Oriental Church in recognising four ranks in the order of the prelacy, viz., bishops, archbishops, metropolitans, and patriarchs. We shall not follow the author through his historical sketch of the relations of the Church with the State in Russia, the outlines of which are familiar to all. The relations of our own day are more inviting.

Prince Dolgoroukoff describes the Russian clergy as exposed to the double absolutism of the State and of their own ecclesiastical superiors, and the prelates themselves equally subject to the supreme will of the Government, insomuch that one is led to regard the yet lingering theoretic prerogatives of the Church, even in controversies of faith, as possessing but little reality. He tells the following anecdote of the Emperor Nicholas in the settlement of a dispute between a civil and ecclesiastical dignitary:—

“The prelates in the highest positions get bruised by the iron hand of despotism. Thirty years ago, Mqr. Irénéé, Archbishop of Irkoutsk, having had a dispute with the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, Lavinski, a colonel aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and a colonel of gendarmerie, were sent from St Petersburg to reunite the chiefs of the two powers, the temporal and the spiritual, in Eastern Siberia. The negotiation was not a long one: the aide-de-camp ordered the archbishop to be seized and shut up under lock and key in a carriage for four persons; he was thus conducted by the colonel of the gendarmerie over five thousand versts, into a convent of the province of Vologda, where he was consigned for the rest of his days. It seems that, if the Emperor consented to recognise our Lord Jesus Christ for the sole head of the Church, he acted in a way to make it believed that the vicariate belonged to himself.”—Pp. 346–347.

M. de Dolgoroukoff remarks that the absolute authority which the State exercises over the Church has rendered the bishops obsequious and sycophantic; for they are as liable to exile and imprisonment as the nobles. But the result of the attitude they are compelled to bear towards the State, he says, renders them the more intolerant and despotic towards their clergy:—

“But they amply take their revenge on the clergy of their dioceses, obliging them to observe towards them, on every occasion, the attitude, not of sons towards their father, but that of slaves towards all-powerful masters. The disdain, the insolent hauteur, displayed by the prelates towards the clergy, especially towards the country clergy, cannot be expressed—it revolts the soul.”—P. 346.

The same contemptuous treatment appears to await the inferior clergy at the hands of the nobles. In the cities, he describes their position as scarcely bearable; but in the country, “affreuse.” “Poor,” he writes, “far from every intellectual resource, often treated by the neighbouring proprietors with a want of respect absolutely shameful, their existence is but a long career of sufferings.” It appears, however, that the Russian Government has, during the last ten years, addressed itself to this question, and has successively introduced, province by province, a system of State endowment. This is certainly a great deal for a Government, so situated as it has been, to have done during so short a time. Prince Dolgoroukoff complains, indeed, that the incomes assigned to the clergy are very insufficient for their maintenance, oppressed, as he commonly describes them, with large families; nor should we expect to hear of adequate remuneration, honestly obtained, in any department of a country in which a colonel is driven to dishonesty, because his pay is no more than that of an English lieutenant in the line. A Church depending on a State revenue is never likely to enjoy an ample one, let the polity of the State be what it may. An extravagant despotism, or an economical fraternity of radicals, will be equally sure to reduce it to the lowest possible ebb.

But wretched even as this position of a Russian priest is made to appear, it seems that the tenure on which it is held is in the last degree precarious. Prince Dolgoroukoff speaks of no judicial process as necessary to deprive a priest of his preferment. “He finds himself liable,” says the author, “at the slightest caprice of his bishop, to lose his place, and to be compelled to discharge, during the will and pleasure of the bishop, the humble functions of sub-deacon; finally, to see his family reduced to beggary.” With all this, it appears that venality is as general in the Church as in the civil and military administration. “Là,” says our author, “tout se vend et tout s’achète, suivant le beau modèle de l’administration Russe!”

Much of the hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, evinced by the Russian bishop towards his clergy, appears to spring from the distinction subsisting between them in point of marriage and celibacy. The secular clergy are not only permitted, but, according to the author's phrase, expected or required, to marry. The regulars, on the other hand, are restricted to celibacy. The former are termed the *clergé blanc*, the latter *clergé noir*. The contradistinction of terms is somewhat felicitous. The bishops are exclusively chosen from the latter; or, at any rate, a priest is excluded by marriage from the episcopate. Even the secular who has the good luck to become a widower, and turns himself into a monk, is looked on by the episcopate, according to the author, as an insidious and aspiring interloper, is equally disqualified for a bishopric, and is treated by his diocesan with contempt and disdain. The Russian Church law of clerical celibacy is therefore, in effect, a compromise between the Roman Catholic system and our own; and so far as the cordiality of sacerdotal and episcopal relations is concerned, it seems to work worse than the Roman Catholic. The bishop is found to have neither knowledge of, nor sympathy with, the wants of a married priest, who has often a large family to maintain; and the contemptuous view which he takes of such a priest appears to be akin to the sentiments which Queen Elizabeth has left it on record that she entertained for Archbishop Parker.

With less judgment and insight, Prince Dolgoroukoff has ascribed much of the moral inferiority of the Russian clergy, in respect of those of other nations, to their education in ecclesiastical seminaries, the abolition of which he recommends:—

“One of the principal causes (he says) of the moral inferiority of the Russian clergy, in comparison of the clergy of the other Christian churches, exists in the defective organization of the seminaries, where the studies are incomplete, insufficient, and directed under a system altogether behind the times. The seminaries should be abolished, and courses of theology should be instituted in the universities and the gymnasia,” etc.—P. 351.

The author seems scarcely to bear in mind that seminaries are established in most Roman Catholic countries, under similarly exclusive ecclesiastical supervision, partly because the Church will not tolerate the civil interference inseparable from academical tuition, and partly because the pecuniary resources of the classes from which secular priests are everywhere taken (whether Roman or Greek) will not bear its expense. There appears to be no necessary reason for the inferiority of the Russian to the French seminaries, except it be the inferior civilisation of the country; but that, again, is a difference which would apparently render the academical instruction of the Russian clergy still more

impracticable. In proposing a sweeping measure of abolition against all ecclesiastical seminaries, we fear the Prince would go far to throw the rising generations of priests yet more into the hands of his friends the bureaucrats.

We can hardly quit this interesting subject without glancing at the author's view of the financial condition of the Russian Empire. Far from either Government or people having surmounted the expenditure caused by the Crimean war, both the one and the other appear now for the first time since that war to be suffering from a financial crisis. The author relates that, in 1858, the nation enjoyed considerable prosperity. That year appears to have been one of great, and probably undue speculation. Fresh companies arose day by day, money was abundant; for every million that was demanded, "eight or ten millions" were subscribed; all the transactions of industrial bodies were negotiated at remarkably high prices. Now all this is changed, and, as the author himself says, as though "war, pestilence, and famine had combined to present such a transformation." He observes, with a justice that will be generally recognised, that the transactions of the different industrial companies are now for the most part discredited; that those even of companies which possess the guarantee of Government have declined; that gold and silver have completely disappeared, and the exchange upon them has arisen to a monstrous price; that even copper appears to be disappearing also, the exchange rising even upon this metal; and that the credit of Russia in foreign money markets has greatly depreciated. This appears to be the result of recent events acting upon permanent misgovernment.

The monetary, as distinguished from the commercial crisis, is readily accounted for by the flooding of the Russian Empire with paper money during the Crimean war. "In 1850," says the author, "there were notes of credit in circulation for 301,000,000 roubles; in 1856, at the moment of the peace of Paris, there were notes of credit for more than 690,000,000." The Russian minister of finance, it would seem, by a rare combination of stupidity and bad faith, imagined that he could thus conduct the war gratuitously,—in other words, by swindling individuals at the cost of the public. These notes of credit, issued probably in an inverse ratio with the variation in the amount of precious metals, would quickly depreciate; and the Russian Government would then probably act as they acted in the case of the depreciated paper roubles in 1840,—a transaction to which the author does not advert. This Russian paper had fallen to such an ebb, that its current value was that of three and a-half paper roubles to one silver rouble. At this time the Government issued *new* paper roubles, each of which was to be exchanged for *old* paper

roubles, at the corresponding rate of one to three and a-half. And in order to compel the acceptance of these terms by the nation, the Government announced that after a certain date the old paper roubles should not be current. This was virtually an act of national bankruptcy, whereby the Government paid their creditors some six shillings in the pound, and quietly circulated their new paper, as though their former obligations had been discharged. The present incubus, in the shape of notes of credit, will probably be got rid of with equal audacity and dishonesty.

The existing commercial crisis is but inadequately explained by the author, where he ascribes it in part to the inherent carelessness of the Slavonic character, and to the ignorance manifested by his countrymen in the management of wholesale commerce, even in the interior of the nation, and still more so in their relations with foreigners. Without expanded notions of the reciprocal nature of which true commercial policy consists, they rarely, he complains, take the initiative in transactions with foreign countries, or consider what goods of those countries will find the best market in their own. Chiefly sellers, they are rarely merchants, he tells us, in the highest sense of the term, and are too pleased to receive earnest of payment from foreign houses, for the goods that they are to deliver, to assure themselves of remunerative transactions; and thus he very naturally deduces commercial crises as the result of such a mode of mercantile negotiation. It is not easy, however, to perceive, from such an explanation as this, how the import trade of Russia is conducted at all, although it requires no demonstration that losing transactions will eventually create a monetary panic.

For the immediate redress of this evil, the author recommends the contraction of a loan by Government, either in the French or English money market; and such a loan, variously stated at sums between L.8,000,000 and L.12,000,000, was subsequently placed upon the English Stock Exchange, with somewhat indifferent prospects of success. The smaller sum has been ostensibly contracted for; but we believe that the Russian Government, in order to save themselves the discredit of a rejection of their demand, have themselves taken up the greater portion of it! Beyond this, the author urges the necessity of economy in the civil list, which he describes as now exceeding 14,000,000 roubles, or above L.2,000,000 a-year. The extravagance of the Empress Dowager is described in terms for which we refer our readers to the author's financial chapter. There are twelve Grand Dukes already to be provided for; and the Prince computes and complains, by a calculation compounded, as it were, of arithmetic and physiology, that the number will, in a certain, period be fifty. But the basis of his ideal and renovated Russia

is publicity—the publicity of the budget, the freedom of the press, liberty of discussion—whereby evils will become known, knowledge will become circulated, and the sovereign may learn the actual truth of the state of his dominions. This, of course, is to demand an entire revolution in the system of government.

The Czar has issued during the last few weeks an ukase, in virtue of which, both commerce and the occupation and possession of land will be henceforth open to all foreigners, with the exception of Jews. Hitherto scarcely a single foreign firm has been able to conduct business in Russia without the naturalisation of its members.

The Russian Empire has been an eminently progressive state in respect not only of territory, but of wealth; in fact, in respect of everything but freedom, honesty, and public virtue. When, therefore, we are told by the author, that, without publicity and its attendant reforms, that empire must fall into “un cataclysme politique,” and soon disappear from the world as a great and single political structure, we are forced, unwillingly, as Liberals, to acknowledge that such a conclusion is not warranted by its political traditions; and that Prince Dolgoroukoff has not established such a clear distinction of circumstances between the past and the present, amid an intellectual darkness and a material oppression common to both periods, as shall falsify the force of precedent in presuming on the future. We see Russia stretching herself with vigour and address in all directions. She can obtain in the West the alliance of whatever Power she chooses to approach; and in the extreme East she has just filched from China a territory on the Amour equal to the area of Germany, while she stands in relations with the Chinese Government which France and ourselves can only regain by force of arms. Neither does the policy of emancipation appear to have originated in the threatenings of the serf, but in the spontaneous liberality of the Czar and a minority of the nobles. A want of money is the incident of every ill-governed and half-civilised country; but no one pretends that Russia is so poor now as she was half a century ago. The emancipation of 22,000,000 serfs is, in itself, a measure of such magnitude, that we must expect its progress to be slow. Neither do we see our way to assert, in the face of the example of Austria, that its accomplishment must produce, in our day, an irresistible reaction against secrecy and despotism. Every increase of civil liberty ultimately favours, no doubt, the creation of political freedom; but it is impossible to predict the period which this tendency will require for its development.

The aim of that class of Russian statesmen—which consists neither of philanthropists acting upon mere sentiment, nor of reactionists governed by their own sordid interests—but is at once

reasoning, far sighted, and dispassionate, must be to transform Russia from a mediæval into a modern empire, and thus gradually to infuse into a vast population, and to spread over an immense area, all those elements of domestic wealth and external power, which the principal nations of Western Europe have acquired by an earlier adoption of civilised government and an earlier development of civilised society. Were such a policy attained, Russia would indeed be formidable to the rest of Europe; and a great advance would be made in the undying ambition of the Muscovites. Well governed and well cultivated, we know of nothing to prevent Russia from creating and sustaining a population of a hundred and fifty millions at the least. Even now, that country produces from the soil vastly more than she consumes. Such a danger to Western Europe is, however, many generations distant; and the emancipation of the serfs presents a policy which may consume perhaps the whole of our own epoch. But slowly and surely, alike by repression and by reform, Russia appears to consolidate and to extend herself; and we have yet to trace the influences which, in the present position of the community, are to produce that rapid revulsion in her career which the author of this able work so confidently predicts.

ART. IX.—*Essays and Reviews*. London: Parker and Son. 1860.

THE volume recently issued under the above title cannot but be regarded as one of the signs in our theological firmament menacing change. Rightly or wrongly, it has been received almost unanimously, by friend and by foe, as the manifestation, if not the manifesto, of a theological school, numerous, active, and influential, and probably increasing in the Church of England. In the brief notice, summed up in three sentences, prefixed to the volume, there is something like a disclaimer, on the part of the authors, of their labours being accepted in this light; and they tell us that they "are responsible for their respective articles only, and that they have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison." We suspect that the disavowal is neither so ample nor so distinct as to disabuse the public mind of the impression which it has received, and which there is certainly nothing in the contents of the volume, or the manner in which they are treated, calculated to remove, and not rather to confirm. Perhaps the disclaimer was never meant to extend further than to a protest against the responsibility of individual opinions expressed by one essayist being imputed to another; and to this extent it may readily be allowed. But the authors unquestionably belong to one well-known division in the ecclesiastical world, and the opinions they advocate to one distinctly-marked school of religious thought. The combination, for the preparation of this volume, of men, most of whom are recognised as leaders of the Broad Church, can hardly be accounted accidental. The object they propose to themselves, of "*a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment*," indicates a common purpose, and the consciousness of being engaged in a common work; the topics embraced in the volume are avowedly of a kindred nature, and the views expressed, with one or two unimportant exceptions, are entirely coincident; and if the Essays themselves were written, as we have been told, without concert or comparison, they nevertheless exhibit in their teaching a general unity of aim, and a most unmistakeable harmony in the results.

The Essays¹—seven in number—bear more or less directly on

¹ We subjoin the contents of the volume:—The Education of the World, by Frederick Temple, D.D.; Bunsen's Biblical Researches, by Rowland Williams, D.D.; On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity, by Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S; Séances Historiques de Genève,—The National Church, by Henry Britton Wilson, B.D.; On the Mosaic Cosmogony, by C. W. Goodwin, M.A.; Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750, by Mark Pattison, B.D.; On the Interpretation of Scripture, by Benjamin Jowett, M.A.

the great questions connected with the genesis of theological opinion, and the grounds of religious belief; and there is hardly a disputed point in the wide field of recent controversy between the disciples of Reason and of Faith which is not either professedly discussed, or more summarily disposed of. Interpreting the preliminary announcement of our authors by the manner in which it is followed up in their subsequent discussions, it indicates with sufficient distinctness the spirit in which they have addressed themselves to their task, and the direction in which it tends. By the "conventional language," under the repetition of which from age to age theology has so grievously suffered, is meant those current and technical forms of speech in reference to religious truth which have been to some extent adopted from the creeds and systems of the early Church and of the Reformation period, but which, in one shape or other, theology must, like every other science, frame or adopt, if it would cease to be a fragmentary and disjointed series of insulated ideas, and become an orderly and connected body of knowledge, harmonious in itself, and accurate and complete in its expression. Throughout these Essays nothing is more marked than the hostility evinced towards this systematic or scientific language into which Scripture thought is often cast by theologians; and *that* not because it may sometimes be justly chargeable with excessive and unnecessary dogmatism or definition in matters which the Bible has left unrevealed, or with mistaken representations of matters that have been revealed, but rather, where no such charges can be alleged, because it has shaped Scripture truth into positive and dogmatic statements at all. By "the traditional methods of treatment," under which in like manner injury has been done to religious discussion, are to be understood all those methods of inquiry into the meaning of Scripture, and of appeal to its decision, which have originated in the idea, and proceeded on the principle, that it was a supernatural and authoritative communication of the mind of God to man, and hence the only infallible source of truth, and supreme standard of faith and practice; and that any system of interpretation suited to Scripture must start from the idea that it is a fountain of truth alone, and not of mingled truth and error alike. And the meaning of the "free handling" which the essayists at the outset propose to give to the topics discussed, is sufficiently made plain by the results arrived at, which go effectually to deprive the Bible of all that is characteristic of it, as embodying in its statements both the infallible truth and the supreme authority belonging to the spoken or written mind of God,—which make the sacred volume to be the best book in the world, not because it has God for its author, and His words for its contents, but because it exhibits, in

comparison with other books, more of human piety, and genius, and wisdom, and sympathy—although mingled to an unknown and indefinite extent with human error and folly—than does any other; and which teach that he is not only a true Christian, but the very best, who has divested his Christianity of its historical authenticity, of its supernatural character, and of its positive dogmas.

It can scarcely, we think, be accident altogether which has dictated the order of the Essays as they occur in the volume; and we can hardly err in supposing that there is a meaning to be gathered from it. The first is by Dr Temple, Head Master of Rugby, and is plainly introductory to the rest. It is upon "The Education of the World;" and is an ingenious but fanciful attempt, such as has been frequently made, to establish some kind of parallelism between the advancement of the individual from childhood to manhood, and the development of the world in intellectual and spiritual culture. There are three stages in this training, each suited to its time, but each becoming obsolete and being superseded when it passes into the stage in advance of itself. The *childhood* of the world, as of the individual, is adapted to positive rules, and can be trained only by external restraints; and hence in the early ages of our race the revelation of an outward system of commandments and ordinances. In *youth*, with the race as with the man, we are taught by example rather than by rule, and break loose from all external commandments not illustrated and recommended by example; and therefore, in the progress of God's dealings with this world, the time came when a former and outward dispensation became obsolete and passed away, and Christ appeared, the embodiment and example of all that had been revealed before. In the *manhood* of the Church, as in the maturity of the individual, there is more of freedom still: as regards our intellectual and moral education, we are emancipated from all restraint, whether of positive rules or authoritative examples, and are left to be our own instructors; and hence, in the last and highest stage of the advancement of the Church, God has handed us over to the teaching within. The bearing of such a theory on the question of the standing and authority of an external revelation, given partly in the childhood and partly in the immature youth of our race, and then closed, is sufficiently apparent, and indeed is not indistinctly hinted at. "We can acknowledge," says Dr Temple, speaking of the theology of the Church of the Fathers, "the great value of the forms in which the first ages of the Church defined the truth, and yet refuse to be bound by them; we can use them and yet endeavour to go beyond them, just as they also went beyond the legacy which was left us by the Apostles."¹ And again: "First came Rules,

¹ P. 44.

then Examples, then Principles. First comes the Law, then the Son of Man, then the gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child, under tutors and governors until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example, to which all ages should turn, was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was *left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within.*"¹

The question of the existence or permanent obligation of an external revelation having been thus raised by a sort of *a priori* presumption against it, the transition is natural and easy to a consideration of the authority and historical validity of Scripture as a communication from God,—more especially those more ancient portions of it contained in the Old Testament, and belonging to the infancy or earlier years of our race. The Biblical Researches of Bunsen afford to Dr Williams, of St David's College, Lampeter, an opportunity, in the second of the Essays, for touching upon these points. In his review of Bunsen, he adopts to the full the destructive principles of criticism which Bunsen applies to the Scripture books, and seldom differs from his master, except when these principles, in their bearing on the inspired narratives, are not in his estimate destructive enough. In Dr Williams' view, the Hebrew annals stand upon the same level as to supernatural authority with the Gentile histories; for *revelation* was a communication of light from God not peculiar to prophets and chosen men of old, but common to other ages and individuals, and the fruit of "the Divine energy as continuous and omnipresent." In regard to the New Testament, he tells us that "both spiritual affection and metaphysical reasoning forbid us to confine revelations like those of Christ to the first half century of our era; but show at least affinities of our faith existing in men's minds anterior to Christianity, and renewed with deep echo from loving hearts in many a generation."² And in general he asserts, that "considerations religious and moral, no less than scientific and critical, have, where discussion was free, widened the idea of Revelation for the old world, and deepened it for ourselves; not removing the footsteps of the Eternal from Palestine, but tracing them on other shores; and not making the saints of old orphans, but ourselves partakers of their sonship." . . . "The moral constituents of our nature, so often contrasted with revelation, should rather be considered parts of its instrumentality."³ It is no wonder that, with such views as to the nature of revelation and the place of the Old Testament, he should be led to deny not only its supernatural authority, but also its historical veracity. Books which, like the Pentateuch, profess to narrate the beginning of creation in the

¹ P. 5.² P. 82.³ P. 51.

past, or, like the Prophets, the course of human affairs in the future, *can be true* only on the supposition that they are revelations in the special and supernatural sense of the word; and if not revelations, they must fall to be regarded as destitute, considered as narratives, even of that everyday historical veracity which we ascribe to the genuine accounts of contemporaries, or of those who drew their information from contemporaries. Nothing but the fact of their being supernatural revelations from God could redeem the narrative of Genesis or the prophecies of Isaiah, in the greater portion of them, from the charge of being unsubstantial dreams or conscious frauds; and it matters little whether Bunsen and his commentator count them to be the one or the other, so long as the fact of their supernatural origin, which alone could give them an authentic and trustworthy character, is denied. When Dr Williams, therefore, impugns in detail the historical character and value of many portions of the Old Testament narrative, especially of the Pentateuch, he is only acting consistently with the views he announces in regard to the character of revelation in general, as not supernatural and infallible, but the reverse; and when, following Bunsen, he further denies the existence of prophecy in the proper sense of it, as embodying the foreknowledge and declaration of the future, and makes an elaborate and offensive attempt to show that the Messianic predictions in Isaiah have no reference to Christ, but apply to the then Israelitish nation or to Jeremiah, he is only walking in the footsteps of his own preconceived theory.

Although in Dr Williams' miscellaneous and somewhat fragmentary criticisms on Scripture, as he follows Bunsen in his researches, the absence of the supernatural element in revelation is always assumed, and occasionally vehemently asserted, yet the question is nowhere in his essay formally discussed. This part of the argument, so far as it is argued in this volume at all, falls to the lot of Professor Baden Powell,¹ in the third of the Essays, entitled, "On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity." It professes to pass under review the existing state of the controversy between the friends and enemies of Christianity, and especially, to deal with the question as to the possibility and credibility of the supernatural, whether involved in the very fact of a positive communication coming from God, or employed in connection with it as a voucher for its truth. The leading ideas enforced in the essay, and the arguments brought to bear upon the discussion, must be familiar to all who have studied the Pro-

¹ While this article was in the course of preparation for the press, the death of Professor Baden Powell was announced. We have not thought it necessary, in consequence, to cancel our remarks upon his essay, believing that there is nothing in their substance or tone inconsistent with the feelings which such an announcement is fitted to awaken.

fessor's recent works, more or less bearing upon the same points. The results at which he arrives are only somewhat more prominently and dogmatically brought out. Looking at a miracle as it is commonly understood, or, as he expresses it, in "the old theological sense," it is an event which no kind or amount of evidence, whether in the shape of testimony or otherwise, can possibly substantiate; the very notion of it is inconsistent with the views which science and modern discovery have taught us most firmly to believe in regard to the universal order and inviolable continuity of physical nature; and revelation cannot be understood as being, *in this sense*, miraculous in its origin, in its historical narratives, or in its outward credentials. "The case," says Professor Powell, "of the antecedent argument of miracles is very clear, however little some are inclined to perceive it. In nature, and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*; for that we must go out of nature and beyond reason." . . . "No one denies revelation in this sense" (a non-miraculous sense); "the philosophy of the age does not discredit the inspiration of prophets and apostles, though it may sometimes believe it in poets, legislators, and philosophers, and others gifted with high genius. At all events, the revelation of civilization does not involve the question of external miracles, which is here the sole point in dispute. The main assertion of Paley is, that it is impossible to conceive a revelation given except by means of miracles. This is his primary axiom; but this is precisely the point which the modern turn of reasoning most calls in question, and rather adopts the belief that a revelation is then most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes."¹ But while Mr Powell has no room in his philosophy for the phenomenon which we call a miracle, with a happy inconsistency he still, in some sense not very intelligible, admits it into his theology, and tells us, that "what is not a subject for a problem may hold its place in a creed." Mr Hume, at the close of his anti-miracle discussion, in which he demonstrates the impossibility of the supernatural in any form or connection, still comforts us with the assurance that "our holy religion is founded not on reason, but on faith." And in the same spirit, and to the same effect, we are informed by Mr Powell, that a miracle wrought in connection with religious doctrine "ceases to be capable of investigation by reason, or to own its dominion; it is accepted on religious grounds, and can appeal only to the principle and influence of faith. Thus miraculous narratives become invested with the character of articles of faith, if they be accepted in a less positive and certain light, or perhaps as involving more or less of the

¹ Pp. 140-2.

parabolic and mythic character; or, at any rate, as received in connection with, and for the sake of, the doctrine inculcated.”¹

The *fourth* and *sixth* Essays, which we may mention together, are somewhat aside from the mere logical order of thought in the argument, which this volume seems to contemplate, against the supreme and supernatural authority of Scripture as an outward and infallible standard of truth; although they materially contribute to the common result by explaining and vindicating the relations of this new school of doubt to the Church of England in particular, and the religious tendencies of the age in general. In the former of them, under the title of “The National Church,” Mr Wilson advocates the principle of what he calls a true *multitudinism*, in opposition to the individualist principle, as the proper character of churches; or, in other words, that churches are founded upon a national and not a personal conversion, and ought to embrace within their communion parties differing most widely from each other in personal character and creed. His desire to break down the exclusiveness of ecclesiastical communities as regards their confessions and terms of membership, and to open up the freedom of a common Christianity to those who cannot agree as to what Christianity is, has been signalized by an attempt to show that subscription to the Articles of the Church of England is consistent with the amplest liberty of opinion, and imposes no necessity for accepting them in any one definite sense at all. Although now made in the interests of Rationalism, and not of Romanism, the attempt can hardly fail to recall to recollection the famous endeavour, in the “Tracts for the Times,” to defend the principle of subscription to church formulas in a *non-natural* sense.

In the latter of these Essays, Mr Pattison traces, in an extended but interesting sketch, “The Tendencies of Religious Thought in England,” more especially during that long period to which he not undeservedly gives the appellation of *Seculum Rationalisticum*, beginning with the date of the publication of Locke’s *Reasonableness of Christianity*, and ending with the appearance of the *Tracts for the Times*. His delineation of the deadness of all religious faith and feeling, and of the utter decay of theology under the influence of Rationalism, applied first to the contents and then to the evidences of revelation, is interesting, but somewhat overdrawn, amounting occasionally to caricature; but still well fitted to leave upon the mind the impression of the necessity and desirableness of such a reaction as might in some way rekindle the spiritual life of the Church. Mr Pattison leaves us to infer that this reaction is to be found in the religious movement of which this volume is an indication.

The fifth Essay, by Mr Goodwin, is an attempt to seize upon the geological difficulties connected with the Mosaic account of the creation, and to turn them to account as an argument against the historic veracity of Scripture. It is in no sense noticeable, except as an illustration of the anxiety displayed throughout these Essays to lay hold upon the most popular of the recent objections against Christianity, and to use them as instruments for overturning the common belief in the authority of the inspired record.

The last, and perhaps the most important Essay in the volume, is that by Mr Jowett, "on the Interpretation of Scripture," which appropriately follows up the previous reasonings of his coadjutors in this remarkable enterprise, and crowns the argument. After dwelling at some considerable length on the uncertainty that prevails in the explanation of Scripture, and the multitude of various and opposite meanings that have been put upon the text, and referring to different causes,—such as the bias of religious parties, the prevailing theories of interpretation, etc.,—he truly remarks, that there are "deeper reasons" which have exerted a dominant influence in this matter; and that "no one would interpret Scripture as many do, but for certain previous suppositions with which we come to the perusal of it." What these previous suppositions are, Mr Jowett hastens to explain, as well as the fatal influence they have had in the misunderstanding and misinterpretation of Scripture. "*There can be no error in the Word of God; therefore, the discrepancies in the Books of Kings and Chronicles are only apparent, or may be attributed to differences in the copies. It is a thousand times more likely that the interpreter should err than the inspired writer.*" For a like reason, the failure of a prophecy is never admitted, in spite of Scripture and of history; the mention of a name later than the supposed age of the prophet is not allowed, as in other writings, to be taken in evidence of the date. The accuracy of the Old Testament is examined not by the standard of primeval history, but of a modern critical one, which, contrary to all probability, is supposed to be attained; this arbitrary standard once assumed, it becomes a point of honour or of faith to defend every name, date, place, which occurs." . . . "It is better to close the book than read it under conditions of thought which are imposed from without. Whether those conditions of thought are the traditions of the Church or the opinions of the religious world, Catholic or Protestant, makes no difference. They are inconsistent with the freedom of the truth and the moral character of the Gospel."¹ With such views as to the injury done to free inquiry and unfettered criticism in connection with Scripture by the previous

¹ Pp. 342-3.

conditions of thought under which interpreters approach it, Mr Jowett feels the necessity of examining into the source of them, and has no difficulty in recognising it in the doctrine of the inspiration of the sacred volume. The views commonly entertained by the Church as to an inspiration of Scripture which secures for its statements the two elements of infallible truth and Divine authority, are the fountain of evil out of which have proceeded almost all the mischiefs of the false doctrine and unsound interpretation which have been imposed upon its text. That theory necessarily demands a mode of interpretation which shall conserve both the entire infallibility and supreme authority of the Bible; while the rejection of that theory at once opens the door to unfettered freedom in the way of the application to the sacred text of a criticism which may find error as well as truth, and obsolete ideas as well as unchanging wisdom in its teaching. The question of, whether or not the Bible is from God in the sense of its embodying His truth and His authority, is a question which Mr Jowett rightly regards as intimately connected with our understanding of its historic truth, its doctrinal announcements, and the general force of its precepts. If there is no such inspiration, the accuracy, and even the reality of its historic statements are of no practical importance, and it becomes an unnecessary, and even unmeaning attempt, to labour at the reconciliation and vindication of those discrepancies and mistakes which the condition of knowledge and the unavoidable infirmities of its human authors might lead us to anticipate in their writings. On the same supposition, the doctrinal statements of Scripture lose much of their meaning and importance in relation to us of the present day;—such dogmas being the truths of the men and the age when believed, but long since obsolete in consequence of the progress of thought, and no longer applicable in their primary sense to our beliefs: “the growth of ideas in the interval which separated the first century from the fourth or sixth, makes it impossible to apply the language of the one to the explanation of the other.” And in like manner, if there is no such inspiration, the general force and sense of Scripture precepts must be altogether different from what the Church has universally believed them to be; there can be no Divine authority in them to bind us with the obedience that is due to God, or even the inferior obedience that is due to well-ascertained truth; and Scripture commands and example are evacuated of all power to lay the conscience under obligation, and become obsolete and inapplicable in their bearing upon succeeding times.

But while Mr Jowett is clear and decided in his rejection of the doctrine of a plenary inspiration as “a condition of thought,”

under which, as a ruling principle, the interpretation of Scripture is to be conducted, he is not equally explicit as to what idea of inspiration he would substitute in its place. His announcements are negative rather than positive, and much more destructive as to the ancient and received doctrine of the Church than explanatory or decided as to his own. He is quite sure that *inspiration* did not exempt the writers of the Bible from error in their writings. He has no doubt that their inspiration, whatever it might be, was quite consistent with historical inaccuracies and doctrinal mistakes, and did not convey to their teaching any supernatural wisdom, or any infallible authority binding upon us. But he is prodigal of explanation in attacking the common views of the Christian Church, rather than in announcing those he himself has adopted. He holds that the Bible, in some sense or other, is the fruit of inspiration. He tells us that all Christians agree in the *word* which use and tradition have consecrated to express the reverence which they truly feel for the Old and New Testament. But this veneration "is not less real because it is not necessary to attribute it to miraculous causes." It is an inspiration which, whatever influence it might have in directing the parties who possessed it, was not of a supernatural kind. If we understand Mr Jowett aright, it was an influence of the Spirit of God identical in character and effect with that which Christians now enjoy, leaving them liable not less certainly to error in thought and word; and the Scripture, which is the fruit of that inspiration, is not different in kind from writings of the present time which contain the embodied beliefs and feelings of the wise and good. He announces, and apparently with approbation, that theory of inspiration which is explicitly adopted by some of his coadjutors in this volume, and which is commonly advocated by a certain school of rationalist theologians in the present day,—that "the apostles and evangelists were equally inspired in their writings and in their lives, and in both received the guidance of the Spirit of Truth in a manner not different in kind, but only in degree, from ordinary Christians."¹

We have endeavoured to give our readers some idea of the general contents and the more important theological results of the volume before us, because, considering the quarter from which it comes, and its own peculiar character, it cannot be regarded with indifference, and must be accepted as a significant indication of the religious tendencies prevailing among a considerable number, if not an influential party, in the Church of England. There is nothing that is, properly speaking, new in the views propounded in the *Essays and Reviews*; there is nothing even noticeable in the manner of treating them, or in the ability employed in their

¹ P. 426.² P. 345.

support. They are almost all familiar to us before ; and although there is no small skill and learning displayed in some of the papers, even this has failed to give freshness and interest to the argument, or to raise it out of the common rut of recent Rationalism, with which it must be identified. The essay of Dr Williams is avowedly a reproduction of Bunsen's lucubrations, adapted to the level of English capacities ; the argument of Professor Powell reads very much like a new edition of Hume's Essay, with additions accommodated to modern science ; and the dissertation of Mr Jowett is, in its main theological positions, identical with those familiar to all as characteristic of a school of religious belief which, on the subject of inspiration, has borrowed its spirit and principles from Germany. But what is really new and interesting, is the fact that such a volume should have issued from within the pale of the English Establishment, and been accepted by many as the manifesto of a religious party there. The writers of it are all, without exception, clergymen of that Church, and some of them of name and standing ; and the very character of the undertaking seems to indicate that it would not have been hazarded unless the authors had seen some reason to count upon an audience, neither inconsiderable in numbers, nor altogether without sympathy with their views.

It is right to say, that there is, in the case of some of the papers, a tone of religious feeling and an earnestness of sentiment that speak for the fact that the notions propounded, such as they are, form no matter of unreal speculation in the minds of the authors, but are living and practical beliefs. But at the same time it cannot be denied that there is scarcely an objection to the plenary authority of the Bible, or to its doctrines as commonly understood by the evangelical Church, that, from whatever cause, however insignificant, happens to have been raised into temporary importance through recent controversies, which has not been repeated and adopted by one or other of these essayists. The Scripture doctrine of creation out of nothing by a Creator, is contrary to the principles and discoveries of modern science. Organic life is to be accounted for by spontaneous generation, or the transmutation of species by the law of selection. The Bible account of the origin of the world is not only, as yet, not reconciled to the discoveries of modern geology, but irreconcilable. The story of the descent of mankind from Adam and Eve is traditional, and not historical ; and the facts may all be conserved if men are regarded as placed on the earth in many pairs, or in distinct centres of creation. The inspired narrative of the age of man on the earth is contradicted by the belief of all competent archæologists, founded both on the monuments of ancient history and on the conclusions of ethnology. There was a Bible

before our Bible, out of the fragments of which the sacred history has been manufactured. The patriarchal narrative of our race is half ideal and half traditional, having in it no chronological element. Revelation is neither supernatural nor historical, free neither from error in fact nor defect in doctrine; but the Bible is before all things the written voice of the congregation. Inspiration is not confined to prophets and evangelists, but is co-extensive with the action of the everywhere present Spirit, the same as good men in all ages enjoy. Prophecy is not to be understood in the sense of the declaration or prognostication of the future. The types and symbols of Scripture have no meaning secondary or spiritual, or representative of future truth. The historical reality of Scripture facts is a matter of no importance, and it need not trouble us to apply both an ideal origin and an ideal meaning to them. Such opinions as these are not only scattered up and down the pages of these Essays, but naturally grow out of the principles advocated. It would not be difficult to add largely to this catalogue of anti-beliefs.

We regret, although from the facts and presumptions of the case it cannot be matter for wonder, that the views promulgated in these Essays should by many have come to be identified with the present opinions of the at least more advanced, and perhaps influential, section of the Broad Church party. There was not a little in the position and character and aims of that party, when it arose into public prominence, that gave promise of good. There was an opportunity given them for making an effective diversion in favour of a revival of religious life in the Church; and for a time it seemed as if they were to prove themselves not unequal to it. The representations of Mr Pattison, although in some points exaggerated, are to a large extent true, when he speaks of the long period, in the history of the English Establishment, of theological barrenness and spiritual death which had preceded, unalleviated, save only to a partial extent, by the rise of Methodism without the Church, and of Evangelism within;—a period during which the forms and confessions of the faith were divorced from faith itself,—when religion consisted in articles and evidences, apart from the life of it in the heart,—and when men were so busy in proving the doctrines of Christianity to be true, that they had no time to believe them for the salvation of their own souls. And it seemed to be put in the power of the new school which had arisen among the disciples of Coleridge, to recall the thoughts of the age to the almost forgotten principle, that in order to the existence of a living Christianity, it was necessary to have the faith within as well as the truth without; and that creeds separated from the belief of them, and systems of theology from their practical hold upon the conscience, were like the body without

the spirit, waiting only to be buried out of sight. But it was not alone against a party who kept a creed without a faith that the Broad Church school were called upon to contend. The rise of the Tractarians had brought into vogue once more the Catholic theory, in which the exercises of individual conscience and personal conviction are dispensed with or overborne, to make way for Church authority as the ground of religious belief. And it was good service done to a sound Christianity when such errors were met by a vigorous protest on behalf of individual responsibility; and when the importance of an inward spiritual life, and of a personal and vital faith in truth, were set up against the claims of ecclesiastical authority and the virtue of an outward religion. So long as Broad Churchmen directed their exertions against that one party which had learned to substitute a Church creed for the belief of it, or that second party which put Church authority in the place of God's, their success was so much gain to the cause of truth.

But when from the duty of censors of the opinions of opponents, the Broad Church party proceeded to set forth those teachings of their own in which they are peculiar, it has been otherwise; their success has been not gain, but loss. We can welcome their efforts directed against the lifeless orthodoxy of a former age, and designed to prove that a creed without a faith is vain; but we cannot look on with approbation, or suffer it in silence, when they rush to the opposite extreme, and advocate a faith without a creed,—when they teach us that a saving belief can exist apart from the proper object of such belief, the truth given by God, and guaranteed by His veracity,—and when they assume that religious life can be quickened and sustained by something other than a vital union between the human heart within and the Divine and supernatural Word without. We can accept it as a benefit to Christianity when they achieve a triumph over the Tractarian doctrine of ecclesiastical authority as a basis for religious belief; but we must reject their teaching when, taking from the Church but not giving God, they would disown His unerring word as the sure foundation of such belief, and would have us to put up with a revelation neither supernaturally true nor historically authentic. To this state of opinion the Broad Church party have reached, if the volume before us is to be taken as anything like an accurate representation of their views.

It were impossible within our limits, and indeed endless, to attempt to follow our authors through the numerous and very miscellaneous topics embraced in their discussions,—most of them turned into objections against the commonly received beliefs as to the standing and authority of Scripture. But there are certain preliminary or higher questions raised by their argument, which

it may be important to advert to. In former times, the controversy with those outside the pale of belief has been very much one as to the relevancy and sufficiency of the evidence by which the fact of a supernatural revelation of truth from God was held to be made good. The tendency of recent discussions, and more especially the character and scope of the objections urged in this volume, raise the preliminary question as to the nature of a revelation itself, and the possibility of it in the sense in which it has been commonly or universally understood. Is an external revelation of truth from God to man, in the sense of a presentation of it to him from without, and not in the way of quickening thought and feeling within, a possible thing at all, and is it the actual revelation which we possess in Scripture? Is this revelation, in its own nature or in its credentials, really supernatural; and is a miracle, in the common and strict sense of the word, either possible or credible? And, finally, is the record of this revelation properly inspired,—that is to say, marked by the infallible truth and supreme authority which must belong to anything which is truly the utterance of the Divine mind? These are the preliminary questions that are raised by the topics of this volume, and the settlement of which, one way or other, must to a large extent rule the minor and secondary discussions spread out in detail over its pages. We might have believed that, at least within the limits of the Christian Church, embracing all its denominations, such questions had been long regarded as settled and set by. But these are plainly the questions that must be discussed before we can properly be called upon to come down to the minuter points of chronological inaccuracies, and historical discrepancies, and doctrinal mistakes in Scripture, to which we are challenged in this volume. We have to complain, indeed, that with the exception of Mr Powell's Essay, which is, more than any of the others, something like an approach to a direct facing of the point at issue, there is nowhere throughout the work a formal statement or systematic discussion of the real questions in dispute. They are rather silently assumed or taken for granted, as matters no longer in doubt with enlightened and liberal inquirers, than either plainly stated or formally argued. But as we cannot admit that the ancient and almost unanimous belief of the Christian Church, on points so elementary and fundamental, has suddenly become obsolete and untenable, we must crave leave to say a word or two on the subject.

As to the *first* point, or as to the nature of a revelation, it has not been until recent times that the question of its being external and not internal, from without man and not from within him, could have been mooted within the pale of the Church. The English Deists, indeed, a century and a half ago, strongly main-

tained the doctrine, that the light within man, aided by the common influences of that Spirit of God which has given and sustains his understanding, was the only revelation necessary or competent to our present state; and that an external and supernatural revelation, such as Scripture contains, was both untrue and impossible. They had not conceived the idea, that Scripture itself claims to be regarded, not as an external and superhuman revelation at all, but really as the result and product from its human authors of that very light within, transferred from their own hearts to its pages. The idea of *a positive external revelation* of some kind or other, apart from man himself, and coming to him from a higher source, lies at the very foundation of all systems of Christian belief hitherto known. It is the doctrine of the Romanists, which, recognising the twofold revelation of Scripture and tradition, equally coming, although in different ways, from God, and the Church as the living and infallible interpreter of both, teaches man to look not to the light within, but to the oracle without, for Divine instruction. It is the doctrine of all the Churches of Protestantism, which, whatever differences they may exhibit as to the grounds of religious belief, have none as to the source of it,—teaching with one voice, that the revelation we enjoy was supernaturally emitted by God once for all, and has been permanently recorded; and that the teachings in the pages of it differ not only in the degree of light, and in the fulness of their wisdom, from the teachings of man, but are really a supernatural presentation of truth from the mind of God to the understanding of the creature. Between this doctrine and the doctrine assumed or asserted by one and all of the authors of the volume before us, there is an extreme, and indeed irreconcilable difference. They explicitly talk of the “*fiction of an external revelation*,” and of the belief of it as one of the fatal sources of the disease of our times. They regard the Bible not as a record of thought transferred from the mind of God to the mind of the prophets who received it, but as a record of *their* thoughts in the page which they wrote—“an expression of the devout reason” of man, apart from knowledge given him from without; not a discovery *made to* them of the ideas of the Eternal Wisdom, coming directly from Himself, but discoveries of truth and wisdom in divine things, which, in the exercise of their own faculties, guided by the teaching which all Christians enjoy from the Spirit, they have *made for* themselves, and written down for the benefit of others.

It is important to mark all that is implied in theories of revelation so distinct, and indeed so opposite. A positive external revelation, implying a presentation of objective truth from God to the prophet, even though it unavoidably comes to us through

the human channel of his mind and lips, must, if inspired, carry with it the character of God's truth ; it must be infallibly true and supremely authoritative. A revelation from within and not from without—a discovery by the devout reason of man, and not a discovery coming from God apart, *may* be erroneous or defective, as man's discoveries of spiritual things, even when under the common guidance of the Spirit, oftentimes are, and *must*, even though true, be destitute of that Divine authority which alone could make it binding upon the reason and conscience of others. A Bible that is a revelation in the one sense, must come to us pregnant with the truth, and armed with the authority of God, and therefore fitted to command both the belief and obedience of man. A Bible that is a revelation only in the other sense, would come to us mingled with human error and imperfection ; or, even when the expression and record of human piety and truth, could have no power beyond the force of human truth to bind the understanding, or constrain the faith of those who received it.

We find it difficult to understand the exact argumentative position of our essayists in impugning this "fiction of an external revelation." It is hard to make out whether they are prepared to commit themselves to the general position, that it is not possible with God to communicate to man an *external revelation* of His mind, or whether they limit themselves to the narrower position, that He has not been pleased to do so, because such a revelation is not necessary, or not adapted to man's condition. Either alternative is almost too extravagant to be seriously or formally advocated.

It is not, of course, with those who disown the existence of a personal God that we have at present any discussion ; with atheists or pantheists, the denial of the possibility of an external revelation is no extravagance, but a consistent part of their creed. But with theists it is different. It is impossible, in our conception of the Divine Being, to limit His nature or power in such a manner as to admit the idea of the inability of God to manifest Himself in the way of external revelation to others, without contradicting the conception altogether—without making the Creator to be less than the least of His intelligent creatures, to whom He has given the power of speech and of intelligent intercourse with each other. The parallelism between an external revelation from God to man, and a simple communication made from one man to another, may not in certain non-essential particulars be complete ; but after being taught the lesson of "He that formed the ear, shall He not hear ?" it is enough to suggest the additional question, "He that created the lips, can He Himself not speak ?" It is not necessary to enter into the inquiry as

to the medium through which such a communication from God to man may be made; it is not necessary to limit the Almighty to the method of oral or visible symbols by which thought circulates from man to man, and we usually hold intercourse with each other. He may have methods and instruments of His own, and all inconceivable by us, for communicating with the minds of His creatures, and making presentation of His thoughts to them. But to assert that God cannot convey truth to the minds of His creatures unless in the way of awakening their faculties to search for and apprehend truth for themselves, and that it is impossible for Him to communicate to them many things which their own minds never have, and never could have discovered except by being presented from without, is simply to assert, that what is competent to the creature is nevertheless impracticable with the Creator.

But the second branch of the alternative is hardly less untenable than the first. It is difficult to imagine how it can be seriously asserted, that if an "external revelation" is possible, it is nevertheless not adapted to the condition of man, and inconsistent with the essential principles of his being, or with their free development and natural exercise.

Throughout the whole of the representations of our essayists on this subject there is a strong opposition, asserted or implied, between an external revelation on the one hand, and the exercises of conscience on the other, as if the homage or obedience due to the former were inconsistent with the claims of the latter; or as if, to borrow the emphatic language of one of their number, such "a deference to external authority" must inevitably "quench the principles of reason and right" in the human mind. Now it cannot be denied that an external revelation, because a communication from God, must carry with it His claims to authority over the conscience, and must constitute a law, with right to rule not only the actions of the outward life, but also the feelings and beliefs of the heart. But it is plain that it is not because the revelation is external, and embodied in the form of an outward standard of belief and practice, that this objection can be taken against it, but rather because of the absolute and supreme authority which it claims; and that any other organ of authority equally comprehensive and sovereign, although its utterances were from within and not from without, would be as much exposed to the same charge. The objection, if of any force at all, is one not to the shape in which revelation is expressed, but to the claim it makes to hold man responsible for his opinions and beliefs, as well as for his outward obedience,—and would, if urged to its legitimate issues, go to deny that responsibility altogether.

But the objection is of no real force. If, indeed, the mind of

God, as disclosed in His written revelation, were something incongruous with the mind of man,—if the doctrines propounded for our belief, or the commands promulgated for our obedience, were contradictory to the first principles of reason and conscience, and irreconcilable with the fundamental dictates of our intellectual and moral nature, there might be ground for the charge that deference to such an authority is calculated to injure or to quench the light within. But such a difficulty as this is not an objection to an external revelation, but rather to one, whether external or not, which embodies in it falsehood and wrong. To assume that the Bible contains such a revelation, is really to take for granted the question in dispute. We believe that the revelation of God found in Scripture embodies an image of His own eternal wisdom and perfections, and must therefore be in harmony with the intellectual and moral nature of the creature made at first in His likeness. The authority, therefore, which gives to that revelation a sovereign right to rule our beliefs and our conduct, so far from tending to contradict or overbear the principles of our rational and moral being, must be fitted rather to develop their healthy growth, and strengthen and regulate their rightful action; the faith that is called into existence by the truth revealed, and the obedience summoned forth by the command given by God, will be the very exercises of our nature best adapted to ennoble and exalt, and ultimately perfect it; and a feeling of responsibility in opinion and practice to the declarations of His Word, will be an influence tending to advance rather than hinder the progress of both our intellectual and religious life. Will not truth be most firmly held and fully realized in our spiritual being when it is believed on the authority of God? and will not a life of holiness be most steadily pursued and the farthest attained when it is followed as a duty done to Him?

But the unsuitableness, and therefore the incredibility, of an "external revelation" such as Scripture, according to the common understanding of it, professes to be, has been argued in another way by our authors. It is *historical*; it is developed in the events, and narratives, and persons of other times, with thoughts and feelings long passed; the religion of the Bible can only be read and understood in connection with the men, and deeds, and ideas of a bygone age, and an obsolete system of life and manners; and the truth of a religion so revealed comes to be mingled up with questions as to the genuineness of ancient documents, and the authenticity of books, and controversies about the consistency or discrepancies of narratives, and the historical truth or falsehood of persons, and events, and dates.

Now, the Apologist has no occasion to deny that Christianity, to a large extent, has developed itself in history, and that with the

prominent and essential facts of that history its truth as a revelation is intimately connected. It could not have been otherwise, unless each man had been made a prophet to himself apart from every other. No system of religious belief can fail to ally itself with outward facts, unless it were inborn in every individual independently of all around, and no man had to teach his neighbour the truths shut up within himself. If the revelation given to one has to be communicated to a second, and looking beyond his own benefit he has to become a prophet to transmit it to other men, and perhaps other ages, he must be prepared to give some outward evidence of his call sufficient to vindicate it in the sight of others; and the vouchers of his commission as a prophet and of the authority he has received, the record of his vocation by God, and of the contents of his message, become so many historical facts, with the truth or falsehood of which the reality and value of his revelation to others is intimately and necessarily connected. The moment a revelation passes from the lips of one man to another, it becomes historical to the latter. This is a necessity not to be avoided, unless revelation were with each innate and never to be revealed.

But it is not only a necessity, it is an advantage that revelation should develop itself in an historical form, and record its spiritual doctrines, not in the way of abstract teaching and dogmatic statements, but in the lessons and examples of human life and practice. To appeal to the human heart, and even to reach with effect the human understanding, abstract spiritual truth must be embodied in the living and practical illustrations of human fact. So far from the consideration that Christianity has become historical, and has allied itself with outward facts, being a reason for challenging its credibility, this is, in comparison with other religions, its peculiar characteristic, and one of its main recommendations. What would the character of God have been to us but an unresolved problem or an abstract idea, had it never been revealed and embodied in the man Christ Jesus? And how long a time would it have taken to learn anything of the doctrine of His love and holiness, in their perfect development and harmonious union, had we never read the lesson as it has been written out in the life and death of Him who suffered for us? The historic exhibition of the doctrines of Christianity in the incarnation and death and resurrection of our Lord, is the circumstance that, above others, makes it to be a revelation for man and kindred to his heart. Had these doctrines been disclosed to us in no other way than as abstract propositions apart from outward facts, they would have been a shadow without the substance, a letter without the life; and, in so far as regards the evidence of their Divine origin, there would have been an intrinsic probability against them. That

the spiritual truths of the Christian revelation are embodied and exhibited in historical reality, is no presumption against it, but rather an argument in its favour.

But if an "external revelation" is neither impossible in itself, nor in its character inconsistent with the nature and necessities of man, there are general considerations on the other side, apart from the proper and direct credentials that belong to it, which tell very strongly in its favour.

A revelation from without and not from within, or, in other words, truth presented to the mind by God and not merely sought out and discovered by the mind itself, under the common operation of His Spirit, such as ordinary Christians enjoy, is the only form in which it is possible for us to conceive that many of the doctrines of Christianity could have been made known at all. There are mysteries in Scripture undiscoverable, until made known from without, by any reach of human thought, or by any guesses of spiritual insight, even when under the common teaching of the Spirit, which nevertheless are intelligible after being so made known, of the origin of which no account at all can be given on the supposition that the Bible is the fruit and record of some source of religious thought and truth from within, to the exclusion of any from without. And we must be prepared either to strike out these mysteries from the Bible, or to reduce them to the level of natural truths discoverable by the sanctified wisdom of man, if we are to accept the theory of an inward revelation as true, and disown all fruits of a miraculous presentation of fact and doctrine from above. It is not difficult to discover in the volume before us the influence of both of these processes for the reconciliation of supernatural truth with a theory of natural revelation. The supernatural character of prophecy and type, as predictions of the future, is dispensed with; and the historical reality of many miraculous events both in the Old Testament and in the New, when not explicitly disowned, is spoken of as a fact which it is of no consequence to their religious value to verify or not,—seeing that, to borrow the words of one of the essayists in reference to the superhuman signs recorded in the latter, "the spiritual significance is the same of the transfiguration, of opening blind eyes, of causing the tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly, of feeding multitudes with bread in the wilderness, of cleansing leprosy, whatever links may be deficient in the traditional record of particular events."

And the second process, of reducing supernatural truths to the level of natural reason, is not less plainly exemplified than the first. About the beginning of this century, when the religious life within the Church of England had sunk to its

lowest ebb, it received a new impulse and direction from Coleridge, who, after having drunk to intoxication of German philosophy and spiritual mysticism, dreamt a dream, and called it Theology. He startled from out of their propriety the rationalistic theologians of his time with the announcement, that there "are mysteries in Christianity, but that these mysteries are reason,—reason in its highest form of self-affirmation;" and, among others, that the Athanasian creed, so often before a stumblingblock to Rationalism, was nothing but "the perfection of human intelligence." And the authors of this volume have faithfully followed his footsteps. Professedly expounding the theory of Bunsen, but also defending it as his own, Dr Williams gives us a "philosophical rendering" of the first chapter of the Gospel by John. "The profoundest analysis of our world," says he, "leaves the law of thought as its ultimate basis and bond of coherence. This thought is consubstantial with the Being of the Eternal I AM. Being, becoming, and animating, or substance, thinking, and conscious life, are expressions of a *Triad* which may also be represented as will, wisdom, and love; as light, radiance, and warmth; as fountain, stream, and united flow; as mind, thought, and consciousness; as person, word, and life; as Father, Son, and Spirit. In virtue of such identity of Thought with Being, the primitive Trinity represented neither three originant principles nor three transient phases, but three eternal inherences in one Divine Mind."¹ In a similar manner he explains the mystery of the Fall, not as truth undiscoverable except by a supernatural disclosure, but as a natural truth competent to the unaided reason of man. "The fall of Adam represents ideally the circumscription of our spirits in limits of flesh and time, and practically the selfish nature with which we fall from the likeness of God, which should be fulfilled in man." To make in this manner the language in which the doctrine of the Trinity is expressed to speak (as Dr Williams himself admits) with a "Sabellian or almost Brahmanical sound," and to evacuate the doctrine of the fall of all real import as a theological truth, is necessary in order to satisfy the demands of a theory of natural and inward revelation. And if all that is supernatural in doctrine and fact is not cut out from the page of Scripture as unhistorical and untrue, this other process must be carried throughout all its extent, and the sponge applied to every mystery it contains, if it is to be made level to the conclusions of the self-evident reason, and lowered to suit the principles of a revelation wholly from within and not at all from without.

But apart altogether from the existence in Scripture of mysteries of supernatural doctrine and fact, which no revelations of the

¹ P. 88.

religious consciousness from within could have reached, there are other considerations which point decisively to the same conclusion. Putting out of view that large portion of Scripture which embodies truths undiscoverable or undiscovered by man, it may be questioned whether there can be a discovery of truth at all in which the teaching from without does not combine with the apprehension from within; and influences *ab extra* are as intimately connected with, and necessary to, the knowledge received, as the power of knowing in the mind itself. The capacity of apprehending truth, of whatever kind, is very different from the apprehension of the truth itself; and while philosophy and experience alike combine in assuring us that the capacity is native to the mind, they also tell, that in order to the truth being apprehended, this capacity must be awakened and called forth by external influences. All ideas received, realized, and appropriated, are thus founded upon a true and necessary antithesis between the power to perceive and know within, and the objective truth presented to it from without; and the seclusion of the mind from the influences of this external teaching would leave its powers shut up in the germ, and its consciousness no better than a blank. Such seems undoubtedly to be the law of man's development, both as to his perception of the visible world and his knowledge of the intellectual. The power of perception would remain for ever dormant, and the eye as its organ would be without vision, unless an outward world, by the presentation to it of its sensible objects, awakened the capacity to life and exercise; and, in like manner, the mind itself would remain a *tabula rasa*, with all its noble faculties wrapt in slumber, and its opulence of thought unknown, unless the external conditions of knowledge necessary to develop it were present, and became its teacher from without. And the same conditions that are necessary to the acquisition of ideas, whether in the sensible or in the intellectual world, are no less necessary to the apprehension of truth of a moral and spiritual kind. An outward teaching of spiritual truth would never indeed lodge the apprehension of it in the understanding and heart, unless there were previously existing there the innate capacities for apprehending it; but it is no less certain that the powers of thinking and feeling within would of themselves never conduct to truth, unless there were the outward teaching, which is an indispensable condition for their exercise and development.

The analogies, then, of all God's methods of educating the human mind in natural truth clearly point to the employment of an outward teaching in combination with an inward capacity of learning, in the education of man in spiritual things. These methods are uniformly based on the fundamental antithesis be-

tween the subjective susceptibilities of knowledge within, and the objective realities of knowledge external to the mind; and the one is no less necessary to the result than the other. It would, therefore, have been to traverse all the analogies of the past in regard to the education of both the individual and the race in natural knowledge, if supernatural knowledge had been communicated in any other shape than as an outward presentation of truth to the capacities for truth waiting to receive it from within. The two theologies of nature and revelation are both taught in this way. The outward creation, with the impress upon it of God's wisdom, power, and goodness, addresses itself to the religious faculty even of those who have no other teaching, but who, under this appeal from without, have that faculty awakened to know something, however imperfectly, of His eternal power and Godhead. And the volume of a supernatural revelation, with its mysteries of Divine thought and reality far beyond what creation embodies, is an appeal also from without, which awakens to the apprehension of its Divine truth the capacities of spiritual knowledge and faith which, without such appeal, had remained useless and undeveloped. So far is it, then, from being true, that our subjection to the influences of an external revelation is not adapted to man's condition and wants, that it is perhaps the only method of teaching by which the capacities of faith and spiritual discernment within could have been really developed or perfectly taught. At all events, it is certain that a revelation of Divine wisdom, embodied in human speech, is not only admirably adapted for the purpose of the religious instruction and spiritual training of man in Divine truth, but is the only method in strict analogy with those processes by which other truth is communicated.

But there is a farther and important consideration that must not be lost sight of in this argument. It may be questioned whether *faith*, in the true and Scripture sense of the word, and as the mighty instrument that quickens the soul out of the death of sin, and justifies and saves it before God, can exist at all on the supposition that there is no Divine and supernatural word to be believed, but only truth, the revelation and discovery of human thought and feeling from within. *Faith* is not a believing of any doctrine which is in itself true, or of any truth at all which man's own reason or religious consciousness has discovered. It is not a believing of the Newtonian law of gravitation, or of Butler's theory of conscience, however truly established as conclusions in the departments of natural and moral truth these doctrines may be. It is not a believing even of the facts and dogmas of Scripture itself, as historical events or spiritual truths, which our own minds have discovered to be true, even granting that such

a discovery were possible to them. In such a case, it would be an homage paid to our own understanding, or to the influence of truth itself,—a submission yielded to the force of our own reason in its investigations into the department of spiritual knowledge, or a conviction wrought out by the evidence belonging to the discovery made. It would be a belief of truths, the same indeed as those which God had revealed, but without any reference to God as having revealed them, and having no respect whatever to His authority, which had appointed them as necessary, or to His testimony, which made them worthy, to be believed. It would be a faith which would bring us into no conscious or immediate communion with God, as receiving truth because He commanded it, and on the ground that He had declared it, thereby rendering an homage at once to His authority and His veracity ; but rather a faith which, being founded upon our discovery of religious truth for ourselves, was in reality a tribute to our own powers in discovering it to be true, or a tribute to the force of truth itself. Such a faith would be without God rather than with Him,—a belief of man's truth rather than of His. Scriptural faith, on the contrary, is one which brings us immediately into personal contact and intercourse with a personal God, because, in the very act of believing, we recognise both His sovereign authority and His infallible testimony as the occasion and the ground of our belief,—our faith being yielded not to the influence of truth so much as the authority of God, and resting not upon the certainty of our own discovery and apprehension of it, but upon His word who hath said it. In the acceptance of the truth believed, the understanding is brought consciously to submit itself to the authority of Him who has a right to rule our opinions and belief ; while the heart, in embracing the same truth, is resting, not upon its own apprehensions of what is true, but upon the testimony and the veracity of Him who cannot lie. Scripture faith thus brings us into correspondence with a supernatural word, and with Him who has spoken it : there is a true and vital union effected, through the medium of the word, between the believing spirit and the God in whose word, and because of whose word, it believes.

But what becomes of this *faith* in the case of a revelation where there is, in the proper sense of it, no word of God or supernatural truth to be believed,—in which the doctrines and facts are divorced from their Divine source, and reduced to the level of “reason in its highest form of self-affirmation,”—and when the Bible is regarded as nothing beyond the fruit and the record of the religious consciousness in man ? A Bible constructed upon the theory and lowered to the standard of a revelation that has come from within, gives no room or opportunity for *faith* in the

true and Scripture sense of the phrase. Even if it were possible that such a revelation should embrace and declare the very same doctrines which the Scriptures contain, yet, because neither commanded by His authority nor resting upon His truth, the belief in them would not be the same act of the soul with the belief of God's revelation, nor would it imply the same feeling on the part of him who received it. The attitude and the spirit of the man who has found out truth for himself, and believes it on the strength of his own discovery, are altogether different, and, indeed, opposite to those of the man who has accepted it as a supernatural gift from God, and who believes it because God has commanded him, and because it is His truth. The latter of these is saving faith; the former is not. Even Cudworth, as quoted by one of our authors, although far enough from the evangelical school of thought, sufficiently saw that "Scripture faith is not a mere believing of historical things, and upon artificial arguments or testimonies, but a certain higher and divine power in the soul, that peculiarly correspondeth with the Deity."

We are quite aware that such considerations as these are not the sufficient or proper arguments to which to appeal on behalf of an external revelation of truth, supernaturally communicated by God. We have been led into them not for the purpose of proving the existence of such a revelation, but rather to meet the presumption, or, as some believe, the arguments, which have been set forth against the possibility of it, or its appropriateness to the nature and condition of man,—admitting, at the same time, that such considerations, while quite conclusive in setting aside the objections referred to, having somewhat of an *à priori* character, are not the proper proof of the fact in dispute. The question as to whether or not a supernatural and external revelation of truth has actually been given by God to man, is one to be decided by other evidence. It is one of historical fact, and only to be dealt with as other questions of historical fact are dealt with. We are not to be frightened from this position by any sneers or insinuations, that, in adopting it, we are identifying ourselves with the obsolete school, now in so much disrepute, of "miracle-mongers." If we inquire whether God did or did not, eighteen hundred years ago, give to certain men a supernatural communication of His mind and will, and empower them, by miraculous signs, to verify their commission in the sight and to the satisfaction of others, we inquire as to a matter of fact which, whether true or untrue, can be proved or disproved only in the way and by the methods by which other allegations of fact are disposed of. Unless we are prepared to commit ourselves to the extravagant position, that an "external revelation" is impossible, the only

competent or sufficient way to deal with the affirmation of it, is to try it by the tests that other matters of fact, alleged to be true, are tried by. Nothing else will suffice. Antecedent presumptions and *à priori* speculations are not the true and relevant evidence bearing upon the fact,—or are relevant only as secondary and subordinate presumptions in the matter. We have no intention of entering upon this wider field of argument: we are not called upon to do so, because there is not so much as the profession of an attempt in this volume to deal with it, or even to look at it. There is a vast deal of censure, perhaps not to some extent undeserved, directed against those who belonged to what is called the “evidential school” of the last century, for making Christianity itself not a thing to be believed so much as a thing to be proved. There may be a measure of justice in the accusation. But it would be an error of an opposite kind, and censurable also, if we refused to Apologetics their place and value in theology, and asserted that Christ was to be believed in, not for His works’ sake, but in spite of them.

But, passing from the topic of an “external revelation,” we must advert to another question of a preliminary and fundamental kind, raised by this volume,—that, namely, of the possibility and credibility of the supernatural.

Hitherto it has been very generally admitted that the two questions of an actual revelation from God, and of the reality of the supernatural, are intimately connected: the latter has almost uniformly been regarded as involved in the former. It is not so, however, in the theology of recent rationalism, and it is not so in the theology taught in this volume. Miracles, instead of being accounted as inseparable from a Divine revelation, because necessary and appropriate parts of its manifestation on earth, and its historical development,—are rather looked upon as excrescences on the face of it, unconnected with its true nature, and a bar to its reception. Signs and wonders, and mighty deeds, instead of illustrating a communication from God, and establishing its truth, are difficulties to be overcome in our believing it; they are no longer to be seen as a halo around the head of the Worker, shedding a glory upon his path, and telling of the place whence he came, but are features of a mythic and unhistoric era, which cast a doubt upon his character, or stamp with falsehood his pretensions. “If miracles,” says Professor Baden Powell, “were, in the estimation of a former age, the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main *difficulties* and *hindrances* to its acceptance.”

Now, it does seem even at first sight to be a strange and almost startling announcement to be told, as we are, in effect, told in this theory, that the more God should seek to make Himself

known to His creatures, by direct manifestations of His presence, the less He should succeed in doing so, and that the seen evidences of His power are an effectual bar to our believing in their existence. It is because miracles are the direct and extraordinary manifestations of God's presence and working, that they are rejected as incredible. "We neither have nor can possibly have any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*." Now, it is not a little remarkable, that the very means which God makes use of to discover Himself to His creatures, should so completely counteract the object He has in view;—that the direct revelation of His presence in the midst of us should prevent us from seeing it; and that the immediate working of His power, exhibited before our eyes, should have a mischievous tendency in the way of hindering us from believing it. It cannot but represent the Deity as in a very helpless if not hopeless position, in reference to the possibility of making known His will to men at all, that the revelation of it, which must, from the very nature of the thing, be a miracle, should be one of "the main difficulties and hindrances" to its own credibility, and should render it almost impossible for us not to reject it as untrue. Perhaps it would have been better in itself, and better for our faith in a supernatural revelation, had God refused to work miracles at all, in order that we might have had no difficulty in believing them; were it not that this would have looked something like a contradiction, or that it might have given rise to the idea, that God did not work miracles only because He could not. It is certainly a cruel dilemma in which a supernatural revelation and the author of it are placed, that it ought not to be received without miraculous attestation of its truth, and cannot be given without itself being a miracle; and yet that this is one of the greatest obstacles to its reception, and a chief presumption that it is untrue.

What is the proper place or character of miracles in connection with a revelation? Are they to be reckoned among the credentials or the credenda of Christianity,—the evidences or the objects of our faith,—helps to our belief, or difficulties that must be believed? The answer to that question is given by the modern school of theology, when they discard the supernatural as evidence, and either reject it as in itself incredible, or receive it, not on the ground of reason, but of faith, as something which, though worse than the Athanasian creed, must in one sense or other, natural or non-natural, be put up with. They reverse the import of our Lord's demand, and, instead of believing Him for His works' sake, believe the works, if at all, for His sake. But is this the proper order of things in the established connection between revelation and the miracles that accompany it, and are embodied in its record? We do not deny that miracles are, in their own

nature, and when embraced in the narratives of revelation, matters to be believed, forming part of the creed of Christianity. But we must, at the same time, strenuously maintain that they have, in addition, another character and office; and that, both from the manner in which on numerous occasions they are represented in Scripture, and from their own nature, we are warranted in regarding them as the confirmations and credentials, or, if we must use the obnoxious word, *evidences* of Christianity.

It is difficult or impossible to conceive how the doctrines and facts of a revelation could have been brought home to the beliefs of men in any other way. The contents of Scripture are not the affirmations of the self-evident reason, the innate thoughts and feelings, or the necessary results involved in the thinking and feeling of the human mind, as rationalists untruly allege. Neither can it be said that the "self-evidencing" power, which really belongs to the few essential and prominent truths of Christianity, which we call the *Gospel*, belongs to all its truths and lessons, and especially to the detailed narrative of facts found in its record, extending from Genesis to Revelation. That self-evidencing power is sufficient for the Bible as a *system* of truth, made up of the few and leading doctrines essential to the salvation of the soul; but it is not sufficient for the Bible as a *record* comprehending many books and facts, and embodying numerous and various doctrines and commands, extending over the whole field of religious duty and belief. And we know not in what manner a set of men, commissioned by God to receive His revelation, and to transfer it to such a record as we actually have in the Scripture books, could have been enabled to commend these books to the acceptance of others as Divine and inspired, without the aid of supernatural help and attestation. The nature of the fact to be proved is in accordance with such evidence, and demands it. That a prophet has been taken up into the mount, and been alone with the Almighty, in order that he might receive a communication of the Divine will, is a secret thing known only to himself and God; and when he comes forth to the world with the inspired record of it in his hand, it can be made known and received publicly only by his bringing with him some token of this supernatural intercourse to which he has been admitted. The message will not in all cases accredit the messenger, and still less authenticate the record of it as inspired; the messenger must accredit both the doctrine and the book by some sign that has in it a manifest connection with the supernatural source from which they are derived. Internal evidence, arising out of the way in which the Gospel divinely commends itself to the heart, will not cover the whole of the doctrines or many of the historical facts of Christianity; still less will it attest the canonical authority of

the books: there must be external evidence of a supernatural kind to declare their supernatural origin and inspiration.

Still we are brought back to the question of the possibility or credibility of the supernatural. It may be certain that there is no alternative between a supernatural revelation such as we account the Bible to be, and a human discovery of spiritual truth from within, wrongfully usurping the name, but truly denying the reality of a revelation. There may be no alternative between a true supernaturalism from without, and the theory of internal reason, or intuition, or consciousness, or spiritual insight, or by whatever term it loves to be called,—a theory that makes each man the inventor of his own religion, and the ruler of his own creed, varying in its form and substance from the belief of the “poor Indian,” whose only doctrine of the Absolute is the very ancient one that recognises God in stocks and stones, up to the complicated and refined subtleties of Brahmanism. But still the questions which underlie the whole controversy are these: Is the supernatural possible? and, if possible, is it proveable?

Now, notwithstanding the theory of Professor Powell, which implies the contrary, we cannot help maintaining that these two questions, although nominally and theoretically different, are practically and in reality one. Mr Powell has not committed himself to the wide and thorough-going doctrine held by others, that the supernatural is impossible, although he has asserted very strongly that it is incapable of proof, and although this assertion, and the grounds of it, would legitimately and consistently compel him to deny the possibility of it also. He admits that there is a region beyond reason in which miracles may have their habitation, and be believed in on the ground, not of reason, but of faith. But he ought to have seen that the admission of the possibility of the supernatural unavoidably carries with it the inference that it is capable of being proved. Unless there be some fatal and unaccountable necessity in the case of miracles, which does not exist in the case of other phenomena, that what is true cannot be believed to be true, supernatural facts must be open to the possibility of proof as much as others. We are not treating of those “invisible miracles” of which Butler speaks. We are dealing with the case of *visible miracles* cognisable by the senses, and open to all those methods of observation and scrutiny by which other visible phenomena are discerned and recognised. And to allege, that a miracle, if it be a possible thing, cannot be proved to be true, is very much the same as to assert that what is visible cannot be seen, and what is a fact cannot be accepted as real. From the very nature of the case, miracles, if they occur at all, must commend themselves to the eyesight of those present at the occurrence of them, and be

capable of being reported through the ordinary channel of testimony to those who are not present ; and of all the methods by which the truth of the eyesight in the one case, and the certainty of the testimony in the other, are tested and substantiated, reason is the competent and sufficient judge. The assertion, therefore, that these miracles cannot be proved to have occurred, if they have actually occurred, is nothing more nor less than an assumption that in the instance of such supernatural facts, and in that alone, our reason underlies a strange necessity of error, which would be as supernatural as the miracles themselves.

Nor does the reference which we are compelled to make of the miraculous fact to a supernatural and not to a natural and ordinary source, in reality make any difference in the case. If it is granted that there is a God, and that reason is competent to recognise his existence,—if His presence and power are facts not lying beyond the region of reason, and not to be accepted only on faith,—we have a sufficient cause to which the visible miracles resting on the witness of eyesight or of testimony may be referred. And, unless we are competent and able, by means of the ordinary exercise of our rational powers, and by the methods applicable to other facts, to recognise the existence and certainty of those which we call miraculous because due to a superhuman cause, it can only be because by some singular or rather supernatural derangement in our mental constitution, never witnessed in any other circumstances or at any other time, we have been made specially incapable of recognising as true what in reality is true. Were an actual miracle to become to us in any case incapable of proof, this itself would furnish us with proof of a miracle.

We confess that we look with suspicion and distaste on those theories of religious belief which hand over Divine truth, in order that it may be believed, to some separate and special organ or faculty of the mind, distinct and apart from every other, called *faith*, or *spiritual intuition* ; and deny to our rational and intellectual powers any share at all in the apprehension of it, such as they undoubtedly have in the case of all other truths. We have no space for entering upon the discussion of such a subject, although we cannot pass it by without a protest. *In the first place*, we believe that there is nothing in the observed phenomena of our nature giving warrant to assert the existence of such a spiritual organ, standing alone and acting apart from every other, and having nothing to do, in its relations to religious truth, with the logical faculty. And, *in the second place*, the very nature of religious truth, combining in itself and holding in vital connection logical as well as spiritual elements, and given us to be known as well as to be believed, renders it utterly impossible that the

apprehension of it can be referred to the spiritual faculty alone, apart from the understanding. We hold very cheap, therefore, the concession that Professor Powell makes, when he admits that miracles, disowned and repudiated by reason, may yet be accepted on a principle of *faith*. It is more especially in the case of miracles, which, if possible and actual at all, must be embodied in outward and visible facts cognizable by the senses, and subject to all those tests of observation and experiment by which similar facts can be tried, that we are warranted in asserting that they must be apprehended, not by faith apart from every other faculty of the mind, but through those powers of knowing and seeing through which other phenomena of a sensible kind are apprehended. A miracle is, properly speaking, a supernatural power embodied in a visible fact; and it certainly, to our apprehension, would look very like a miracle, if it were true that a visible fact cannot be known or seen to be a real one.

But what are the grounds alleged by Mr Powell for holding the proof of miracles to be impossible? It is mainly, or entirely, because he considers that they are inconsistent with a certain theory, which he believes to be strongly established by modern discovery, as to the inviolable order and universal uniformity of physical nature. He tells us that there is no truth more firmly demonstrated on the basis of modern science, and that is receiving every day more pointed confirmation from its progress, than the truth of the prevalence, everywhere and without exception, of law and order in the material world. The uniformity of the connection of causes and effects in nature rests upon an induction as wide and complete as it is possible to conceive, and admits of no interruption; the apparent deviations from that uniformity, the greatest and most marked, have, by the progress of scientific investigation, been proved to be no more than apparent; the prodigies and marvels of one age have, through means of the advancement of discovery, been reduced to the level of natural and ordinary events in another, and are regarded as prodigies no more; anomalous cases, at first sight inconformable to the course of law, have come at last to be explained and recognised as in strict accordance with it; and, judging from the past and its analogies, we are forced to accept of those wider and more comprehensive views of the material world which acknowledge unity and order throughout it all, and, whatever seeming exceptions may exist for a time, compel us to believe that they are exceptions only relatively to our present imperfect knowledge, and that no event can possibly occur truly in violation of the regularity and unchangeableness of physical causation. Instructed and emboldened by the lessons of the inductive philosophy, and the success of past investigation, Mr Powell can look forward to the

time as not a distant one, when all seeming irregularity shall disappear from the sensible creation, and the fair image of unity and order shall be impressed upon it all; when anomalies, in the course of nature, shall be reconciled, and the disorders of chaos and ancient night shall be brought under the power and uniformity of physical causes; and when, even throughout the remotest limits of the universe, the "Anarch Old" shall be compelled to give up his kingdom, to be replaced by that of law and light.

The vision is a fair one; and we do not say that it is no more than a vision. The most advanced and cultivated intellects, and those best taught in the school of modern science, can most readily understand the force of those analogies that lead us to believe that law and order are universal, and that *within the limits of physical causation* there may be apparent, but can be no real exception to the uniformity of its operation. And were there nothing real or operative beyond the limits of physical causation, the argument of Mr Powell would be irresistible: the anomalies of the supernatural could have no place within the order and uniformity of material laws; and we should be forced not only to admit with him that it is impossible to prove the existence of a miracle, but to carry out consistently the principle to a length which he inconsistently has not reached, and to add, that the occurrence of a miracle is impossible. But there are other causes in existence than physical causes, and more in nature than is dreamt of in this materialistic philosophy. Beyond and above the world of matter, although acting upon it, and capable of controlling it, there are supernatural causes, and especially the First Cause of all; and in the existence of these, and of their power to operate within the region of sensible things, we recognise the source and possibility of the miracle. We have no interest to question the argument of Mr Powell as to the uniformity and regularity of material law. It is not necessary to discredit the inference he draws in favour of "the universal order and indissoluble unity of physical causes." It is not in violation of that law, but in obedience to it, that the introduction of a new cause within the region of sensible things should be followed by a new effect; and it is no breach of the order of physical causation, but in harmony with it, when the operation of a supernatural cause within the world of matter should be seen and recognised, not in a natural, but a supernatural result.

Even among the most familiar phenomena of daily life, we acknowledge the presence and power of the unseen acting upon the seen, and of spiritual forces abutting upon and controlling the events of the material world. The presence with, and action upon matter of the human will, afford an example. It is an unseen

element operating upon sensible things, although not belonging to them—influencing and controlling physical phenomena without deranging or interfering with the uniformity of physical causation,—an active force within the world of matter, and working without derangement of the laws of matter, and yet itself belonging to the number of spiritual causes. It is not in violation of the order and regularity of physical law, but strictly in analogy with it, that we recognise in the *will* one cause of motion in the material world. And it is a strange argument that would assert that the Divine will may not hold a similar place in the universe which has been created by it; and that would forbid us to acknowledge in it a cause in nature, though itself supernatural, that can act, within the region of sensible things, in the way of visible effects, and which, just because it is supernatural, must, in conformity with the order and uniformity in the succession of cause and effect, issue in a supernatural result. We accept the grand doctrine of order and law which the discoveries of modern science have taught. We are willing, nay glad, to recognise the prevalence of undeviating uniformity in all the successions of material nature. We acknowledge the unity of creation, presided over and ruled by the one unvarying principle of cause and effect. But we accept the doctrine in a higher and more comprehensive sense than any that Mr Powell has recognised. We believe that the unity of law and order embraces not only the material world, with its series of material phenomena, but also the spiritual world, and the relations between the two, including the action and reaction of the one upon the other. We believe that not only the natural world, but the supernatural likewise, is pervaded throughout by a law of order as perfect as any witnessed in the material creation; and that when the natural meets with the supernatural, and yields up to its interference and control the course of its visible phenomena, it is not in contradiction to that law, but in consequence of it, that the supernatural power is followed by a miraculous effect. Beyond the region of sense and the domain of physical causation, if there be a God, there is a *cause* sufficient to work that work which we call a miracle. No perfect theory of the Absolute taken from modern schools of speculation,—no borrowed light from Scripture as to the *infinity* of the Divine perfections, is necessary to supplement the teachings of natural theology, which tell that if there is a Being who has made the world, He must have power sufficient for such intervention in it. The exercise of His power, when it is put forth, must be in accordance with the order both of the seen and unseen, the material and the spiritual world: side by side with the succession of natural phenomena,—apart and different from it, but not in contradiction to it,—the introduction of that power,

because supernatural, will be embodied in a visible but supernatural result; and the miracle, so far from marring the unity or being incompatible with the order of the physical world, will only be part of a higher and wider system of law, which combines the physical and the spiritual world in one harmony.

There is one other question, of a general and preliminary kind, raised by the volume before us, to which we wish briefly to advert before we close. We refer to the question of inspiration, more or less spoken of by Mr Jowett in his elaborate essay on the Interpretation of Scripture, but not formally stated or deliberately discussed. As we have already hinted, his position in regard to it is negative rather than positive, being dogmatical and elaborate in telling what it is not, rather than what it is. He informs us, indeed, that the word is "incapable of being defined in an exact manner,"—the only thing about it of which he is *exactly* certain being, that "for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration there is not any foundation in the Gospels or Epistles." Now, it is not our intention to enter upon an exhibition of the grounds of evidence and argument upon which the inspiration of Scripture, in the sense of its being a book infallibly true in all its parts, and divinely authoritative in all its announcements, has been maintained. We would have felt ourselves exempted from the call to such a task by the manner in which Mr Jowett has evaded it, putting a simple assertion in the place of a serious discussion, even had our limits not forbidden the attempt. But we wish, in closing, to refer to the bearing of the question of the inspiration upon the interpretation of Scripture, more especially in connection with Mr Jowett's views on the latter subject.

There can be no right or scriptural view of inspiration which does not afford room in it for the twofold element of the Divine power and the human, and each in its own integrity and freedom. The denial of the one or of the other of these, would equally contradict the statements of Scripture in regard to its own character and place, as a book distinguished from all others by the combination in it of the features of infallible truth, and yet of human authorship. If the Divine element in Scripture inspiration were denied,—if there was the presence in the Bible of no supernatural power, guarding its authors from error, and guiding them in what they wrote into Divine wisdom,—we could have *no security* for our faith, such as the veracity of God speaking to us in His Word furnishes, or beyond what spiritual truth, discovered and apprehended by ourselves or others, might supply; and there would be *no obligation* upon the conscience to believe it, such as the authority of God, when addressing us, imposes, or other than natural and not revealed truth may in any circumstances lay

upon us. The refusal to acknowledge the supernatural element in inspired Scripture must indeed reduce very much of its teachings far below the level of natural truth, and deprive them of their claim to be regarded as authentic and credible in the sense in which even a human composition may be authentic and credible. There is a large portion both of the histories and of the doctrines of the sacred volume which no human powers could apprehend or authenticate as really human discoveries of truth, and which nothing but a supernatural communication from God could impart or make credible to the prophet who received it, or to us for whom he has recorded it. The narrative of creation and the fall can be nothing more than a fiction, written with all the pretensions of truth, if Moses did not divinely receive it, and was not supernaturally qualified to record it: there is no possibility of its being authentic and credible even as a piece of human history. The doctrines of the miraculous conception, of the incarnation, of the resurrection,—the whole announcements of prophecy,—cannot by possibility be human discoveries of truth, and can be nothing better than dreams and undevout fables simulating the authority and aspect of Divine truths, if they are not authenticated by supernatural revelation, and are not the utterance of that voice which spake to apostles and evangelists out of heaven. But, on the other hand, the denial of the human element as present in all its integrity and freedom, equally with the Divine, in Scripture, would be to contradict its own both express and implied declarations, and to make it a book severed by the peculiarity of its character from human sympathies, and incapable of appealing to man's understanding and heart.

But how does this doctrine of the double element of the Divine and human, the supernatural and natural in Scripture, bear upon the question of the interpretation of it? There is plainly demanded for it a method of treatment suited to the twofold character which it bears: it must be interpreted as a book no less Divine than human, and at the same time no less human than Divine; acknowledging with equal frankness and fulness the features of infallible truth and supreme authority necessarily belonging to it in the one respect, and those of human personality appropriate to it in the other. The canons of interpretation advocated by Mr Jowett are compressed, as he tells us, in a few precepts, or rather in the expansion of a single one, which is to the effect, "*Interpret the Scripture like any other book.*" Now there is, no doubt, valuable and important truth in the canon, that we ought to enter upon the interpretation of Scripture in a way similar to that in which we would seek to ascertain the meaning of any other composition,—applying to the language of the sacred writers, because it is human language expressive of

human thought, like grammatical principles and like methods of criticism to those appropriate to any other book. But although this canon be true and important, and no right understanding of the Bible can be reached without a due application of it to Scripture exegesis, yet it is no more than half the truth, and unless properly limited and supplemented, may lead to serious error. It may be understood and applied in a sense unfriendly to the truth and authority of Scripture as the one book which is supernaturally inspired, and therefore infallible, and as if its statements were to be received and interpreted on the principle that they are no more exempted from human error, or raised above the defects of human ignorance, than those of any other composition. If this maxim is to be received without explanation or limitation, it must originate and sanction a method of interpretation inconsistent with the idea that there is present in the Bible a supernatural element, imparting to it the characters of unerring truth and Divine authority; and that, consequently, it is free from the unavoidable results of imperfect knowledge or deficient veracity witnessed in the writings of other authors. A due consideration given to the supernatural element, no less than to the natural, in inspired Scripture, necessitates and authorizes us to modify the above-mentioned canon, to the effect of excluding all those methods of interpretation which, however suitable to merely human composition, or even demanded by the acknowledged imperfections of their authors, are yet irreconcilable with the idea of a human composition in alliance with a Divine inspiration.

The sense in which Mr Jowett understands and applies his own canon to Scripture is apparent from the conclusions to which it conducts him, and to which we have already referred; and which are plainly hostile to its record, equally of doctrine, of miracle, and of ordinary events, and fatal at once to its supernatural truth and its historical authenticity. But the extent to which the denial of a supernatural element in inspired Scripture may conduct, in the direction of explaining away both its Divine truths and historical facts, may, perhaps, be best illustrated by a quotation from one of his coadjutors in this volume, in which he explains the application of the principle of what he calls *ideology* to the sacred text.

"The application of ideology to the interpretation of Scripture, to the doctrines of Christianity, to the formularies of the Church, may undoubtedly be carried to an excess,—may be pushed so far as to leave in the sacred records no historical residue whatever. On the other side, there is the excess of a dull and unpainstaking acquiescence, satisfied with accepting in an unquestioning spirit, and as if they were literally facts, all particulars of a wonderful history, because it is in

some sense from God. Between these extremes lie infinite degrees of rational and irrational interpretation.

"It will be observed that the ideal method is applicable in two ways, both to giving account of the origin of parts of Scripture, and also in explanation of Scripture. It is then either critical or exegetical. An example of the critical ideology carried to excess is that of Strauss, which resolves into an ideal the whole of the historical and doctrinal person of Jesus; so, again, much of the allegorizing of Philo and Origen is an exegetical ideology exaggerated and wild. But it by no means follows, because Strauss has substituted a mere shadow for the Jesus of the Evangelists, and has frequently descended into a minute captiousness in details, that there are not traits in the scriptural person of Jesus which are better explained by referring them to an ideal than an historical origin; and without getting into fanciful exegetics, there are parts of Scripture more usefully interpreted ideologically than in any other manner,—as, for instance, the temptation of Jesus by Satan, and accounts of demoniacal possessions. And liberty must be left to all as to the extent to which they apply the principle; for there is no authority through the expressed determination of the Church, nor of any other kind, which can define the limits within which it may be reasonably exercised.

"Thus some may consider the descent of all mankind from Adam and Eve as an undoubted historical fact; others may perceive in that relation a form of narrative into which in early ages tradition would throw itself spontaneously. Each race naturally—necessarily, when races are isolated—supposes itself to be sprung from a single pair, and to be the first or the only one of races. Among a particular people this historical representation became the concrete expression of a great moral truth,—of the brotherhood of all human beings, of their community, as in other things, so also in suffering and in frailty, in physical pain and in moral corruption. And the force, grandeur, and reality of these ideas are not a whit impaired in the abstract, nor indeed the truth of the concrete history as their representation, even though mankind should have been placed upon the earth in many pairs at once, or in distinct centres of creation. For the brotherhood of race really depends not upon the material fact of their fleshly descent from a single stock, but upon their constitution, as possessed in common of the same faculties and affections, fitting them for a mutual relation and association; so that the value of the history, if it were a history strictly so called, would lie in its emblematic force and application. And many narratives of marvels and catastrophes in the Old Testament are referred to in the New as emblems, without either denying or asserting their literal truth,—such as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire from heaven, and the Noachian deluge. And especially if we bear in mind the existence of such a school as that of Philo, or even the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we must think that it would be wrong to lay down that whenever the New Testament writers refer to the Old Testament histories, they imply of necessity that their historic truth was the first to them. For their

purposes, it was often wholly in the background, and the history valuable only in its spiritual application. The same may take place with ourselves, and history and tradition be employed emblematically without on that account being regarded as untrue. We do not apply the term 'untrue' to parable, or fable, or proverb, although these words correspond with ideas without material facts; as little should we do so when narratives have been the spontaneous product of true ideas, and are capable of reproducing them.

"The ideologian is evidently in possession of a principle which will make him to stand in charitable relation to persons of very different opinions from his own, and of very different opinions mutually. And if he has perceived to how great extent the history of the original itself of Christianity rests ultimately on *probable* evidence, his principle will relieve him from many difficulties which might otherwise be very disturbing. For relations which may repose on doubtful grounds as matters of history, and as history is incapable of being ascertained or verified, may yet be equally suggestive of true ideas with facts absolutely certain. The spiritual significance is the same, of the transfiguration, of opening blind eyes, of causing the tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly, of feeding multitudes with bread in the wilderness, of cleansing leprosy,—whatever links may be deficient in the traditional record of particular events. Or, let us suppose one to be uncertain whether our Lord were born of the house and lineage of David, or of the tribe of Levi, and even be driven to conclude that the genealogies of Him have little historic value; nevertheless, in idea, Jesus is both Son of David and Son of Aaron, both Prince of Peace and High Priest of our profession; and He is, under another idea, though not literally, without father and without mother. And He is none the less Son of David, Priest Aaronical, or Royal Priest Melchizedecan, in idea and spiritually, even if it be unproved whether he was any of them in historic fact. In like manner, it need not trouble us, if, consistently, we should have to suppose both an ideal origin and to apply an ideal meaning to the birth in the city of David, and to other circumstances of the infancy. So, again, the incarnation of the Divine Immanuel remains, although the angelic appearances which heralded it in the narratives of the Evangelists may be of ideal origin, according to the conception of former days. The ideologian may sometimes be thought sceptical, and be sceptical or doubtful as to the historical value of related facts; but the historical value is not to him the most important; frequently it is quite secondary. And, consequently, discrepancies in narratives, scientific difficulties, defects in evidence, do not disturb him as they do the literalist.

"Jesus Christ has not revealed His religion as a theology of the intellect, nor as an historical faith; and it is a stifling of the true Christian life, both in the individual and in the Church, to require of many men an unanimity in speculative doctrine which is unattainable, and a uniformity of historical belief which can never exist."¹

With one sentence in this extract, explanatory of the applica-

¹ Pp. 200-5.

tions of *ideology* to Scripture, we entirely concur, when the author assures us that, in the case of those holding this theory of interpretation, "liberty must be left to all as to the extent in which they apply the principle, for there is no authority through the expressed determinations of the Church, nor of any other kind, which *can define the limits within which it may be reasonably exercised.*" It is quite plain that, with such a principle in his hands, ready to apply to any doctrine or fact of Scripture, it will depend mainly upon the length or shortness of his creed, or upon the particular school of rationalism to which he belongs, whether an interpreter of the Bible shall find in its teachings much or little of Divine truth and historical reality, or none at all. Carried out to its legitimate issues, and applied with fearless consistency to the sacred text, it would be quite sufficient to evacuate it of everything like dogmatic statement of doctrine or even exact narrative of authentic fact, leaving it with but the shadow and not the substance of positive truth. It can excite no surprise, that, repudiating a supernatural inspiration, and sympathizing with such views of the interpretation of Scripture, we should find Mr Jowett stating, apparently with approbation of it, that "a theory has lately been put forward, apparently as a defence of the Christian faith, which denies the objective character of any" of the doctrines of Scripture at all.¹ The question of the inspiration of the Word must bear with immediate and decisive effect upon our method of interpreting it and our understanding of its teaching; and nothing but the cordial and unreserved recognition of the supernatural element, no less than the human, in Scripture, can lead to a sound exegesis, or furnish a secure foundation for a saving faith in its truths, bringing the soul into vital union with God through the medium of His own Word.

¹ P. 421.

- ART. X.—1. *Periodicité des Grands Hivers.* Par M. E. RENOU. Comptes Rendus, etc., Jan. 9, 1860, Tom. L., p. 97.
 2. *Sur les Rapports entre les Phenomenes Meteorologiques et la Rotation Solaire.* Par M. BUYS-BALLOT. Comptes Rendus, Tom. XLVI., p. 1238, June 21, 1858; and *Id. Id.*, Tom. XLIX., p. 812, Nov. 21, 1859.

IN a previous article on "The Weather and its Prognostics,"¹ we endeavoured to give our readers a popular account of what has been done, and of what was then doing, on the subject of Meteorology. Our object in the present article is to notice briefly some of those speculations, or theories, if they merit the name, connected with meteorology which have lately attracted public attention, but especially the *Periodicity of Severe Winters*, which, on account of the peculiar severity of the one which is past, has excited much interest both in this country and elsewhere.

As the Sun is the centre and source of all those influences by which climates are formed and seasons diversified, philosophers have begun to observe with care the spots and other phenomena on his surface, and to study their relation to the temperature and magnetism of the Earth. By the help of his powerful telescope, Sir William Herschel discovered a great variety of phenomena on the surface of the Sun which had never been previously seen, and he endeavoured to deduce from them "the causes or symptoms of its variable emission of light and heat." In order to ascertain whether there was any considerable difference in the quantity of light and heat emitted by the Sun, he recorded a series of observations, made between 1795 and 1800, in which there was a deficiency of what he calls the luminous or empyreal clouds, and no ridges, nodules, corrugations, or openings. In another period, beginning with 1800, he observed phenomena of a contrary nature, and he was led to believe that the character of the seasons may be greatly dependent on these phenomena. By appealing to La Lande's *Astronomy* for the solar phenomena, and to Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* for the prices of wheat during the same periods, he found that the prices were low, and consequently the crops abundant, and the seasons warm, when the spots of the Sun were most numerous, as if the great central fire was stirred up for the benefit of man.

These views, interesting though they be, did not excite the notice of astronomers, and no attempts were made either to con-

¹ *North British Review*, vol. xxv. p. 173.

firm or refute them. Professor Henry, indeed, found that less heat was emitted from the spots than from the luminous disc of the Sun ; but it was not till M. Hofrath Schwabe of Dessau had completed a series of continuous observations on the solar spots, that the views of Sir William were proved to be groundless. These observations are contained in the following table :¹—

Year	Groups.	Days free from Spots.	Days of observation.
1826	118	22	277
1827	161	2	273
1828	225	0	282
1829	199	0	244
1830	190	1	217.
1831	149	3	239
1832	84	49	270
1833	33	139	267
1834	51	120	273
1835	173	18	244
1836	272	0	200
1837	333	0	168
1838	282	0	202
1839	162	0	205
1840	152	3	263
1841	102	15	283
1842	68	64	307
1843	34	149	312
1844	52	111	321
1845	114	29	332
1846	157	1	314
1847	257	0	276
1848	330	0	278
1849	238	0	285
1850	186	2	308

From this table it appears that the solar spots have a period of ten years,—the maximum number of groups occurring in 1828, 1837, and 1848, and the minimum number in 1833 and 1843. M. Schwabe does not believe that the spots of the Sun have any influence on the temperature of the year. Although he observed the barometer and thermometer three times a day, yet he “could trace no sensible connection between climatic conditions and the number of spots.” If any minute influence is really exerted by the spots on our atmosphere, M. Schwabe states that his table would rather seem to indicate that the years when the spots were most numerous had fewer clear days than those in which spots were less frequent,—a result not in harmony with the views of Sir William Herschel.

The existence of a *decennial* period in the occurrence of the solar spots is a remarkable cosmical fact, indicating a periodical change in the causes which produce the light and heat of the

¹ In almost every year, except those of the *minima*, M. Schwabe observed spots visible to the naked eye, their diameter being about 50 seconds. The largest appeared in the years 1828, 1829, 1831, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1847, 1848.

Sun; but it derives a new and peculiar interest from the remarkable discovery made by General Sabine, that there is a *decennial* period exactly corresponding with it, in the greater frequency, duration, and occasional magnitude of the magnetic disturbances, when the Sun's disc is most obscured by dark spots, and in the less frequency of these disturbances when the Sun is less obscured by spots. This decennial period is shown separately in each of the three magnetic elements, namely, the declination and inclination or dip of the needle, and the intensity of the magnetic force. The connection of all these disturbances with the Sun is also proved by another discovery of General Sabine's, that their *mean effects* in every part of the world, and in each of the three elements, are invariably governed by periodical laws, whose period is a *mean solar day*.

The connection of the Solar Spots with Terrestrial Magnetism has been studied also by M. Rod. Wolf, Director of the Observatory of Berne.¹ By comparing the observations of Schwabe with the annual means which our countryman, M. Lamont of Munich, has obtained for the variations of the needle in declination, he has found "that the numbers of spots, and the mean variations in declination, are not only regulated by the same period of $10\frac{1}{2}$ years (assumed by Lamont), but that these periods correspond, even in the minutest details, with the manner in which the number of spots reach their maximum at the same epoch with the variations."

In continuing the study of these phenomena,² M. Wolf has collected, from nearly 400 volumes, all the observations on solar spots from the time of Fabricius, Galileo, Scheiner, to Schwabe; and he has found, by means of the sixteen different epochs established by the minimum and maximum of the solar spots, that the mean duration of these spots is—

$$11.111 \pm 0.038 \text{ years;}$$

so that nine periods are exactly equivalent to a century. M. Wolf has also found, that in each century the years—

0.00, 11.11, 22.22, 33.33, 44.44, 55.56, 66, 67, 77.78, 88.89,

correspond to the minimum of Sun spots.

Not content with confirming and correcting his former law, M. Wolf has studied *the connection between the weather and the spots on the Sun*; and has devoted the last chapter of his Memoir to "a comparison between the solar period and the meteorological indications contained in a Zurich Register for the years 1000–1800." "The result," he adds, "is in accordance with the opinion of Sir William Herschel, that the years in which the

¹ *Comptes Rendus*, etc., 1851, tom. xxxv., p. 364; Lett. of M. Arago, 2 Avril 1851.

² *Id.*, id., p. 704, Nov. 1852.

spots are more numerous, are also drier and more fertile than others ; the latter, or those with few spots, being more moist and stormy." M. Wolf has added another most interesting fact, *that the aurora borealis and earthquakes predominate strikingly in the years when the solar spots are numerous!* If this law shall be established by more extensive observation, the character of the seasons may be predicted with at least some degree of certainty.

Interesting as these speculations are, and useful as they may be, the theories of Mr Waterston and Professor William Thomson are of a bolder and more speculative character. Every theory of the constitution and life of the Sun, says Professor Thomson, "that has hitherto been proposed, as well as every conceivable theory, must be one or other or a combination of the following three:—

- "1. That the Sun is a heated body losing heat.
- "2. That the heat emitted from the Sun is due to chemical action among materials originally belonging to his mass, —or that the Sun is a central fire.
- "3. That meteors falling into the Sun give rise to the heat which he emits."

The first of these theories Professor Thomson regards as demonstrably untenable. The second, which is the one generally adopted, he has also proved to be indefensible; and the third he regards as therefore necessarily true.

The meteoric theory of solar heat was first proposed by Mr Waterston to the meeting of the British Association at Hull. In that communication, which is neither published nor noticed in the report of the year, Mr Waterston suggested that solar heat may be produced by the impact of meteors falling from extra-planetary space, and striking his surface with velocities which they have acquired by his attraction. Professor Thomson calls this the gravitation theory of solar heat, and considers it as included in the general meteoric theory which he maintains. The following is the general view given of the theory by Professor Thomson:—

"The source of energy from which solar heat is derived is undoubtedly meteoric. It is not any intrinsic energy in the meteors themselves, either potential, as of material gravitation or chemical affinities among their elements; or actual, as of relative motions among them. It is altogether dependent on mutual relations between those bodies and the Sun. A portion of it, although very probably not an appreciable portion, is that of motions relative to the Sun, and of independent origin. The principal source, perhaps the sole appreciably efficient source, is in bodies circulating round the Sun at present inside the Earth's orbit, and probably seen in the sunlight by us, and called

the *zodiacal light*. The store of energy for future sunlight is at present partly dynamical, that of the motion of those bodies round the Sun; and partly potential, that of their gravitation towards the Sun. This latter is gradually being spent, half against the resisting medium, and half in causing a continuous increase of the former. Each meteor thus goes on moving faster and faster, and getting nearer and nearer the centre, until sometime, very suddenly, it gets so much entangled in the solar atmosphere as to begin to lose velocity. In a few seconds more it is at rest on the Sun's surface, and the energy given up is vibrated in a minute or two across the district where it was gathered during so many ages, ultimately to penetrate as light the remotest regions of space."

Professor Thomson has made it very probable that the deductions of physical astronomy are opposed to the extra-planetary meteoric theory, which ascribes the heat of the Sun to solid meteors striking him, or darting through his atmosphere; that the heat is produced by friction on an atmosphere of evaporated meteors drawn in and condensed by gravitation, while brought to rest by the resistance of the Sun's surface; and that the meteors thus supplying the Sun with heat have been for thousands of years far within the Earth's orbit. Considering the Sun's rotation in 25 days $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours as produced by the incorporation of meteors, he computes that $\frac{1}{510}$ th of the Sun's mass would have to fall in to produce his present rotation; that 32,000 years would be the time in which this would take place; and that "it is improbable that the Earth has been efficiently illuminated by the Sun alone for not many times more or less than 32,000 years."

The last speculation of an astronomical, and probably of a meteorological character, which is exciting an interest in the scientific world, is the doctrine of a repulsive force emanating from the Sun, which is maintained by M. Faye, a distinguished member of the French Academy of Sciences.¹ There are two grand astronomical facts which are not explicable by the theory of gravitation,—namely, the form of the tails of comets, and the acceleration of the motion of comets. The form of the tails of comets, and their direction opposite to the Sun, have been ascribed to an impulse from the solar rays, which is equivalent to a repulsive force; and the acceleration of the motion of comets has been explained by the retardation which they experience in moving through a resisting medium; but these explanations are not admitted by philosophers, and hence M. Faye has been led to call in the aid of a repulsive force exercised by the Sun as an in-

¹ *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 1240, *Comptes Rendus*, etc. *Motions*. 9 Avril 1860. Tom. 4, p. 703.

candescent body. The only conditions upon which any new force can be introduced into the system of the world are, that it will not sensibly disturb the general harmony, and that it must be susceptible of an experimental verification.

That the *first* of these conditions is satisfied by a repulsive force emanating from the Sun, is shown by M. Faye. Such a force will not affect the planes of the orbit of the planets, nor the direction of their axes, nor their eccentricities. It may affect, he admits, in a slight degree, the revolution of the planets nearest the Sun, and it is possible that so small a force may disturb the delicate numerical relation which La Place has proved to exist between the mean motions of the three first satellites of Jupiter. That this is not the case he has satisfactorily proved, and it remains to be seen whether or not he can satisfy the second condition, by proving that a repulsive force really emanates from incandescent surfaces.

For this purpose M. Faye proposed to observe the effect of an incandescent surface upon highly rarified matter in the receiver of an air-pump, and to make this matter visible by the spark from Rhumkorff's induction coil. A thin slice of platinum, about an inch in diameter, was placed in vacuo, and brought to a red heat by a double current of gas and air. Phenomena indicating a repulsive force were seen in the action of the platinum upon the stratified light produced by the electricity of the coil, but M. Faye does not regard this experiment as a decisive one.¹ The repulsive force of the Sun's incandescence cannot be verified, as our author remarks, by direct experiments, as it is exhausted on the upper strata of our atmosphere, where it produces effects still unknown. A repulsive force arising from the magnetic action of the Sun, has been employed by Bessel, Herschel, Pape, and Professor Pierce, to account for the phenomena exhibited by the tails of comets.

Various attempts have been made to deduce meteorological laws from the influences of the Sun and Moon. As these bodies exercise so powerful an influence over the waters of our seas, it was a natural inference that they would produce analogous changes in our atmosphere. By comparing the results recorded in meteorological registers, M. Toaldo, an Italian observer, was led to believe that changes of weather took place more frequently two or three days after new and full moon than at any other time, and to a less degree when the Moon was in quadrature. The more accurate observations, however, of modern times have placed it beyond a doubt, that the Sun and Moon exert no influence over the Earth's atmosphere, in virtue of the force of attraction by which they produce the tides. Other meteoro-

¹ *Astronomische Nachrichten*, Tom. iv., p. 894.

logists have studied the phenomena of the weather in connection with the solar and lunar period of eighteen years, when those luminaries return nearly to the same relative position; and Mr Luke Howard, an able and industrious observer, believed that he had established "A Cycle of Eighteen Years in the Seasons of Britain."¹ If the most careful and long-continued observations with the barometer do not indicate any lunar influence, we can hardly suppose that such an influence would show itself periodically. There may, however, be forces emanating from the Sun and Moon of whose existence we are entirely ignorant, and which may yet show themselves when our registers of the weather are more correct and numerous. It is only, indeed, by comparing the most ancient observations on the state of the weather, as accidentally recorded in history, and contained in meteorological registers, that there is any chance of discovering those periodical changes which may take place in our atmosphere.

An interesting attempt of this kind has been recently made by M. Buys-Ballot, in the memoir "On the Connection between Meteorological Phenomena and the Solar Rotation," which we have placed in our list of books at the head of this article. In a previously published work,² which we have not seen, M. Buys-Ballot makes the following observations:—"The ring which may have produced the phenomena observed in the eclipse of the Sun, which M. Babinet regards as a planet in the act of formation, to which he has given the name of *Vulcan*, can be of no use to us (in explaining the connection between temperature and solar rotation), for its revolution would be too short for our purpose. We must, therefore, admit other rings,—one for a period of 27·68 days, for which I have already admitted this hypothesis, and one, as I suppose, for a period of 27·56 days. These two rings will have for their great semicircle 16 and 19 diameters of the Sun; and in the same manner as the ring of Saturn is composed of several sections which revolve independently of one another, we may consider the two rings which I assume as originally only one, but which have subsequently separated. If such a ring is elliptical, it ought to emit more heat when we are near the part most distant from the Sun; but this would only produce an annual variation of temperature. We must, therefore, seek in the ring itself the cause of the variation of temperature. If we refuse to regard the ring as a heated mass, we may consider it as absorbing heat—that is, as retaining the heat of the Sun, which traverses it."

From a comparison of meteorological observations made in the Netherlands, from 1729 to 1846, M. Buys-Ballot had found

¹ This is the title of a work which he published in 1842.

² *Changemens de Temperature dependants du Soleil et de la Lune*. Utrecht, 1847.

that there is a period of maximum and minimum heat emitted by the Sun, and that this period is $27.682 + 0.004$ days. This period was confirmed by observations made at Dantzic, Munich, and other places, but particularly by those made at Breslau from 1791 to 1855. This period is obviously too long to be explained by the solar spots, which make the time of the Sun's rotation from 25.25 to 25.4 days. M. Buys-Ballot's period supposes a rotation of 25.75, which appertains to a ring, the diameter of whose medium is about 36 diameters of the Sun.

The period being $27.682 + 0.004$ days, we have 65 of them in about 5 years and a day, and the epoch of maximum heat is the 6th–9th January 1850. In order to confirm this result, M. Buys-Ballot calculated anew from the series of observations made at Breslau between 1791 and 1855, by Dr Galle. He divided them into groups of *five* years, and distributed them into 28 columns, so that in the same column were conjoined the observations of *Feb. 7*, 1791, the day of the maximum, and those of *Feb. 8*, 1796; *Feb. 9*, 1801; *Feb. 18*, 1841; and *Feb. 20*, 1846, as well as all those made after an exactly whole number of periods. The result of this was, that *fourteen* numbers, representing the sums (after an unequal diminution of all of them) of the temperature taken on all the days distant, by a number *n* of periods, of the day of maximum, of the *six* days which succeed, and of the *seven* days which follow this day of maximum, are all greater, without exception, than the other *fourteen* sums of the temperatures observed on the days when (according to the hypothesis) the other side of the sun is turned towards the earth.

By uniting the partial results into four groups every fifteen years, as follows

In column A, the sums from	1791 to 1806
" B	1806 " 1820
" C	1820 " 1835
" D	1835 " 1854

it appeared that the final result above mentioned was shown in the individual groups as well as in the whole table.

Hence M. Buys-Ballot concludes, "that the observations at Breslau from 1791–1855, distributed according to the period of $27.682 + 0.004$ days give absolutely the same result, as much with respect to the epoch of the maximum at the 6th–9th Jan. 1859—the duration of the period—and even the magnitude of the periodical quantity, as those which he had deduced—

1. From the Netherland observations of 1729–1844.
2. From the observations made at Dantzic.¹
3. From the observations at Munich.²

¹ Poggendorff *Annalen*, lxxxiv. 521, 1851.

² Id. Id. lxxxvii. 541, 1852.

4. From the observations of magnetic declination at Greenwich and at Utrecht, which augment and diminish with the same period. And,
5. From the observations at Iceland and Labrador.

A more recent and important attempt to establish a meteorological law on the authority of historical facts and direct observations, has been made by M. Renou, in the Memoir "On the Periodicity of Severe Winters," which we have placed at the head of our list of works as the principal subject of this article. M. Renou is Secretary to the Meteorological Society of France, and the author of some important memoirs, which have been published by the Academy of Sciences; and he has certainly rendered it very probable that rigorous winters occur in groups at a certain distance from each other. The difficulty of discovering long meteorological periods arises, as he observes, from thermometrical registers having been only recently established, and from historical facts being vague and incomplete, when we recur to times long past. Some phenomena, however, and among these, rigorous winters, make such an impression upon us, and have had otherwise such effects, that they are not only well characterized, but carefully recorded.

In proceeding to treat of this class of meteorological facts, M. Renou is of opinion that the difficulty of discovering long meteorological periods arises from the want of regular observations with the thermometer, and other instruments for observing atmospheric phenomena,¹ and from the necessity of appealing to the vague and imperfect facts which history records. He thinks, however, that certain phenomena, among which he places in the first rank rigorous winters, which leave a deep impression behind them, and produce, also, effects which distinctly characterize them.

M. Renou defines a rigorous winter as one which ought to give rise at Paris to minima of temperature from 5° of Fahr. to zero, and of a mean temperature kept up during a month at several degrees below 32°, or the freezing-point. The simultaneous freezing of the Seine and the Po, of the Rhone, the lakes of Venice, or the ports of the Mediterranean, which must be the result of a continued cold of more than 4°, are the necessary characteristics of a rigorous winter.

On examining meteorological registers, published at different epochs, such as those of Dr Fuster and Arago, extended and completed by M. Barral, M. Renou found that severe winters were very unequally distributed; but that, in place of occurring in an arbitrary manner, they formed natural groups of from four

¹ M. Renou seems to express his belief in the short period observed by M. Buys-Ballot, which we have already mentioned.

to *six*, surrounding a winter more rigorous than the rest, to which he gives the name of a *central winter*, calling those which accompany it *lateral winters*. By uniting these groups, he discovered the law of their distribution, namely, that they were reproduced after an interval of a little more than 41 years. Occasionally, however, the period is effaced, or rather masked, the cold distributing itself over a great number of shorter, less rigorous, and more separated winters; but, on an average, the great winters occupy a space of 20 or 21 years, leaving another equal interval without remarkable winters. In this last interval there is, in the climate of Paris at least, winters of a certain severity; but sometimes the *minima* of temperature are very much insulated, as in the winter of 1847; sometimes the mean of a month is sufficiently low, as in January 1848, without the minimum attaining even the mean minimum of an ordinary winter. "We are then," says M. Renou, "struck with the difference of character which the two periods present, and the differences of the extreme minima under atmospheric conditions, which appear identical."

The following is the Table of Rigorous Winters given by our author, with the extreme *minima*, which are all of temperatures below the freezing-point:—

Groups without the Extreme Minima.

Year.			
	{ 1408	1490	1656
1416.	{ 1426	1494	1658
	{ 1422	1499	1660
		1500	1663
		1503	1666
	{ 1443	1508	1665
	{ 1458	1511	1670
1458.	{ 1460	1571	1672
	{ 1464	1584	1677
	{ 1469	1582	
		1591	
		1595	

Groups with the Extreme Minima.

Year.		Year.	Extreme Minima.
	{ 1695 —0°0		{ 1776 — 2°4
1707.	{ 1696 — —		{ 1784 — 2°4
	{ 1709 —9°6	1789.	{ 1789 — 7°5
	{ 1716 —3°0		{ 1795 —10°3
			{ 1799 + 0°6
1748.	1764 (Leap).		{ 1802 + 4°1
Year.		Year.	Extreme Minima.
	{ 1820		{ + 6°2
	{ 1823		{ + 5°6
	{ 1820		{ + 1°4
1830.	{ 1830		{ + 1°0
	{ 1838		{ + 2°2
	{ 1840		{ — 3°3

The minima of the winters of 1795, 1709, and 1665, and the great analogy of the effects produced by the cold in these years and the great winters of the preceding centuries, show us, according to our author, "that $-9^{\circ}4$ is a fixed term, which is reproduced at each period, at least in the conditions which are observed in Paris; and that, far from constituting an exceptional temperature, it represents a normal atmospherical state at each recurrence of the period. We observe, indeed, that in 1830 the cold did not exceed $+1^{\circ}0$ at Paris; but this cold singularly moderated in connection with an extension a little more easterly than usual of the marine climate between the Loire and Brussels, coincided with an atmosphere more calm, and a steadiness of weather so great, that the mean of the three winter months was certainly lower than in 1709, 1789, and 1795. We know, indeed, that the extremes of heat or of cold quickly bring with them south-west winds and changes of weather. Besides, this immunity, which Paris enjoyed in 1830, did not extend itself far, for the following degrees of cold were observed at

	Fahr.
La Chapelle, near Dieppe,	$-3^{\circ}7$
Agen,	$-10^{\circ}9$
Aurillac,	$-10^{\circ}6$
Nancy,	$-15^{\circ}4$

"We therefore find the temperature of from -10 to -12 , a little less towards the sea, and a little greater towards the continent.

"The principal lateral winters present the same regularity, as in the following table, which shows the minima observed in Paris:—

1695	$0^{\circ}0$	1799	$+0^{\circ}6$
1716	$-3^{\circ}8$	1838	$-2^{\circ}2$
1776	$-2^{\circ}4$		

All these minima approach to -1° or -2° .

"In the interval between two periods the minima are infinitely lower. Thus, from 1802 to 1820, the thermometer did not fall below $+9^{\circ}5$; and, from 1840 to 1859, the cold did not exceed $+5^{\circ}7$ —a minimum much insulated, which took place on the 19th December 1846, after an exceedingly warm summer.

"The period which ought to follow 1830 is that of 1871. But we have now (1859–60) reached the first winter of this group; and the cold of the 19th and 20th December falls too completely under my prediction to make me delay the publication of this note. I shall not be surprised if, at the next return of cold, the thermometer at the Observatory descends lower than in December. *We shall have, after this winter, one, or probably two, rigorous winters, increasing in severity to a central winter, which will be towards 1871; then a decreasing series, even to 1881.*"

In the preceding table, M. Renou has left blank the periods

of 1748 and 1624, because these years correspond to disturbed periods, in which the rigorous winters are not concentrated in a space of 20 years, but are extended, on the contrary, so as almost to join the neighbouring periods. Thus, from 1729 to 1760, we meet with a great number of winters sufficiently rigorous, especially those of 1740, 1742, 1754, 1767, 1768. The period of 1624 is replaced by several severe winters from 1600 to 1638.

M. Renou states that he could have prolonged the Table of Rigorous Winters beyond the fifteenth century, but the documents became incomplete. He nevertheless found frosts, which could not be mistaken, such as those of 822, 860, and 864, in which the Rhone and the lakes of Venice were frozen. In order to have introduced these winters into the table, it would have been necessary to lengthen the interval of 41 years to 42, at least during several centuries.

With the view of ascertaining the cause of severe winters occurring in groups, M. Renou studied, month by month, the years in which rigorous winters occurred; and he found that these winters did not arise from any cause from which cold is produced, but from unusual irregularities. Beside great winters were found winters exceptionally mild, as those of 1796, 1822, and 1834, —summers very cold, and summers very warm.

Rigorous winters, according to our author, may extend themselves indefinitely towards the poles; but they do not affect the equatorial regions, excepting, perhaps, in modifying in a small degree the temperature of some months, and in producing more copious rains and stronger winds. Their influence seems to stop at the 30th degree of latitude,—a remarkable limit, which is nearly the limit of winters properly so called, and which divides each hemisphere into two equivalent parts. "It is probable," says M. Renou, "that, in the half that has winters, each country will be visited in its turn with a rigorous winter; and as in this case the Earth ought to be thus visited in 41 years, the winter ought to extend itself each time over the 82d part of the globe, or a surface equal to *twelve* times that of France. This, indeed, is nearly the extent which great winters seem to embrace. They appear to occupy a space a little elongated, from the north-east to the south-west; and I am led to believe that they propagate themselves from the east to the west, so as to run through the northern hemisphere in 20 or 21 years, and then through the southern hemisphere in the same time, and while we have only ordinary winters. The essentially maritime character, however, of the southern hemisphere ought to render its severe winters much less distinctly marked than they are with us."

ART. XI.—RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Eastern Africa.*¹

IF we take up a map of Africa, published before the accession of her Majesty to the throne of these kingdoms, and compare it with one of the present day, we are sure to be struck with the different aspect it offers to its more recent companion. In the latter, the coast line presents us with a mass of names of native towns, villages, and markets, which replace the naked outline of the former; whilst in the interior, deserts become fertile wildernesses, and mountain ranges are supplanted by lake-regions, only to be excelled by those of America. In no portion of the maps of Africa, which in boyhood were placed in our hands, is this more apparent than in that which delineated the countries south of the so-called Mountains of the Moon; and of that portion none was so destitute of names as the large tract which stretches from the country of the Adal to Mozambique, and is subject to the Imam of Zanzibar.

It was owing, in some measure, to this absence of names in the map of Africa of that period, that we are indebted for this interesting narrative of Missionary Travels of Dr Krapf, who, during an eighteen years' residence on the eastern coast of Africa, has been the means of adding considerably to our geographical knowledge of those regions, no less than to our acquaintance with the languages, religion, manners and customs, and resources of the independent tribes which form its population.

The son of a small farmer in the vicinity of Tübingen, Dr Krapf early evinced an ardent desire for knowledge, and a somewhat morbid temperament, more of fear and dread than of love, gave his mind its first and strong religious bias. He tells us himself:—

“My father, whose circumstances were easy, followed farming, and lived in the village of Derendingen, near Tübingen, where I was born, on the 11th of January 1810, and baptized by the name of Ludwig, the wrestler,—no inapt appellation for one who was destined to become a soldier of the cross. Many were my providential escapes in childhood from dangers which beset my path, from falling into the mill-stream which flowed through the village, from accidents with fire-arms, or falls from trees in the eager pursuit of birds' nests. The inborn evil nature of the child was somewhat held in check by a nervous susceptibility, and the consequent dread I experienced in witnessing the contest of the elements in storms, or which shook my frame at the sight of the dead at the grave, or even when reading or listening to the narrative of the torments of the wicked in hell. On these occasions I secretly vowed to lead a pious life for the future, though, childlike, I soon forgot the promise when the exciting cause had passed away, as is ever the case throughout life with the natural, un-

¹ Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labours during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa, etc. By the Rev. Dr J. Lewis Krapf. With a Concise Account of Geographical Researches in Eastern Africa. By E. G. Ravenstein. London, Trübner and Co. 1860.

regenerated heart of man. Thus, but for an apparently trivial event in my boyhood, though in it I gratefully recognise the hand of the great Teacher, the evil of my nature might have choked the good seed with its tares, or destroyed it altogether."

That event was a brutal assault by a neighbour, who, mistaking the lad for another who had given him offence, nearly murdered the child in the heat of passion. An illness of six months' duration followed, and to that bed of sickness our missionary ascribes the incipient awakening of his heart to its best and truest interests. His hours were spent in reading the Scriptures; and, soothed by the care and affection of two true-hearted women, his mother and sister, of whom we have but an occasional glimpse in the autobiographical sketch of his boyhood, with which the work opens. His greatest delight was in those portions of the Old Testament which recorded the history of the patriarchs, and their intercourse with the Creator, originating an earnest desire that he "too might be permitted to listen to the voice of the Most High, even as did the prophets and apostles of old." In the autumn of 1822, during the period of his convalescence, he spent much of his time in the harvest fields amongst the farm-labourers, and to them he would relate such Bible stories as had taken a strong hold on his boyish imagination; and so earnestly and vividly did he do this, that more than one of the men would say to his father, "Mark my words: Ludwig will be a parson." In the beginning of the ensuing year, his sister had to visit Tübingen to buy a new almanack, and, mistaking the house of the widow of a former vicar for that of the bookbinder to which she had been directed, she entered into a long discourse with that lady, who treated her with much kindness and affability, inquiring after her brothers and sisters, and eliciting from her that her youngest brother, Lewis, was clever at figures; upon which the widow expressed a desire to see the lad, and to promote his welfare, suggesting that he should be sent to the grammar-school, and afterwards to college. To this lady's interference, and the zeal and affection of his noble-hearted sister, it was owing that, instead of following the plough, the boy was sent to the Anatolian School at Tübingen, and, showing considerable ability, soon became a favourite with his teachers, and gradually rose to the head of his class; and so on, till he reached the fifth and highest form, when he added the knowledge of Hebrew to that of the languages of classical antiquity, and those of Italy and France, which he had already studied along with his own native German. At first the early morning always found him on the road from home—a distance of some four or five miles from the town—with satchel on his back, in which, besides his books, were a bottle of sweet must and a great hunch of bread, to constitute an *al fresco* mid-day meal, and which he "quickly swallowed, between twelve and one o'clock, under the willows on the banks of the Neckar, in order more leisurely to devour his Latin Grammar and Scheller's Vocabulary, which he soon learnt by heart;" and thus in boyhood, almost intuitively, acquired a method of learning languages, which, in his missionary life, was most serviceable to him.

Whilst yet on the fourth form, the rector read to the whole school an essay upon the results of missionary labour for the conversion of the heathen. The reading struck a kindred chord in the soul of the future missionary. A small still voice asked, "Why not become a missionary, and go and convert the heathen?" The Easter holidays of 1825 were at hand; and, as the boy walked homewards to Derendingen, the thought arose in his mind with the force of a command, "to go to Basel and announce himself willing to devote his life to the labours of a missionary." His future career was fixed; and again we have a glimpse of two true-hearted women upholding and strengthening the boy's resolve, furnishing him with the means, and a letter to Missionary Inspector Blunhardt, a former vicar of their own village. The journey from Derendingen to Basel, by way of Shaffhausen, and back through Freiburg, altogether some two hundred and fifty miles, was performed on foot,—no small testimony to the zeal and determination of purpose in a boy-missionary of fifteen.

But even earlier the idea of African travel had become familiar to the boy's mind. He was still on the lowest form in the lower school, when his father sent him an atlas of maps, and, by a singular coincidence, just at the moment that a bookseller in the town had lent him an odd volume of Bruce's *Travels in Abessinia*, which had fascinated his boyish imagination by the frequent mention of hyænas. With the natural eagerness of a young and inquiring mind, he at once turned to the map of Africa to trace the scene of the traveller's adventures, and, to his astonishment, found but few names put down in the districts of Adal and Somali upon the map. "Is there, then, so great a desert yonder," was his first exclamation, "which is still untrodden by the foot of any European?"—a curious thought to have been instilled into the mind of a child, who, in manhood, was to be the means of expanding the knowledge of those very regions of which then so little was known.

His visit to Basel led to a rejection of his services for the time, but accompanied by the prospect of future employment, when he should have fitted himself for the missionary calling by self-imposed preparation, and a long course of preparatory study at the Missionary Institute. At length, in February 1837, he was employed by the English Church Missionary Society, and set out on his long and difficult journey to Abessinia, the land of his youthful dreams and aspirations. "Yet," he adds, "it was not without tears at parting, and with fear and trembling, that I took up my pilgrim's staff, and bid adieu to my dear friends, and to the home of my childhood."

After a short residence at Adowa with the Protestant missionaries at the Court of Ubie, the Abessinian Regent of Tigre, where they were at first well received, he and his companions were forced to retire, through the intrigues of some French Roman Catholic priests, who managed to poison the black prince's mind against the English, by alleging that the excavations they were making for the foundations of a missionary house were, in fact, the commencement of a tunnel by means of which English troops were to be smuggled in to conquer

Abessinia. It is not very likely that Ubie, who appears to have been a shrewd and sensible man, should have been duped by such a representation. It is far more probable that he was compelled by his wily new friends, backed by his own priesthood, to whom the Protestant mission was distasteful, to make choice between the friendship of France or England, between that of a country seeking by every means in its power to conciliate the native princes of Africa, with the sinister intention of ultimately founding in that continent a French equivalent to British India, or of one whose only object was the disinterested purpose of spreading the Gospel and distributing the Bible amongst the Monophysite Christians of an expiring branch of Christ's Church. No doubt French gold was not wanting, as, in the end, France acquired the port of Zula, to the south of Massowa, in the Red Sea.

"It is," says Mr Ravenstein, "the avowed design of France to found in the Eastern Sea an empire to rival if not to eclipse British India, of which empire Madagascar is to be the centre. Hence, notwithstanding that engineers of eminence have pronounced against the practicability of such a canal as that of Suez, the enterprise is being persevered in under the auspices of the French Government, or rather the isthmus has been occupied within the last few weeks by a party of *armed ouvrier*s. Across the Isthmus of Suez leads the shortest route from Southern France to Madagascar and India; its possession by a power desirous to extend her dominions in that quarter, and capable of availing herself of its advantages, would therefore be of the utmost consequence. The mere fact of the isthmus being part of the Turkish empire, or of Egypt, would not deter France from occupying it; for scruples of conscience are not allowed by that nation to interfere with political 'ideas.' Zula has been chosen as the second station on the route to Madagascar, and while the occupation of Suez may at will furnish a pretext for seizing upon Egypt, that of Zula may open Abessinia to French conquest.

"Fortunately there is a power which can put a veto upon those plans of aggrandisement in North-Eastern Africa, and that power is Great Britain. Gibraltar, Malta, Perim, and Aden, form a magnificent line of military and naval stations on the route to India, and perfectly command it; and Perim, though at present only destined to bear a lighthouse, properly fortified, would command the entrance of the Red Sea even more effectually than Gibraltar does that of the Mediterranean. Therefore, only after having converted the last three into French strongholds, and thus striking a decisive blow at the naval supremacy of Great Britain, could France ever hope to carry out her designs."

Whatever may have been the true causes of the expulsion of the Protestant missionaries from the territories of the ruler of Tigre, it is chiefly to it that we are indebted for our knowledge of the Galla, whose conversion to Christianity Dr Krapf looks upon as the future and surest means of spreading the Gospel throughout the interior of Africa. Driven from Adowa in March 1838, the three Protestant missionaries reached Massowa in safety,—the two senior, Messrs Isen-

berg and Blumhardt, proceeding thence to Cairo to await orders from the Committee of the Church Missionary Society as to the field of their future labours; whilst Dr Krapf, full of zeal, and with a fixed purpose not to give up Abessinia entirely to the Roman Catholic missionaries, determined to penetrate into the Christian kingdom of Shoa, whose friendly ruler, our old acquaintance, Sahela Selassie, introduced to us years ago by Sir Cornwallis Harris, had formerly sent a message to missionary Isenberg, inviting him to visit his dominions. Having reached Mokha, on his way to Tajurra on the Adal coast, the proper landing-place for penetrating into Shoa, he was taken so seriously ill as to be compelled to return to Cairo; and it was not till the spring of the next year that, in company with his friend Isenberg, he at length reached Tajurra. The old Sultan, who affects to be the king of all the Adal tribes, gave them permission to land. The Adal call themselves in their own language Afer, and hence Dr Krapf seeks to identify their country with the Ophir of the Bible:—"That the Ophir of the Bible is to be sought for on the eastern coast of Africa, is evident from two circumstances. One is, that right opposite to Arabia Felix there is a people who call themselves Afer, and called by others Adals and Danakil from their chief tribe Ad Ali, but whose designation in their own language is Afer. In the second place, it must be considered that Ophir, beyond a doubt, means gold dust; for, in Job xxviii. 6, the words 'dust of gold' in Hebrew are 'Ophirot Sahab.' Hence, by easy transition, the word Ophir was made to comprise two things, the name of a people and of a substance; and the Land of the Afer was simply the land where Afer Sahab, gold dust, was found."

Our missionary was detained four weeks at Tajurra in making the necessary preparations for his journey into that land which, he says, he "had found so barren and empty in the map in his boyhood." The Adal desert of the maps is a wilderness with elephants, gazelles, and ostriches amongst its wild animals, but badly watered, and hence little visited by man; and as our travellers approached the river Hawash, and camped out for the night in the open air, a hyæna glided so near their resting-place, that they might have grasped it with their hands. The plate which illustrates the passage of this river, is the pictorial representation of a rich and fertile country, which the old maps have represented as a desert waste, and the broad river and old timber trees are worthy of the pencil of a Wilson or a Gainsborough.

Dr Krapf and his companion, Isenberg, were at first well received by the ruler of the Shoans; but Sahela Selassie was a man of progress, and took more delight in watching the operations of the artizans, gun-makers, smiths, and weavers, than in listening to the polemics of the missionaries. We know of old that Africa was the land of dreams, and so it is still. The father of Sahela Selassie had had a dream, when his son was yet a boy, that when he should come to the throne Europeans would arrive and teach the Shoans all arts and knowledge. The dream seemed about to be realized. Since 1835, Combes and Tamisier, Martin, Dufey, Isenberg and Krapf, Rochet, Airston,

Beke, and Harris, had all visited Ankober and Angolala in quick succession. After the establishment of the Protestant mission, with the king's sanction, at the former place, missionary Isenberg returned to Europe, leaving Dr Krapf the only Protestant missionary in the whole of Abessinia; but before his departure, M. Rochet, a French agent, had arrived at Ankober, bringing with him a powder-mill and other valuable presents, things which could not fail to find more favour in the sight of his half-savage majesty than the dispersion of the Scriptures by those whom, as a Coptic Christian, he could but look upon as sectarian missionaries. French influence was then already gaining the ascendancy in Abessinia, and the policy of Louis Philippe has been carefully followed up by his successor. As far back as 1835, M. Combes purchased of the Regent of Tigre the Turkish port of Ait for L.300, and subsequently that of Zula, though Ubie had never held the slightest authority at either, and France was at amity with Turkey, to whom they belonged. It was, however, the small end of the wedge for France, and she has never ceased driving it home since then. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Aden under date of the 18th of April last, calls attention to the increased activity of the French in the Red Sea. He says:—"By advices just received, I understand that a French steamboat, laden with the requisites for forming a new settlement, had reached La Réunion, and a steam frigate was expected to join her in a few days. The destination of these two vessels is avowed to be Adulis, on the coast of Abessinia, though there can be little doubt that the island of Dissee will be the first point in the Red Sea occupied by our allies. It will be interesting to note the reasons which will be advanced for this new move on the part of France in this region. As a counterpart of what is going forward on the other side of the water, the *tableau* will in all probability represent Dissee and Adulis as the slopes of the Alps; the rebel Dejai Nagoosi will stand in the place of Victor Emmanuel, and the acquiescence of forty families of poor fishermen, who at present occupy the island of Dissee, will answer well enough for the votes of Nice and Savoy."

More recently still, news has reached England of the death of Mr Plowden, Her Majesty's Consul in Abessinia, from wounds received in an attack made upon him by one of the chiefs under this very Nagoosi, whom the French are upholding in Tigre, while he was travelling through that province on his way from Gondar to Massowa. His loss cannot easily be supplied, and his memory is endeared to all travellers who have visited Upper Egypt and Abessinia, since he has held the appointment, by his numerous acts of courtesy and unbounded hospitality.

This increased activity on the part of France has been called into being by the favour shown by Kasai, or King Theodorus, to Protestants, and the English in particular, in which he is upheld by the Abuna, the Coptic Archbishop, at whose instigation all the Roman Catholic missionaries have been expelled from Abessinia, and who had to settle an old score with them for the part they played in the controversy about the three births of Christ,—the Abuna's party, the be-

believers in the two births only, having been expelled by Sahela Selassie.

"In a general way, the Abessinians are acquainted with the chief truths of the Bible, with the Trinity, and the nature and attributes of God; with the creation, the fall of man, and his redemption by Christ; with the Holy Ghost, the angels, the church, the sacraments, the resurrection, and the last judgment; with rewards and punishments, and everlasting life and torment. But all these articles are so blended with, and obscured by, merely human notions, that they exert little influence on the heart and life. The mediatorial function of Christ, for instance, is darkened and limited by a belief in the many saints who, as in the Romish and Greek Churches, must mediate between the Mediator and man. Especially a great office is assigned to the Virgin, of whom it is maintained by many that she died for the sins of the world. The Holy Ghost, they consider, proceeds only from the Father, not from the Son, who, in the presence of the Father, recedes into the background, just as before the Father and the Son the Holy Ghost almost dwindles into nothingness.

"As regards the doctrine of the two natures of Christ, the Abessinians are extreme Monophysites; for they admit only one nature and one will in Him. For sixty years the Abessinian Church has been rent by great controversies arising out of the dogma of the three births of Christ, broached by a monk at Gondar, and which consists in the assertion that the baptism, or conception of Christ with the Holy Spirit in Jordan, constituted his third birth. After a long war with the opposite party, which acknowledges only two births of Christ—begotten of the Father before all worlds (first birth); made man (second birth)—this doctrine of the three births, which evidently harmonizes with the rigid Monophytism of the Abessinians, was elevated into a dogma of the national Church by the decision of the king, Sahela Selassie, who received it from a priest many years before, and a royal ordinance deposed all priests who did not believe in the three births."

When Kasai became King of Abessinia, he at once invaded Shoa, and made it subject to his rule and obedient to the Abuna; and by this subjection the doctrine of the three births was made to give way in its turn, and that of the two births restored as the dogma of the Church.

No Christian people are such rigid observers of the fasts, and of all the outward observances of a severe ritual, as the Abessinians; yet, in spite of this, immorality is the order of the day, and even priests and monks break the seventh commandment. Monogamy is the rule of the Church, but concubinage is habitual and general,—the king, with his five hundred wives, leading the way with a bad example; for whenever a beautiful woman was pointed out to him he sent for her. Indeed, when Sahela Selassie entered into the treaty with England, through Sir Cornwallis Harris, he actually wished for an English princess to consolidate the alliance.

It was during his three years' residence at Ankobar that Dr Krapf

had frequent opportunities of accompanying Sahela Selassie in his expeditions against the Galla, and other tribes south of Shoa. Bruce knew the Galla only by name, whilst more recent travellers have not hesitated to represent them as a kind of link between man and the inferior animals. Dr Krapf solves the mystery by describing them as he found them, as one of the finest of the African races, strong and well-limbed, and of a dark brown colour; living in a beautiful country, with a climate not surpassed by that of Italy or Greece; speaking a language as soft and musical as pure Tuscan; cultivating the soil, and rearing cattle; extending from the eighth degree of north to the third degree of south latitude; and numbering from six to eight millions,—an amount of which scarcely any other African race can boast.

They form no remnant of any degenerated Christian Church, as Dr Beke surmises; but their religion, like that of all African savages, is *Fetish*, acknowledging a Supreme Being, whom they call Heaven (*Mulungu, Wak, or Waka*), and having a notion of a future state. They have also an undefined idea of the Trinity, of which *Wak* is the supreme, and *Oglie* a masculine, and *Atetie* a feminine embodiment; and the northern tribes hold both Saturday and Sunday in respect, not working on those days in the fields, calling the first *Sanbata Kenna*, little Sabbath, and Sunday, *Sanbata gudda*, greater Sabbath. The conversion of the Galla became a favourite idea with Dr Krapf, and early in 1842 he bid adieu to Ankobar, and started upon his perilous undertaking. At first he was well received, but ultimately plundered, and driven from the country by Adara Bille, a chief of the Lagga Gora, tribe of Wollo-Galla. One cannot but marvel at our missionary's indomitable courage and perseverance during the many trials and perils which he had to pass through, during his eighteen years' residence amongst the Hametic tribes of Eastern and Central Africa. Dr Krapf not only travels well, but he tells his tale with a simple truth, and utter disregard of what his reader may think of the writer. His purpose is patent on every page.

"He has no desire to shine as a literary man, to which he here makes no pretence; and by eschewing that plastic elegance of diction, which has of late distinguished the writings of modern travellers, he believes his narrative has gained in accuracy what it thus lacks in word-painting."

His style is forcible and clear, and his narrative possesses a vigour far superior to that of any book of recent missionary travels which we have read, excepting Dr Livingstone's, and, singularly enough, on many accounts, the two works should be read together; for both travellers, unknown to one another, were nearing the same point at the same time,—Dr Livingstone proceeding from the south, and Dr Krapf from the north, towards Mozambique, till, as their maps prove, they had approached each other within five degrees, the small section of the coast not visited by either being confined within ten and fifteen degrees southern latitude. The whole of the volume, from the first page to the last, will repay its perusal; but perhaps the most graphic portion is the second journey to Ukambani, which reads like an epi-

sode from the adventures of Sindbad, yet as simple and painfully true as those of Robinson Crusoe and Friday. It will do more to dispel the errors of our geographical knowledge of Africa than even Dr Livingstone's travels; for to the missionaries of Rabbai Mpia, stationed opposite to the island of Mombaz, of whom Dr Krapf was the chief, we are indebted for a knowledge of the snow-capped mountains of Equatorial Africa, and for the earliest information of the lake-countries, since explored by Captain Speke and Major Burton. We cannot close our notice of these exploratory travels in Africa, without calling attention to Mr Ravenstein's admirable sketch of the recent geographical discoveries connected with that continent prefixed to the volume, which conveys the information of an octavo volume in the compass of a few pages.

The Year of Grace; or, The History of the Ulster Revival of 1859. By the Rev. WILLIAM GIBSON, Professor of Christian Ethics, Presbyterian College, Belfast. 2d edition. Edinburgh: And. Elliot.

It would not be easy to write a complete history of Ireland, and the reason is, that there has been little unity in the events or in the character of the inhabitants, who consist of various races, with different religions, and aiming at different ends. It would not be difficult, however, and it would be very instructive, to write a history of certain great events in Ireland, of certain parts of Ireland, and of certain portions of the Irish: it would be easy, for instance, to write a history of Ulster since the time of the "Plantation," in the beginning of the seventeenth century (we have, in fact, an admirable history, by Dr Reid and Dr Killen, of the Presbyterian Church of that province), and the reason is to be found in the oneness of the character of the people, and of the series of occurrences. It would by no means be an easy task to give a full account of the widespread Revival which has of late years visited the Churches of Christ, for the work has extended over many countries, over many different sects, and has assumed various phases. But it is quite possible to give a clear and accurate narrative of the Ulster Revival, inasmuch as the movement began at a particular time, has taken place in a defined district, and is marked by certain prominent characteristics. We have already a wonderfully complete history of this remarkable movement, by Professor Gibson, of the Presbyterian College in Belfast.

We are glad that the Professor has undertaken this work. Living in the very heart of the scenes, enjoying the confidence of his Presbyterian brethren, who have supplied him with full replies to certain queries, having the good will of other denominations, which have also furnished him with materials, he was most favourably situated for collecting the facts; and we reckon it a most fortunate circumstance that he has written them fully out when they were yet fresh in the memories of those who witnessed or took part in them. He has shown great judgment in the use of the materials placed at his disposal, and these, we may remark, are highly creditable to the intelligence of the Presbyterian ministers and others who furnished them; he

has drawn out a perspicuous, lively, and intensely interesting account of the occurrences; he has fully brought out all that is good in the movement, while he has by no means commended the few incidental evils associated with it; and he has done all this in a flowing, graceful style of language, and in an evangelical and truly catholic spirit.

He commences with a brief account of the religious state of Ulster two centuries ago, and of the revivals with which the country was then visited. He then enters upon the state of religion in Ulster immediately previous to the late revival, and shows that there had been a large sowing of precious seed and many prayers for a time of refreshing. This brings him at once to the movement itself. He traces it from its rise in Connor, under the ministry of the Rev. John Moore, and in connection with a prayer-meeting held by a few young men in Connor, onward in its extension to Aghoghill and Ballymena and the adjoining districts, and then follows it to Belfast, Coleraine, and other districts of Antrim, and shows how it spread into the counties of Down, Derry, Tyrone, Armagh, and Monaghan. We must ever hold that in this movement there has been a great display of the sovereignty of Divine grace. There had been preparatory means employed in Ulster, but not more so than in other countries which have not been so visited; and in some of the districts in which the work was most intense, there had not been a very lively ministry of the Word, nor very much prayer among the people. Nor can we point to any one man, and say of him that he has been the leader of the work: some of those who were mentioned so often in the newspapers, and to whom gaping visitors were directed by friends or foes, did not, in our humble opinion, very much help the spiritual work. Much has been ascribed to the large religious meetings, but these were fully as much the effects of an excitement already begun as the causes of the life that sprung up. The main immediate means of carrying the work to new districts for the first time were undoubtedly the report of what was done in other districts; and this was always brought most effectually by converts. Some have sought to conceal this, as if it were not sufficiently honouring to the regular ministry. But we are prepared to show it to be the fact, and that it is not dishonouring to the regular pastorate, which is nowhere more respected than it is in Ulster at this moment. It was often when a large mixed audience saw before them a man who declared in a few burning sentences that he himself, formerly careless and ungodly, had lately been arrested, that numbers were melted as wax is before the heat. Yet these converts were blessed only in one particular kind of work. When they went beyond their province, and instead of saying simply what the Lord had done for their souls, they began to deliver long harangues, it was found that their power for good ceased,—in fact, the people forsook them, and they could not get audiences. The people went back to the ordinary means of grace, and listened with greater eagerness than ever they had done before to their educated ministers sharing with their people in the showers of blessing.

Professor Gibson has a judicious, if not a very profound chapter, as

to the pathological affections which accompanied the Irish revival. He accounts for them by mental feeling, by nervous action, and by sympathy. He refers with greater suavity than we should be inclined to do, to the speculations on the revival by such journals as the *Psychological*, the *British and Foreign*, and the *Edinburgh Medical*. The writers sitting in London or neighbourhood, and never having seen a person under a conviction of sin, and getting reports only at second-hand, talked the most arrant nonsense on the whole matter. These persons might have really got further insight into the relation between mind and body, and probably some spiritual good too, had they thought it worth while to visit Ulster last summer. But the physiologists, in their crude speculations on vague reports, only show how little progress their science has made. Some were inclined to refer the whole to hysteria, but without being able to explain or define what hysteria is,—which is, in fact, a loose name for a great variety of affections which should be carefully distinguished. Others talked of sympathy, but never ventured to express what sympathy as a mental affection is, and what its precise physiological effects. The truth is, physiologists have not seriously set themselves to determine the primary elements of the science of the relation of mental and nervous action. Were they to follow the proper method, they would begin with a classification of the emotions, and then they would seek to determine what precise kind of effect on the nervous system each species of emotion was fitted to produce. What, for example, are the precise nerves influenced by fear, or by hope, or by love, or joy. This would lead them into the more difficult question of the precise influence of the specially religious emotions upon the nerves and muscles. In all ages and countries, deep religious feeling, whether pure or superstitious, has had bodily effects. It would be worthy of a man of the highest science to determine what precise effect a sense of sin has, what peace has, and what religious joy has. The history of Mahomet and his convulsions, and of the dancing dervishes, and of the religious fervours of the middle ages, and of the ranting Methodists in latter times, would only exhibit to us in excess what was truly a natural tendency in man, and might impart the highest instruction as to man's being essentially a religious being, and of the connection of feeling and nervous action. We find very striking illustrations of this power of religious feeling over the body in the Ulster revival of last year. We see it, at times, in extravagance more or less sinful; but we see, too, that a ministry of the Word, carefully educated, both in the spiritual nature of religion and in the ordinary truths of science, was quite able in the end to subdue and remove all excesses, which have now all disappeared, while the spiritual good has remained.

As Professor Gibson's work passes through edition after edition, we recommend him to be careful in giving an exact summary of the moral results, which will tell best, after all, on the world. We are in a position to be able to say that the Ulster revival has stood the test of time. It is true that the awe, which was over the whole community in certain districts of Ulster last year, has in a great measure

passed away. Men that would not have entered a public-house last summer are now drinking as greedily as ever; but then these persons were never supposed,—they never professed,—to have got any spiritual good. Those who were supposed to have been converted, have, with very, very few exceptions, kept stedfast all over Ulster. During the winter, they met for mutual edification in delightful little prayer-meetings, held weekly in nearly every street of the towns and every townland of the rural districts of Ulster. The converts, we suspect, got more good from these, and from the instruction given by their pastors, than they are likely to get from the large meetings which are being resumed in the summer. These large meetings may, however, still be blessed to the careless, provided the trust be not in them, but in the power from on high. Every one sees that there has been an extraordinary increase of attendance on public worship, and in family worship, in Ulster. We are happy, too, to find some traces of increased liberality in missionary causes; but we have to add that Christians in Ulster are still, in this respect, far behind many of their brethren in England, Scotland, and the United States.

Real-Encyclopædie f. Prot. Theologie u. Kirche Herausgegeben. Von D. HERZOG. Band XII. Gotha: Besser. 1860.

IN this twelfth volume of the *Real-Encyclopædie*, the articles embrace from Poland to French Revolution. Especially worthy of notice are the papers on the Psalms, by Delitzsch; on Ecclesiastes (Prediger), by Vaihinger; on Prussia, by Erdmann; and on Rationalism, by Tholuck. The biographical articles, where they have reference either to personages of older date, or to modern German and French theologians, Protestant or Romanist, are generally informing, accurate, and thoroughly satisfactory. We find, however, no mention of the elder Pomerius (of Arles); and while under Remigius (of Rheims) there is a passing reference to the other R. (of Auxerre), there is no special notice of the latter. In this, as in the former volumes of the *Encyclopædia*, we have to note considerable deficiency in regard of Spanish and Italian divines. Britain too, as usual, is far too much overlooked. Thus we have no account of Poole, Porteous, Potter, the two Prideaux, or John Rainolds. The Romanist *Kirchen-Lexicon* is more fair by far to British names. The only English theologian mentioned in this volume is Priestley; and in the half page devoted to him, several inaccuracies are found. From the care with which Schoell has applied himself to the study of earlier British Church History, we went to the perusal of his article on the Puritans with high expectations. Its length, thirty-seven pages, is indeed such as the importance and interest of the subject demanded. But, neither in regard of research nor of correctness, is it worthy of much commendation. Schoell is obviously unacquainted with the modern authors who, from an Anglican stand-point, have treated the subject, such as Carwithen, Lathbury, Short, and others. Marsden's two fair and informing volumes have escaped his notice. Nor have contem-

porary Dissenting writers, as Vaughan, Brook, Hanbury, etc., been availed of by him. It, of course, could not have been expected from a German, that he should have studied the many older memoirs, pamphlets, etc., which are hardly to be obtained, except in the public libraries of this country. But it was not valuing aright his subject, nor justly treating his own reputation, for Schoell to prepare his article merely by the help of Strype, Neal, and Carlyle. We consequently see without surprise, though with much regret, that one of the most interesting periods in the History of the Church, whether we regard the principles involved or the great men who then played their part, is given forth to the cultivated German mind full of mis-statements, concealments, and anachronisms. They who might expect, in a valued contributor to the "Encyclopedie," to find on such a theme fulness of information without partisanship of feeling, will be greatly disappointed. Of so important a feature in the Elizabethan Puritanism as the Marprelate Tracts, we find no mention. Several of the most distinguished of the Puritan leaders, as Rainolds, by many considered the most learned Englishmen of his time, are not even mentioned. The work of Hall, in defence of Episcopacy, is entirely misplaced in regard of time of appearance. Not almost an equal number of the judges, but only two, decided in Hampden's favour, in the shipmoney case. It was not in the Westminster Assembly, where he never sat, that Usher brought forward his plan of moderate Episcopacy. Neither was 1646 the year, nor Oxford the place, where the standard of Charles was finally lowered. It is partisan exaggeration to assert, that in Scotland Independency was hated and persecuted more than Popery. But in regard of this last statement, what better could be looked for from a writer who has not taken the trouble to consult one writer, older or more recent, holding Presbyterian views? We give these merely as samples of the numerous deficiencies of this unfortunate article. But, on the whole, the volume before us amply sustains the reputation which previous issues have acquired for the *Encyclopedie*. Should, however, an "Ergänzungs-band" be published at the conclusion, no small part of it would be needed to make up for the deficiencies in regard of British theologians of all theological and ecclesiastical views; for Dr Herzog's publication has from the outset been most impartially wanting in fair appreciation of them all. In an age when theological and literary communication has been so multiplied, this is really the reverse of creditable to the editor and contributors to the valuable work before us.

Geschichte d. Thomismus. Von Dr KARL WERNER, Regensburg.
Manz. 1860.

A GENERATION back, it seemed as if to no volumes more truly than to those of the schoolmen would Crabbe's words apply:—

"Ah! needless now this weight of massy chain:
Safe in themselves, the once-loved works remain;

No readers now invade their still retreat,
 None try to steal them from their parent-seat.
 Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
 Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard."

Of Aquinas, Waddington says, in his Church History, that his works are now confined to the shelves of a few profound students, whence they will never again descend. But the Dean of Durham has lived to see his statement convicted of rashness. Subsequent writers in our language on Church history—Hardwick, for example—write in very different terms of the Angelic Doctor. No small credit is due to those who, as Bishop Hampden, have, by original research, qualified themselves to speak of the merits and deficiencies of this greatest of the schoolmen, and to give to the general opinion of cultivated minds a more fair direction than it previously possessed.

The work of Dr Werner is not by any means so well arranged, or so attractive in style, as the recent book of M. Jourdain on Aquinas. But it is more comprehensive in range, and more complete in erudition. It is divided into three books, of which the first—which is as large as both the other two put together—embraces the history of Thomism as a theological-peripatetic doctrine; the second goes over the same as a scholastic-peripatetic doctrine; and the third narrates the bearings of the theme in its merely speculative aspects. The various parts of the extensive subject have been very carefully treated, in so far as the middle age and modern issues of Thomism in France, Germany, and Italy are concerned. A great deal of information is communicated, of which not a little will be new, even to those who have given special attention to the history of theological speculation. The influence of the revived study of the scholastic philosophy within the present century is well traced, in so far as its principal continental results are concerned. But Dr Werner appears to have paid little attention to the English department of his subject; and his knowledge of Thomism, in its Spanish phase—one of the most distinctive and continuous of any—is superficial, and in a good measure from secondary sources of information. On the whole, however, the book may be recommended as one of careful research on most points, characterized by a well-trained familiarity with theological and philosophical speculation. The book is also enlivened to the general reader by narrative and anecdote, connecting theological with general history. A carefully-executed summary of contents commences, and an equally useful index concludes, this portly volume.

Concilien Geschichte. Nach den Quellen bearbeitet. V. Dr C. J.
 HEFELE. Vierter Band. Freiburg: Herder. 1860.

THIS fourth volume of Dr Hefele's History of the Councils embraces the period from the death of Charlemagne to the accession of Gregory VII.—rather more than two centuries and a half. Originally intimated to be comprised in five volumes, it is now obvious that it must extend to seven or eight. There is the same beauty of typography,

completeness of list of contents, and accuracy of index, as in former volumes.

Probably few of the readers of our most popular historian have adverted to the circumstance that, in referring to a question of ecclesiastical antiquarianism, he speaks of the Council of Toledo; leaving us in doubt to which of the eighteen synods held in the capital of Gothic Spain he is making allusion. This vagueness of reference was only likely to be detected by professed students of Church History; but it was one which Macaulay's master in constitutional learning, Hallam, would not have made. The Councils of the Council, general or local, mixed or purely ecclesiastical in composition, are eminently worthy of attention, not only from the professed theologian, but from all to whom the modes of thinking and habits of living of past ages afford interest. In the main, Dr Hefele's work is a good guide to the historical student. But he would have given a wider interest, and afforded a fuller picture of the times, if he had relieved his narrative by the occasional introduction of anecdote, and poem, and even legend. It is one of the better features of Waddington's Church History, that it does this to as great an extent as the brevity of his general treatment allowed. The proceedings of the eighth Ecumenical Council, and those of the synods held in France, Germany, and Italy, during the period embraced in this volume, have been traced by Dr Hefele with much painstaking research, except that to Milman, and other English writers on the Church History of that era, is no reference. But with regard to the synods of the flourishing and declining times of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty in this country, he is by no means satisfactory. His volume closes shortly after Harold fell before William, and Stigand gave place to Lanfranc. To no department of history have recent researches been more closely, and, on the whole, more successfully applied; and, from the mixed nature of many of the Anglo-Saxon Councils, it was peculiarly requisite that their historian should give large attention to the connection of civil with ecclesiastical annals. But of the researches of Allen and Palgrave, of Thorpe and Kemble, Dr Hefele is quite unaware. Nor has he taken the pains to acquaint himself with the ecclesiastical works of Spelman, Johnson, Inett, with the Bampton Lectures or the History of Soames; and ancient works, such as the Saxon Chronicle, and the Lives of Dunstan and other Saxon saints, by Eadmer, have equally remained unconsulted by him. This stands out in signal and painful contrast to the course pursued by some other German divines; as, for instance, in the articles on ancient British Church History in Herzog's Cyclopaedia, by Schoell.

The consequence of such imperfect preparation for this part of his task has been, that Dr Hefele has left obscure various parts of Saxon Church History. He has omitted some Councils; to some, as that of Enham (p. 636), he has given a wrong date; such places as Glastonbury and Amesbury are not easily to be recognised in the forms in which he quotes them. Of the very important legislation of some of these Councils on Sabbath observance we have a very imperfect notice. The general connecting narrative is superficial and defective, and

stands in most striking and unpleasing contrast to the carefulness of other similar parts of the volume. Of the pains which, elsewhere, Dr Hefele has taken, in order to clear up difficult or contested points, there is, in this portion of the volume, no trace. Without claiming for the Church legislation of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors more than its due share of importance, we must remark, that this hurrying over the insular in favour of the continental part of his subject, is unfair and unbecoming. It is doing, and as unreasonably, the opposite of what some writers, as Hardwick, has done, who give a disproportionate share of attention to the ecclesiastical minutiae of the Anglo-Saxon period. Dr Hefele has given considerably less attention to the Church History of Britain than has been done, we shall not say by grave historians, but by our poets, Wordsworth and Henry Taylor—the former in his “Ecclesiastical Sketches,” the latter in his “Edwin the Fair.” We hope that, in Dr Hefele’s future volumes, the injustice of the present one will be repaired. Filling up a gap, as his work does, its circulation should extend beyond Germany; and the better filled up its whole plan, the more likely is this to be the case.

Schleiermacher. Ein Characterbild. V. Dr C. A. AUBERLEN.
Basel: Dettloff. 1860.

IF Schleiermacher has influenced Britain and the United States less than Neander and Tholuck, he has influenced Germany far more than either. No theologian since Luther’s time has filled a larger place in the public mind. The little work before us seeks to give a thoroughly fair and judicial appreciation of his character and work. Schleiermacher is described in his family life; in his patriotic wishes and exertions, especially in Prussia’s seven years’ agony between Jena and Leipsic; in his capacities as a preacher, a lecturer, and a writer on theology and general literature. While full justice is done to his varied and signal merits, Dr Auberlen’s sense of duty to the living prevents him from delivering a mere panegyric on the great departed whom he commemorates. Schleiermacher’s deficient views both of sin and of justification are clearly and faithfully pointed out.

Histoire du Merveilleux dans les Temps Modernes. Par L. FIGUIER.
I. and II. Paris, 1860.

DURING the recent Revivals, persons hostile or indifferent to them called attention to various manifestations of enthusiasm on the Continent in former times. Of some of these the able and carefully-written volumes before us give an account. In a somewhat lengthy introduction, M. Figuiet describes the marvellous, as it was professedly exhibited in the times of ancient heathenism, Oriental and Classical. The Demonopathy of the Middle Ages is next considered. Proceeding to his more special subject, M. Figuiet narrates the terrible story of the Ursuline nuns of Loudon, who, by their accusations of sorcery, sent the unfortunate priest, Urban Grandier, to the stake.

This tragedy, the reader may remember, forms a very striking chapter of the "Celebrated Crimes" of Alexandre Dumas. The Jansenist "Convulsionnaires," in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., form the concluding portion of the first volume. The most generally interesting part of the second volume is that which treats of the "Prophets" among the persecuted Protestants of the south of France, in the first generation of the "Desert," the era of Jean Cavalier and Antoine Court. M. Figuier has prepared his readers for the circumstances in which these supernatural pretensions were made, by a carefully drawn-up account of the cruelties to which the Calvinists were exposed under Louis XIV. Their pastors exiled, their teachers silenced, their family life broken up, injury in deed only varied by insult in word, the name of Frenchman refused, that of man scarcely given, what wonder that the enthusiasm, which to a very small extent (among the Gibbites) appeared in Scotland under the Stuart persecutions, should have, on a far larger scale, pervaded the Camisards? M. Figuier recognises in these appearances "a special and epidemic malady of the nervous system, engendered by the long sufferings to which the Protestants of the south had been exposed." A considerable amount of interest in the supernatural claims of the "French Prophets" was excited in England at the time. Various persons of distinction professed belief in these claims; and eminent divines, both of the Church and the Dissenters, deemed it necessary to write, disproving their pretensions. M. de Felice, in his recent History of the French Protestants, draws a parallel between the peasant girl Isabeau Vincent and Joan of Arc. "The religious phenomenon is absolutely the same. If the English had triumphed in the fifteenth century, the shepherdess of Vancouleurs would be, in the estimate of historians, only a poor peasant girl led astray by foolish hallucinations."

M. Figuier's work is an important contribution to Church History, as well as to the philosophy of the human mind in its more morbid appearances. The author has by it increased the reputation which his previous work on Alchemy had deservedly gained him.

Der Westgothische Arianismus. V. A. HELFFERICH. Berlin: Springer. 1860.

Über das Leben d. Ulphilas. V. D. W. PRESSELL. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1860.

THE bypaths of Church History have furnished occasion to many carefully-executed monographs from German pens, and the two little works before us show that the list still increases. They are both (with allowance made for the theological laxity of the former author) interesting, as casting some light upon the extent to which Arianism prevailed, and the manner in which it was partially modified, among the Gothic invaders of the Roman Empire. General Church histories are by no means satisfactory upon this topic. The writings of the heterodox party have been consigned to destruction, and much must now be mere matter of conjecture. All the more on account of the

obscurity of the subject must the labours of the learned writers before us be welcome to the student.

Histoire de la Reformation Francaise. Par F. PUAUX. Paris: Levy. 1860.

OUR school collections now include among their poetical extracts the noble lay of Macaulay on Ivry. But, if the least poetical, undoubtedly the most Huguenot stanza is generally omitted. What more in keeping with the glad exultation of the victorious Calvinists than

"We of the religion have borne us best in fight,
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Up with it high, unfurl it wide, that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church
such woe!"

The chequered, stirring, and bloody struggle, of which Ivry was the last great combat, was first adequately brought before the cultivated mind of Europe by Davila, in his "*Guerre Civili di Francia.*" But the Italian historian has presented the civil rather than the religious aspect of the story to his readers; and, with all his merits of narrative, reflection, and character-painting, is too much "*politique par livre,*" as De Retz says of Mazarin, to sympathise with the better part of the Huguenot section of Frenchmen. Since he wrote, the story of the French Reformation has been told in a variety of publications on the other side of the Channel and on this, and never more frequently than in this century. Sometimes, as in the *Chronique de Charles IX.*, of Merimée, fiction has found a fertile theme in the vicissitudes and intrigues in which the chiefs of the party were involved. On other occasions new light has been thrown on obscure or contested portions of the Huguenot story, by the publication of letters, memoirs, and miscellaneous writings of the Reformation era. Attention has been of late specially paid to provincial Calvinist history. The materials accumulated in former times, or presented by contemporary research, have given to various German historians, as Soldan and Ebeling, opportunity to narrate, with interest and vigour, the history of the revolt of a French minority against Rome. Ranke, intermediate between his former German and his present English historical labours, has given to a public, ever and justly welcoming his compositions, an authoritative work on the France of the sixteenth century. In this country, notwithstanding the works of Browning, Smedley, Sir J. Stephen, and others, there is still room for a history really worthy of the subject. If no Englishman soon rise to fill up this gap, perhaps the United States may furnish a worthy companion narrative to the great work of Motley.

Meanwhile, the work of M. Puau is well worthy of the careful appreciation of the historical student. In no country have historical labours been, of late, prosecuted with greater continuousness, painstaking, and success, than in France. The now venerable heads of the

French historical school—Guizot, Villemain, Amedée Thierry—have had the pleasure of welcoming an uninterrupted band of younger writers, not unworthy to carry on this part of the literary succession. Among these may be, without hesitation, classed the writer before us. What of late De Broglie has done for the Empire of the fourth century, M. Puaux has effected for the French Protestantism of the sixteenth. His work is removed alike from the bareness and unsatisfactoriness of an abridgment, and from the overdone accumulation of a too prolonged chronicle. Availing himself of the labours of predecessors, turning to account the researches of contemporaries, he has made the work completely his own by the spirit in which it has been composed. Industry is competent to collect materials; literary power only can assort and fuse them. Differing sometimes from his view of occurrences, dissenting here and there from his estimate of characters, now and then holding an opposite view as to the proportion and the colouring of parts of his historical picture, we still warmly and confidently recommend M. Puaux's volumes to our readers. The work has placed its author among the first authors of the French Protestant Church.

The Works of the Rev. John Maclaurin. Edited by W. H. GOULD, D.D., Edinburgh. In two vols. Edinburgh: John Maclaren. 1860.

AMONG the Scottish Presbyterian divines of last century, none is entitled to a higher place, or has actually obtained a greater name, than JOHN MACLAURIN. Though his writings have never been so popular or so extensively useful as those of Boston, Willison, and the Erskines, yet, in intellectual power, and in many of the attributes of true genius, Maclaurin will by most be considered superior to these distinguished men. His was an understanding of a very uncommon order, at once profound and subtle, remarkable alike for its vigour and its comprehensiveness. He was also a man of fine culture and high accomplishments. His noble faculties were well trained and fitly exercised; were called into play by worthy literary labours, and directed to the elucidation of the grandest themes. As a theologian, a preacher, and a pastor, he held in his own day the highest rank; and with all competent judges he will never suffer any diminution of his fame.

The late Dr John Brown, no mean judge of theological merit or literary excellence, styled Maclaurin "the most profound and eloquent Scottish theologian of the last century;" and also declared him to be "scarcely less intellectual than Butler, while as spiritual as Leighton." This is high praise; but not too high in the estimation of those who have studied Maclaurin's character in his works. These works show a philosophic power, a depth and subtlety of thought, a literary finish, and a majestic eloquence, seldom found united in any theological performances whatever, and certainly unequalled by any Scottish divine of his age. One sermon, "Glorying in the Cross of Christ," is enough of itself to make a high reputation. Though, perhaps, somewhat too rhetorical in style for modern taste, it must ever be regarded

as a noble composition, charged with evangelical doctrine, abounding in original thoughts, and adorned with the finest imagery. Several other sermons of this truly remarkable man, such as, "The Sins of Men not Chargeable against God," "The Law Magnified by the Redeemer," and "Prejudices against the Gospel," are of the same stamp, and exhibit that deep philosophic power characteristic of their author.

Maclaurin's miscellaneous works, especially his "Treatise on the Prophecies relative to the Messiah," and his "Essay on Christian Piety,"—which last was unfortunately left unfinished,—are all worthy of his powers as a philosophic theologian. They contain views which seem to anticipate some of the most important speculations of the present age, and show how much at home their author would have been in a chair of theology or of moral philosophy. The pulpit and the Church courts claimed such a man, and greatly needed him in his day; and probably it was better that he was never tempted or rewarded with the honours of an academic chair. But no position in the Church or in a Scottish university would have been too high for a man of his exalted character and extraordinary powers.

John Maclaurin was born in 1693, and was the eldest son of the minister of the parish of Glendaruel, Argyleshire. He had two brothers, the elder of whom, Daniel, died young, after giving proof of great genius, while the younger, Colin, lived to be one of the greatest mathematicians of his age. Having studied divinity at Glasgow and at Leyden, he was in 1717 ordained minister at Luss, a well-known parish situated on the shore of Lochlomond. His high theological attainments and remarkable pulpit eloquence soon made him extensively known in the west of Scotland, and procured him, in 1723, a call to Glasgow, where he became minister of what was then known as the North-west Parish. As a parish minister, on whom devolved most onerous and constantly-increasing duties, as an eloquent preacher, as a leader of the Evangelical party in the Church courts, and as a public-spirited citizen, ever forward to promote the good of the community, Mr Maclaurin took his place among the foremost, and won the affectionate admiration of a large circle of friends. Thus, while one distinguished brother filled with the highest credit the chair of mathematics in Edinburgh, the other was acknowledged to be one of the most prominent men in the rival city of Glasgow, then rapidly increasing in importance.

As might have been expected of such a man, Mr Maclaurin supported the popular or Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, and especially endeavoured to mitigate the rigour with which a prevailing majority in the General Assembly were already beginning in his day to enforce the obnoxious law of patronage. Yet extreme counsels were foreign to his calm intellect, and he did not take such high ground on the popular side as some of his more ardent coadjutors could have wished. But all that was evangelical in principle, or spiritual in religion, found in him a firm and intelligent friend. He took a lively interest in the revivals at Kilsyth and Cam-

buslang, and has left on record his deliberate, though guarded, testimony to the reality and power of these famed religious movements. Mr Maclaurin was also the friend and correspondent of Jonathan Edwards, and other eminent American divines, who looked very much to Scotland for sympathy and support during their numerous trials. He was worthy of the friendship of Edwards; and on one occasion collected contributions among his friends in Scotland, to assist that great man in a period of difficulty. His life of usefulness and honour was suddenly cut short, by a brief but severe illness, in 1754. He died in the 61st year of his age, in the fulness of his powers and fame, leaving behind him works which posterity will never cease to admire.

Dr Goold has performed his editorial task with his usual accuracy and judgment. He has prefixed to the first volume a short memoir of Maclaurin, written by his son-in-law, Dr John Gillies, the well-known author of the "Historical Collections;" and he has appended a variety of notes and letters illustrative of Maclaurin's life and times. But this supplementary matter has a somewhat confused appearance. Indeed, notwithstanding what Dr Goold says about the scantiness of the materials for a life of Maclaurin, we are inclined to think that he might have used for that purpose such materials as he has collected with considerable success. Maclaurin, and other men of his stamp, lived before the biographical mania, which rages at present, had made its appearance; but it is due to such men that their lives should be carefully and classically written from what materials the industry of the present age can collect. A good life or memoir of an eminent man need not be a long one. It need not be copious in its details, or swollen out with journals and correspondence; yet, however succinct it may be, philosophical, and, in a sense, complete. We are persuaded that the lives of a goodly number of our Scottish worthies have yet to be written. The materials for such biographies are not so scanty as many suppose. What is wanted is the skilful and philosophical use of the materials that exist, or may be collected.

We heartily commend this new and complete edition of Maclaurin's works, and hope it will find a place in every theological library. Its outward appearance, as well as its intrinsic worth, ought to gain for it universal favour.

THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

- ART. I.—1. *Thoughts in aid of Faith, gathered chiefly from recent works in Theology and Philosophy.* By SARA S. HENNELL. Manwaring, 1859.
2. PRIZE ESSAY.—*Christianity and Infidelity: an Exposition of the Arguments on both sides. Arranged according to a plan proposed by George Baillie, Esq.* By S. S. HENNELL. Hall and Virtue, 1857.
3. *Essay on the Sceptical Tendency of "Butler's Analogy."* By S. S. HENNELL. 1859.

MINDS of high order, as to originative force, throw off from themselves the reflex quality of any scheme of doctrine which has sprung from them. The author of a philosophy is not always—he is not often—its truest representative, either intellectually or morally; perhaps he is not even its best expounder; and instances might be named in which a coherent notion of a system is better taken from the disciple than from the master. It will be so especially, if the disciple, while he is zealously affected toward the master, be also well schooled in the system itself, and be of such intelligence as that he is able to exhibit what is peculiar to it in its relation to the teaching of others. Thus it is that the Recipient Mind is to be looked to rather than the Originative Mind, when it is our purpose to acquaint ourselves authentically, and in the shortest time, with the doctrine of a sect or school.

Certainly it is not with an intention to speak disparagingly of the accomplished author of the books named at the head of this article, that we thus introduce her to our readers. She herself would, we think, choose so to be spoken of. In truth, the intellectual modesty and the candour which shed a grace upon her pages, assure us that we shall not offend her in availing our-

selves of her last book—regarding it as the product rather of a Disciple-Mind than of a Master-Mind. And yet it is only justice to her to say, that she is far from occupying the position of an *obsequious* listener to any one of the leading spirits of the time; for she writes *eclectically*—freely taking from each what she approves, and leaving what she disallows, in the systems of these noted Guides of “MODERN THOUGHT.” She writes in a tone of independence, as well as with intelligence and candour. There is one other point on which we would preclude misapprehension. The author is—an awkward phrase!—an *authoress*; but let it not be imagined that the courtesy to which she is so well entitled—her sex not considered—is now rendered to her *because* it is “a lady” we have to do with. A courtesy of this sort she would rightly regard as an insult; and we should further say, that a critic who, in this instance, might assume the knightly style, would do well first to make himself sure that he is himself this lady’s superior, either in power of thought or in accomplishments. No arrogance of this species will, we think, show itself in these pages. Be it at the same time well understood, that while we should scorn to treat Miss Hennell in the style of a spurious politeness, and are not professing to be gentle because she is the “weaker vessel,” we must use a liberty that is quite regardless of sex in speaking of her principles—her doctrine—her conclusions; for with these we must deal, according to law, rigorously, and in no other mood than that of inexorable reason. Inexorable reason! and let the import of this phrase be duly regarded by those, on both sides, who owe it to themselves well to consider it. What then does it mean in relation to the momentous controversy now in view? It does not mean interminable argumentation—the endless See-Saw of evenly balanced “Considerations,” now up, now down: it does not mean the carrying on of a hopeless antagonism, marked on the one side by philosophic arrogance, on the other side by irritation and petulant anathemas. What we intend in this instance by invoking the aid of inexorable reason is this:—we ask for fixedness of purpose in holding fast to *the matter in hand*; and in doing so, a strict adherence to those logical canons which belong to the subject in its two main branches—namely, of Abstract Thought, or Metaphysical Speculation; and of Historical Criticism. Thus, for example, as to the first of these departments, the requirements of rigid argumentation should include a “reporting progress” on the part of those who so often affirm that great progress has actually been made under their guidance. There are those at this time who, if they do not call one another “the most Advanced Thinkers of the age,” yet quietly accept the designation when it is bestowed upon them by their admiring disciples.

Now, we may fairly require it to be shown, on the part of these "Advanced Thinkers," that, in fact, "Thought" has been advanced—has been set forward, at least a step or two, since it has been in their keeping. But if, on the contrary, it shall appear—and appear on the evidence of so well-informed a disciple as is the author of the book before us, that Abstract Speculation has, at this moment, come to a dead stop at the very point where it stood in the young days of Oriental Buddhism, then this Inexorable Reason, the aid of which we invoke, will demand that a three thousand years or more of unproductive toil on this field should now be accepted as proof more than enough of the hopelessness of any such endeavours to create a Theology on that ground. Miss Hennell will enable us to show that the newest issues of Modern Thought are resolvable into a scheme which, if it be a Theology, is less coherent than was the ancient Buddhism; which, if it be regarded as a Philosophy, can boast of no particle of scientific evidence beyond that which sustained the more ancient system; which, if it were looked to as a scheme of morals, is equally ineffective for any good—is impracticable—is powerless—is inane; and which, if it does not dispel the instinctive fears, quashes the instinctive hopes of the human mind.

The other branch of this great controversy in respect of which we invoke the help of unsparing logic, is that of Historical Criticism; for, by the evidence of a series of able writers, on the side of disbelief, it may be shown, at this time—*first*, that a final solution of the problem of Historical Christianity is imperatively needed; and next, that a strict adherence to the reason of the question will not fail to bring us to that issue—namely, a *final decision* concerning the Mission of Christ, as either authoritative toward the human family, or not so. It has long been felt, and it is now frankly admitted, that so long as Christianity maintains its position as a Theology from Heaven, and is looked to as a determinative source of religious belief, it blocks the way of Modern Thought upon the otherwise open field of abstract speculation. Christianity—if it be from God in its own sense, and if it is to give law to our beliefs, then must it be allowed to preclude speculation upon those matters over which Abstract Philosophy claims a right of control. If Christianity be from Heaven, then it is clear that those vital questions concerning a Personal God, and concerning the reality of a moral system and a future retribution, and especially concerning the continuity of individual consciousness after death, are already determined for us. The Court of Heaven has long ago given judgment on these points; and, therefore, any further debate concerning them must be idle; not to say that it is a "contempt of Court." But as to any such restrictions as these, they are felt to be intolerable by the

Masters of Modern Thought!—how shall those submit to be so restricted, who have relished the pleasures of unfettered speculation? Miss Hennell expresses herself with great vivacity on this point: she thus speaks of—

“the impression of *contraction* that strikes every one who turns back to the manner of thought that belongs to the period of theological belief, after having once indulged in the expansiveness of philosophical principle. Who is there who has not resented to himself the difficulty of forcing the mind again to submit to the conventional rigour that of right befits the limits of theological treatment? Immediately comes the consciousness that we are upon ground where there is always something to be taken for granted, beyond which we must be contented not to inquire. And in this indignant surmise, when it is thoroughly investigated, proves at last to lie the very root of the matter.”—P. 95.

By all means, therefore, this power of restraint must be driven off from the ground of “expansive philosophical thought.” And so it is that this writer, following the example of every one of her noted predecessors on the same side, addresses herself at the outset to this task—namely, that of dismissing Christianity, and of showing that, whatever use we may continue to make of it, we may henceforth safely think and speak of it as itself “a fable.” We shall presently see that although she acquits herself of this preliminary task much to her own satisfaction—just at the moment of winding up her argument, yet passages very frequently occur throughout the volume, some of which we shall cite, which give evidence of deep uneasiness still lurking in her mind, as if, after all her efforts, things were not right on this ground.

In long series, one after another, every writer of note on the same side has given proof of his feeling, that Christianity *must* in some manner be thrust aside, and be deprived of its assumed right of interference on the field of Philosophy. Each of these writers, therefore—German, French, and English—has propounded a scheme of historical criticism, by help of which the difficulty may be overcome. But now, as to these successive schemes or theories, whether they be four or five, or more, it should be understood that there are not, *at this time*, four or five independent solutions of the Problem, from among which we are at liberty to select the one which pleases us the best. This is not the fact; nor have we any such option; for the truth is, that the author of each of these schemes has rested its claim to be accepted on the plea that he has already demolished the hypothesis of his immediate precursor. On the showing, therefore, of these very writers, listening as we may to them in their turn, we may save ourselves the trouble of inquiring concerning the merits of any one except the latest: we may do so without fear,

because the public verdict in each instance has been decisively given to this effect—namely, that whether or no the last comer has made good his own scheme, he has effectively annihilated the method of his predecessor. It was thus, and all the world knows it, that Strauss overthrew the preceding Rationalism :—and thus also, as is now acknowledged, has his own myth-doctrine been dismissed as an impracticable hypothesis. Miss Hennell, bringing forward anew the theory of her late brother, propounds it in her own way as—*The solution of the problem of historical Christianity*. Our readers need not be troubled with this solution, for the author herself dares not insist upon it ; and for ourselves, we reject it as utterly futile, absurd, insufferable. In showing that this latest born hypothesis does indeed deserve to be thus spoken of, we shall invoke the help of the above-mentioned Inexorable Reason ; and yet, in doing so, we need not infringe the rules of literary courtesy, or employ a single phrase which the author, or her most sensitive friends, could find fault with.

But what must follow if indeed this last and latest solution of the problem of historic Christianity must be rejected as—not better than its precursors ? A result must follow—marvellous indeed, and more difficult of belief than any Gospel miracle :—it is this, to wit—the upshot of a century of the earnest labours of a series of accomplished men, working to the same end, namely, the exclusion of Christianity as an *Authority* from the field of Thought, leaves us in this predicament, that, while we refuse to solve the problem by admitting Christianity to be true, we ought to despair of ever giving any rational coherence to our conceptions of it as “ a fable.” We are firmly resolved, on the side of Modern Thought, never to submit to it as true ; nevertheless, itself is so near to be true, that to think of it as false is impossible !

Miss Sara Hennell is already favourably known as a writer : the second of the three books named above, and published three years ago, received encomiums from Believers as well as from Unbelievers—besides the award which made it “ a Prize Essay.” In that instance she endeavoured so to balance antagonist arguments as might attest her impartiality, and yet not indicate her personal opinions. In the volume first named, “ *Thoughts in aid of Faith*,” she proclaims herself decisively on the side of Disbelief ; but she does this in a manner, and on grounds, that impart an importance to the book which (we still speak respectfully of the writer) it would not be thought entitled to on the mere plea of its intrinsic merits. We have said that Miss Hennell represents her avowed masters ; but she represents also very many at this time who are following the same guidance ; and to such readers, these “ *Thoughts*,” instead of rendering aid to

"Faith," if we mean by the word any fixed, settled, determinate belief, whether it be philosophic or theological, atheistic, pantheistic, or Christian-like, can produce no other result than that of leading them into the midst of that dim region of universal unfixedness where she herself wanders, as she says, in hopeless moodiness and dejection. Let this averment not only be rejected, but condemned too, if we fail to make it good.

The title imports that these "Thoughts" have been gathered "chiefly" from recent works "in Theology and Philosophy." The reader will ask, Who are these divines?—They are the following, namely: the author's late brother, Charles Hennell; then come Feuerbach, and Mr Herbert Spencer, and Mr Buckle, and Baden Powell, and Auguste Comte, and Strauss, and Theodore Parker, and F. Newman, and Mr G. H. Lewes, and Mr Martineau, and Mr Greg,—of whom the first four are, in her view, *authorities*. Those that follow, stand lower in her esteem; but yet, even as to the chiefs, she uses the liberty of criticism:—she insists upon what she thinks their errors or omissions, and she labours to bring out from their contradictions a consistent doctrine. Whether successful or not in these endeavours, they are prosecuted in a style at once (let us say it) of *manliness* and of modesty, which must win the esteem of every reader who himself has any consciousness of these qualities. In a word, the author of this volume is one whom every right-minded reader would earnestly wish to see fairly brought off from the infinite entanglements of her own speculations—"thin abstractions," as she confesses them to be.

It is reported concerning somebody, that he has lately thrown himself out of a very advantageous position, that he has abandoned a good income, and, moreover, that he has signed away from himself and his children a large reversionary interest! Be it so; nevertheless, he may be able to show you that he has made so great a sacrifice on very sure grounds of larger advantage, in possession or in prospect; and if you converse with him, you will find that he himself is free from misgivings on the subject. But we meet this somebody, and we see in a moment that the victim has become conscious of the rashness of the act which has sealed his fate. His countenance is overclouded with a settled gloom; his smiles are forced; his brow is knit, even while he laughs. The reader shall presently see whether this illustration has any pertinence in its bearing upon the instance now before us.

In many passages in this volume, sometimes formally, sometimes incidentally, the author gives judgment upon the Gospel of Christ. A noble outburst of Jewish fanaticism, she calls it, and it has left an impression upon the human system, the beneficial results of which must be permanent:—nevertheless, we of this

time have done with it : it is a religion of the past. Notwithstanding the vast moral influence it has had, yet, "as a systematic whole, it is essentially true, that Christianity has indeed passed away from us, and has left us only an inheritance out of its influences."—p. 106. Again : "The external part of Christianity thus retires to a far-off place in the course of human events, where it remains an object of deep historical interest, and may even be regarded as exerting influence down to our own age, through the stimulus it gave to intervening occurrences ; but with all the interest that is personal to ourselves in the matter of our religion, it seems to have no longer any connection. It has become a thing of the past, buried with the past, for any share we have in it."—p. 55. Referring to her late brother's "Inquiry," Miss Hennell says, that there was effected by it "an entire breaking up (as I believe) of the framework of miracle built around the life of Jesus."—p. 18. By what process of reasoning the author brings herself to this conclusion, we need not just now inquire ; for she is far from thoroughly satisfied with the result. Let us hear her on this point. The Christian history having been reduced "to the natural level of all other history, and this external foundation for the authority of Christianity being given up," then we have "given up the belief in Divine Revelation altogether : " nevertheless, there will be a residue of uneasiness ; for, she says, "general experience will probably confirm individual feeling, that this phase of conviction, however it may be supported, in respect of the negative results already obtained, by corroborating evidence of a variety of kinds, still is one that rather requires submission than affords satisfaction. It is a stage where, just as much as the intellect is continually urging to go on, the heart is incessantly craving to turn back. The mind is haunted by a sense of deprivation ; wanting so much, that, mingled as it was with incongruities now acknowledged to be as repugnant as they are absurd, yet gave a richness and fulness to the religious consciousness, that cannot be missed without a wistful lingering regret. It is useless for reason to convince itself to weariness that Christianity is a fable, and to go on showing plainly to our eyes how it grew out of its earthly root ; while the heart keeps protesting that it contained a response to her need, whose absence leaves her cold and void. It would be much better for reason to cease his claim to be solely attended to, till her want have been supplied."

Is, then, the instance we have imagined just above, pertinent or not so ? Is Miss Hennell well pleased to have lost, as she says, "all personal interest in Christianity ?" Hear her again. Feuerbach, she says, has proved to demonstration that "the notion of a personal God necessarily clothed itself in Christianity ; the former (Christian writers) prove, it seems to me with irrefrag-

able power, that, with the extinction of Christianity, the notion of a personal God must become itself extinct. And hence results the conclusion, that, *in their own sense of the term*, Christian writers have entire right to say that Atheism is the necessary consequence of Infidelity,—that is, of unbelief in Divine Revelation. Looking at the conclusion from that Christian ground, there is truly a 'terror' that has to be calculated; and in every aspect of it, it must, at all events, be a good thing to make the intellectual consequence apparent to ourselves. If any minds are driven back by it, it is well: they are safe within their proper haven. Let them not quit the sheltering refuge meet for them;—it is a home of blessed feeling, domestic to their heart. Nor let the self-exiled wanderers, either, be denied the welcome of guests when they would fondly return to share the endeared associations of old familiar faith! Shut not up your feelings, Christians, nor your rites, against those in whose bosoms the silver chord is not yet broken which renders back the vibration of harmonic sympathy!—Christianity is the *true* religion, wherever feeling is predominant. While its tide is sweeping even occasionally over minds habitually differently constituted, no logic can prevent those which are the most convinced of its error from becoming Christians again.—And in this irresistible tendency, if we had nothing else to reason from, we might be certain that it is impossible there should be no more than illusion. Feeling is as *real* a thing as logic, and must equally have its real foundation. But the real foundation is actually seen when it is traced as the natural product of a certain stage of mental development; and it is all natural too, that into this stage wayward circumstances should often cause us to relapse."—pp. 102, 3.

Passages of a similar import are of frequent occurrence in this volume, but we need not cite them; they will be perused with deep feeling by every rightly-minded reader. Miss Hennell is not only painfully conscious of the loss she has sustained in rejecting Christianity as a solace, and as a source of the purest moral influences, but she betrays her distrust of the logical process that has brought her to this issue,—an issue that leads her in front of the 'terrors' of Atheism,—which she admits to be the alternative when a belief in Revelation is abandoned. She has been tracing the course of that national fanaticism out of which the Gospel of Jesus took its rise, and then she is startled by the monstrous absurdity of her own hypothesis:—"And is it conceived possible, many will exclaim, that out of anything that is akin to frenzy like this could proceed a religion so pure, so holy, so calm and simple, as the Christian (religion)."—p. 50. She is of opinion that this supposition is just conceivable, and

that the possibility of it need not be doubted by any who has seen or even "imagined the face of one who has borne and survived the conflict of earthly trial, and thence has learned to fix all hope in heaven! This was the expression that settled upon the lineaments of early Christianity, and it is no wonder that the world has worshipped it ever since."

In a word, "the noble enthusiast" took up a mighty project—"conceive the grandeur of it—to bring down a reign of righteousness on earth!" He failed in his enterprise,—he died a martyr,—but he first taught his disappointed followers thenceforward "to fix all their hopes in heaven." Thus it is that a heaven-like religion—pure, calm, holy—has sprung out of—a mad ambition! The author believes that, in following this explicatory hypothesis, "there is unfolded, in one unbroken stream, the most marvellous, though *strictly natural*, chapter in the world's experience." "As regards the hallowed person of Jesus Himself,—when we have been once compelled to part with that cherished image of Divine humanity, yet not to part with it, only to consign it to that ideal world where it stands enshrined in artistic beauty for ever!—there is a nobleness," etc.—p. 52.

It is no wonder that, with an hypothesis so monstrous as this, which she trusts to for relieving her from "the belief in Divine Revelation," she speaks often of the "suffering" that ensues from the "snapping asunder" of that belief, and of the "dissatisfaction that lurks in the consciousness" after the abandonment of it.—p. 59. Herself schooled, as she says (p. 60), amid the negatives of Unitarianism, she came, under the guidance of Feuerbach, to comprehend, "as she had never been able before, the deep meaning and adaptation to human wants of the orthodox creed,—the wonderful beauty of that device of the God-man bearing upon him, not the sins only, but the impassionate hopes, the proud self-consciousness, the urgent aspirations of all the world! It (that is—this new apprehension of things) inspired the *readiness*, at least, to return again even onwards to the whole of Christian faith, if, at the same time, a way could have been opened for reason."

Her German authority had shown how religious feeling may still take its free course, "although conviction be extinct. But at once the remonstrance arises, how can it be otherwise than a mockery and a parody this exhibition of feeling, when at the same time the product of it all is shown to be nothing but delusion?—when, according to the inexorable verdict of reason, Christ, after all, is but a romance of the heart;—nay, when God Himself, in like manner, is no more than a 'Being of the understanding,'—a reflected image of the human intellect projected upon vacancy—not only in His attributes, but in His very existence,

demonstrable to have no other than this deceitful origination!" —pp. 61, 2.

The author thinks, indeed, that, from other sources, she will be able to improve a little upon Feuerbach's "inexorable demonstration." Nevertheless, it is a very little way in advance of her master that she can go; for it will still be true, or it will be all we can ever be sure of, that "God is henceforth to be thought of as the essence of the species of humanity" (p. 65); or, as this reasonable creed is elsewhere worded, "God is the Great Entireness of Humanity."

Several writers among those to whom Miss Hennell looks up as her masters, have of late expressed themselves almost as strongly as she does in their admiration of the "historic Jesus"—Mr Greg, for instance; in fact, Mr F. Newman stands almost alone among noted modern writers in the utterance of coarse blasphemies, that are an outrage equally upon good taste, moral consciousness; and piety. But there is not one of them, unless Mr Jowett may be an exception, who gives expression, as she does, to the anguish that is caused by a relinquishment of the Gospel with its bright and substantial hopes, and an adoption in the stead of them of the cold phantasies of a Buddhist Faith. As a proper counterpart to the passages above cited, which convey the author's feeling toward the Christianity which she discards, we shall now bring forward a few in which her feeling of the desolateness and gloom of the region upon which she has entered comes to the surface. The truthfulness and the admirable candour of her natural temper here make their appearance; and they will win at once the approval and the sympathy of every reader whose own dispositions are of the same order.

But why should we bring forward the passages which we have now in view? Assuredly it is not done at the impulse of a petty exultation, or for the gratification of an ungenerous triumph over an opponent; nor, indeed, at the impulse of any small motive whatever; but for reasons which we believe to be weighty and warrantable. This accomplished writer's mental condition, as it is exhibited by herself, with its regrets, its hopeless perplexities, and its dreary dismay in looking forward, is—this we well know—the condition at this time of a very large number of thoughtful and educated persons in England, if not in Scotland; therefore it is that we judge it to be a duty to avail ourselves of a volume such as this, for the purpose—first, of spreading out to view the state of mind itself; and then of showing what must be its consummation. It is not that we are taking advantage of the inconsequential misgivings of a woman's inconstant nature.—Miss Hennell, who is not wanting in those truer instincts and impulses which are hers as a woman, possesses,

in a rare degree, the faculty of apprehending abstract thought, and of holding on to the clue of speculation, even when it has become in the most extreme degree attenuated. Her masters may therefore well allow so accomplished a disciple to speak for them in relation even to what is the most abstruse in their philosophy; and she has this signal advantage over them, namely, that *she* is ingenuous where *they* might have been more discreet.

The passages cited above occur in the earlier part of the volume; those now to be adduced are taken from its closing chapters, where she is gathering up her argument, and is labouring to bring out its meaning, as it may be related to the individual mind, and to the hopes and the fears of each reader who may be like-minded with herself. It will be understood that the author not merely undertakes to show that the course she has herself followed is *inevitable*; but that, although much is sacrificed in following it, there does yet remain a *something* of peace or hope; or, if not hope, yet of expansive satisfaction, derivable from the ultimate creed of "Modern Thought." The author relinquishes the vivifying belief in a Personal God as a **REAL BEING**; or any such belief as that which is the groundwork of the religion of the Bible. Instead of this doctrine, and of its consequences,—such as the doctrine of a spiritual and providential relationship of God toward the individual worshipper, and of a bright futurity of this same relationship—it is inevitable to accept the vague conception of a relationship to the unconscious "**ENTIRE OF THINGS**;" and as to the future—the "theological belief" of the continuity of individual consciousness, and of a *personal* immortality—these must be abandoned; and we are advised to be content with the notion of a lapse at death into the "Universal Being." We must learn to renounce as *selfish* the wish for a bright personal immortality, and we should renounce those instincts whence has sprung the delusive hope of "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and not fading away, reserved in heaven for us." In the place of this false hope, we should be content with the fate which Nature provides alike for the leaf that falls in autumn, and for man, who, at the end of his few days of toil, returns to his everlasting home in the dust!

Yet the first few paces upon the road of Modern Thought are pleasant enough. Miss Hennell says:—"After tracking a painful way through the labyrinths of entangled theological discussion, hedged in all round by restrictive explanations, and burdened with an atmosphere of compulsive accommodation, irresistibly welcome is it to return to the free and open air of pure philosophic investigation."—p. 138. A few steps further on give the freest expansion to the now liberated mind, for it is found that

"the idea of real origin is a thing that vanishes out of nature ;" or, as it is elsewhere stated, as the conception of *Creation* is to be rejected, no room is left in the universe for a CREATOR. And not only does the solid world need no Creator ; for the immaterial world enjoys a corresponding independence : "the proper beginning of intelligence" has—Miss Hennell assures us of the fact—been discovered by Mr Herbert Spencer ! Who is it now that does not breathe more freely than before, on the first hearing of this discovery ? "Religious science sees the mind of man by means of its highest faculties, painting itself in the image of God,—forming a vast and shadowy representation of human lineaments thrown out before it upon the surface of the Unknown."—p. 153.

"The confidence of the mind in its own operations is the sentiment which answers to the religious idea of Faith ;" and it is this confidence which now lately has enabled it "to enter upon a new phase of Rational Trust."—p. 184. A correspondent comfort *ought* to be the result of this now corroborated "Rational Trust." Do we say comfort ? exultation attends the progress of emancipated thought. "Our Faith seems to have earned the charity by which she can afford to believe in all things :—can look back with indulgence upon the fond follies of the past, and feel no shame while still she continues, from the veriest bubbles that are moulded by the enchanter's breath, and thinned out into beauty always rarest just before they burst, to draw the tender nutriment that subtly feeds her own strength, even in that from which, to the puzzled quest of dull prosaic Doubt, a single drop of useless sediment is all that will remain behind. The magnificent theory of God the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, has formed the dome reared by human thought and piety over centuries ;—its bounding arches, lost in the distance of the past, extending into the indistinguishable mist of the future. How much of truth and religion has been nurtured within the fostering sanctuary that could not have ripened without it, God knows now, and we may know some day ; but, at all events, we have the actual benefit of it. In having been Christians, we have learned, and can never forget, the power of that principle of Faith which has possession of the world that now is, and of that which is to come. If our superstitious Imagery reared the Theory, the Theory has given to our nature its Religiousness : stamped and sealed upon our constitution by that Invisible and Inconceivable Spirit of Nature, which tries, as it originated, all our works."—p. 198.

A time comes, however, when a lower tone is of frequent occurrence in this volume ; and it is found to be still deepening as we approach the end :—"The world's philosophic experience is

constantly repeated by individuals, that there can never be a prolonged devotion of the prime of life to metaphysic thought, without a feeling of the same premature old age of the mind, the same sadness of utter vacancy, creeping over existence long before the time for its close! Fearful enough is the drying up of all the springs of mental life, to serve, in our contemplation, as a warning penalty against the condition, practically, indeed, far more than equivalent for the rude terrors of Theology, even while in a certain sense it justifies them."—p. 289.

Individual composure, or patient acquiescence in the forward flow of the "Whole of Things," must be preceded by an habitual renunciation or oblivion of the individual well-being. The individual man has grasped "his little handful—he has filled his little scoop—out of the mighty ocean, and therewith at least he has nourished his own minute existence, which yet is no longer minute while felt to be a working out of the linked connection of the whole. Let man be able to forget occasionally the share of doing that is his own, and feel how even his own thought is nothing but an outbreathing of the Universal Being, for the drawing back of vitality into the circulation of created life. Let him be able even to forget himself utterly, and see how, in primal creation, the Infinite Flood rolls onward its everlasting waves, and as each subsides into its own bosom, gathers and condenses purpose to narrow itself into the material limitation of form."—p. 388.

In her concluding chapter Miss Hennell gathers into one her inferences, so far as the general principle which she has laboured to elucidate may be thought to take any bearing upon the individual mind as a source of what should come in the place of the supports of the "Old Theologic Faith." To a few passages, conveying the author's own feeling on this ground, we now ask the reader's attention. The candour of the following admission deserves great praise :—

"In the assurance that we seem here to have obtained of an enduring outcome for our Faith, and of the world's glorious inheritance of it, what is there, we have still to ask, as the question that remains of urgent personal concern, that we have a right to consider as our own share of it?—or is it truly the case, as appears at first sight, that an abstract congratulation in the progress of mankind, is that which we need to bring ourselves to feel the *only* privilege that we are entitled to claim out of the general welfare? It is impossible to avoid the impression, that a religion which offers no more than this, as our individual portion in the great Truth, falls into such chilling contrast with the passionate promises of the elder phase, as to need the utmost of the aid that rational investigation can afford, to reconcile the reception of it with a true content."—p. 292.

What is implied in this passage should be fully understood, for it carries much meaning in relation to the inevitable consummation of "Modern Thought." The meaning is this. The author has convinced herself that "Christianity is a fable," which has, indeed, well done its office in the world; but as to the bright promises it has uttered, and the immortal hopes it has cherished, these all are a delusion! Moreover, she has come to see, that although a "Personal God" may still be spoken of as perhaps a Real Existence, beyond the human mind, and exterior to it, we have not, nor can ever have, any valid evidence in support of this belief. But now the abandonment of so much which the human mind has been wont to accept as certain, and to rest upon in its time of need, is followed by a painful sense of deprivation,—a loss incalculably great has been sustained! To what quarter, then, are we to look for that which shall come in the place of the rejected Theology? All that our author can turn to for assuaging her regret, is the belief that, although the individual man perishes, the "Entire of Humanity," the "Great Whole," the "All in All," is imperishable and eternal; and not only so, but that this never-dying Humanity, is, under the beneficent guidance of *Nature*, always advancing from an inferior and a ruder condition, to a higher and a more perfect condition. "Development" is always in progress. Miss Hennell therefore thinks that those who are wise will at length learn to be content with a "large hope" like this, although it wears a vague aspect, and sends a deadly chill to the heart. In truth, this doctrine of the Eternal Development of the "Universal Man" seems at times to leave the individual woman, large-hearted as she is, in a very disconsolate mood. So we must suppose, in listening to passages such as the following:—

"It has ever and again happened," she says, "that the large and aspiring hopes of the human mind, when their tenor has come to be dissipated, have left it in possession of 'a minute shade of gain,' which has in every instance been rejected by it at first with contemptuous scorn, as beneath its acceptance; and yet this small gain is a real gain, and abides with us as a sure possession; and thus now, in that aggregation of feeling which represents itself as the general anxiety for our own personal condition, it is in perfect harmony with all the previous plan of nature, that man's original desires should have to be corrected by the disappointments of real scientific acquaintance with facts, into the degree of expectation to which she will finally give her own sanction."—p. 395.

The disposition, therefore, which we should cherish, is that of "an extended concern for the abstract good of mankind, which is the source of real elevation of character," and which is superior to "that early sensuous phase of religion which limited itself to the

obtaining of the magnified image of actual personal enjoyment." Our instinct of self has demanded "that it should be so, and that the promise of eternal individual existence should constitute the earlier religion."

But a new phase of this same instinct is now coming on :—

"The phase that is now taking form to serve for an indefinite period as a governing theory for the aim of the human being, is that which views self of importance only as it is a part of the whole. It has opened the two distinct points of view which, until the final adjustment of conception is effected, will necessitate a continual state of painful oscillation in the state of our own desires :—human nature, according to its own true and rightful instinct, necessary to the maintaining of it in its actual constitution, clinging to the notion of its own personality, and thence desiring that all things external should bend and become subservient to its own object, the attaining of complete perfection to its own being ;—the object of Nature, on the other hand, being felt rather to use that being as only a temporary instrument for the accomplishment of purposes incomparably larger."—p. 396.

As to our "personal consciousness," Miss Hennell thinks it is scarcely possible to see "how it can ever be restored. Nevertheless, we are very far from the right to assert that nothing answering to it may really arrive to take place." But she says :—"This surmise of possibility, when even supposing it to have any solid foundation at all, is one altogether indistinct to reason at present, is so entirely slight and unsatisfactory as long as the former impression of the true personal fulfilment remains present to the mind as an object of desire for comparison with it, as would seem to render it a mere mockery when conceived in the light of a substitute."—p. 399. It is acknowledged, that for the mind to tear itself away from these personal instincts, is "an anguish from which it is impossible that it should not shrink, and the Religion that comes to demand it is ever that which, in this natural sense, the 'natural man' must truly resist with all his might. . . . To relinquish our personal hopes, and to take instead of them an abstract conception, thin as air, is a trial to our constituted instincts harder than any that has yet been undergone. What, however, would be the value of any new principle if it did not enable us to triumph over ourselves? How should we know it at all to be a Religion, if it did not bring with it its Cross?"—p. 400.

These several quotations, apart from their bearing upon our immediate purpose, will not fail to awaken the sympathies of every reader whose dispositions are kindly and true. To render the following passage quite intelligible, it should be said (so we gather from several incidental expressions) that this lady has

mourned, and still mourns, the loss of a brother who was her guide and companion until of late. There is that in human nature which refuses to be comforted by means so unsubstantial as is the philosophy she professes :—

“ There is all that part of our nature, the most sensitive and of the greatest present value to us, respecting which it is difficult to us to conceive to what class it is to belong : the whole region of our affections, respecting which it is next to impossible for us at present to determine whether we are to consider it as belonging to that which has to be left behind, or to that which has to go forward into the future. Here, therefore, is the real scene of our trial. If in our moods of tranquil reason we can be content to leave our future destiny altogether in the same guidance that has directed it hitherto, and can draw our full enjoyment of this actual existence, notwithstanding the frailty of the tenure on which we are conscious that we possess it ; there is the season in which we find ourselves left in existence only as mourners for those who are gone, when the need for consolation within us seems that which ought to urge forth out of nature an answer for its satisfaction. Is such an answer to be found in a faith like the present ?—is a question that we may well be asked, and that we must not at all events shun to ask ourselves. Surely not !—Let us, at least, not try to delude ourselves for the sake of a vindictory disclaimer, where vindication can never really be needed.—Surely not ! there is truly no such satisfaction to be found in this new form of faith ; but must we not own to ourselves, that in the very want lies indeed that which only shows its harmony with all else that Nature has brought home to us as her own inevitable truth ! Neither anywhere else is there sign of perfect satisfaction to be found in Nature.” —p. 402.

But if her philosophy fails to afford comfort in grief, so does it fail to dispel the gloom that surrounds the meditation of death. Miss Hennell, in her concluding pages, labours earnestly at this point, but with slender success :—

“ Under the absolute view of personality, it was inevitable that Death should wear no other form than that of Destruction and Annihilation ; under the new principle, which regards consciousness as only a temporarily isolated phase of continuous existence, and from which the ideas of Destruction and Annihilation have vanished into the same unreality with that of proper Individuality, Death becomes at once no more than merely change.”—p. 403.

“ It is a cold comfort always,” the author truly says, “ to be told that we must learn to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, and that the improvement in our lot must take place in our own apprehensions of it.” She finds it so in this instance. DEATH still shows a pallid aspect, even after the spectre has been brought in front of the Philosophy of Modern Thought ; and she goes on to say—“ The physical evil attending the actual experience (of death) together with the mental suffering inevit-

ably accompanying the physical, is such as, in the normal process of dissolution, requires the aid of human sympathy, and not of abstract thought." It must be so, even to those in whom "the exercise of mature intellect has brought the disbelief in personal immortality." Nevertheless the instincts of nature will often regain their force, and it may be long before the child of philosophy will have learned the needed lesson of acquiescence.

"To enable us to attain this victorious largeness of mind, is the aim of our Religion, as it has ever been the aim of all Religion whatsoever. We hope now, as experience has taught us, no longer for the change that in one sudden moment, in the twinkling of an eye, was to clothe upon us the spiritual investment of the new being, and transfer us to the new heavens and new earth; but we look for, in genuine faith, as we endeavour in true practical labouring to promote, the gradual, seed-ripening, unfolding of the season in which it shall be the purpose of the natural-divine ordaining to give unto us the kingdom, and enable us to trample our present sorrows and our present sins under our feet."—p. 409.

This last mournful passage may properly conclude the evidence which shall warrant the inference we have intended to derive from it. We here see "Modern Thought" reaching—shall we say so—its climax, or rather its lowest point of depression; yet this is a point toward which an irresistible gravitation is ever drawing it down.

To follow the author in the track of her reasoning through the mid chapters of this volume, would involve nothing less than an encounter, in turn, with the several philosophies out of which her own has been concocted. We should be required to deal, in order, with at least four independent and mutually destructive theories,—those, namely, of Feuerbach, Herbert Spencer, Auguste Comte, and Mr Buckle. A labour so interminable and so irksome as this, we may well be excused from undertaking; nor could it serve any purpose which we have now in view to attempt it. It is enough that Miss Hennell's laudable candour, and her clear-sightedness too, have put us in a position to bring the upshot of the whole before the reader, *in her own words*. The same candour, moreover—a candour as admirable as it is unusual—spares the reviewer the pain of pronouncing a judgment upon her philosophy; for she does this herself in frequent incidental utterances of her own feeling concerning it. From the ground of "concrete investigation," she has been led onwards, she says, into a region of the "thinnest abstractions" (p. 7); which, whatever may be their importance, are "remote and nugatory as regards all interest of common sort;" and the speculations which are at present the only product, "must therefore be seen

as looming only in the distance like chilling dreams." She believes, however, that these same abstractions, "thin and cold as they are, may be combined into something that shall ally itself to the world of feeling;" and in the end she believes that in her "own sphere of thought she has found a north-west passage through the dim icy region of speculation, out to a further issue, bringing her, not without glimpses of arctic glories by the way, round again into the genial clime of temperate habitation."—p. 8. The same tone of—is it not despondency?—occurs again and again throughout the volume. Often she exults in the achievements of the "leading thinkers of the day;" and yet, among them all, she finds little better than the "painfulness of being tossed to and fro:"—so she speaks of these speculations in the first pages of her work; and we have just now heard how she speaks of them in its closing pages. She acknowledges that she has wandered far through dry places, seeking rest, but finding none.

Why then this toil?—why these fruitless venturings out into the dark unknown? The answer is before us. This toil, never to become productive—never to bring the weary pilgrim into a region of light—is, by a stern necessity, inevitable. It is a rugged and interminable path which those are doomed for ever to tread who, rejecting the only truth whereupon the human mind may take its rest, wander forth upon the wilds of abstract speculation. We may indeed refuse to think at all:—we may be content to live out our seventy years gaily, or sensually, or sordidly;—but if we must and will live *thoughtfully*, and if we will not consent to be taught from above, then our choice must be made among those several phases of atheism which (though they are at the least three thousand years old) are, at this time, in course of being brought forth with acclamation, as the fresh triumphs of MODERN THOUGHT! Not one of these philosophies has an element of novelty to recommend it—whether we collate it with the Oriental, or with the Greek philosophies.

As to these "Thoughts in Aid of Faith," they fall into their places in the scheme of the venerable Oriental philosophy with surprising coherence. Only remove from the ancient Buddhism a few of its archaic phrases, and reduce it to the style of European and modern simplicity, and then the two philosophies show themselves to be—not two, but one:—the one collapses within the iron embrace of the other.

Let it be borne in mind that the Eclectic Philosophy brought before us in this volume is a digest of the principles of the most distinguished among the "Leading Thinkers of the day;" and that it is, as it professes to be, mainly drawn from the works of those "Masterly Expositors who of late years have awakened eager expectation:"—we have named them—they are

Feuerbach, Auguste Comte, Herbert Spencer, Buckle, Lewes, Darwin, and a dozen beside, ranging themselves, although some of them profess themselves Christians, mainly on the same side; and all are agreed in their rejection of "Miracle" and "the Supernatural."

The ancient Buddhism has, indeed, exhibited considerable diversities, as well in the course of its transmission through twenty or thirty centuries, as in adapting itself to the genius and temper of the many races that have adopted it as their religion—in Thibet, in China, in the Peninsula of Hindoostan, and in Ceylon; nevertheless, as the religion of more than one-third of the human family—it is so now, and has been so for two thousand years at least—it is in substance the same. It is the shoreless ocean and the unfathomed abyss toward which human reason, by a grim necessity, gravitates, whenever it severs itself from, and renounces its hold of, concrete beliefs. Buddhism is that consummation of abstract thought which ensues when, in eager resentment of all restraints, man forgets his own limitations. In pursuit of an illusory liberty, it is easy to mistake *freedom from restraint* for an inherent power of boundless speculation, and for a capacity to grasp the Infinite. Intense is the fascination of this illusion when a discursive and finely constituted mind surrenders itself to the charm, and drinks of this cup to intoxication.

In stay of the downward progression toward the abyss, there are three forces, and three only, that are available—that is to say, when men are in quest of a religion: the one is the multi-form belief in, and worship of, invisible powers, sensuously conceived of, and materially embodied in forms either of beauty or of terror. Thus, throughout the Eastern world, from the remotest ages, has Brahminism withstood, and has striven to crush and exclude, its tranquil but potent rival, Buddhism. Between these two august powers human nature, in countries remote from Biblical influence, has had no option but either to make a choice, or to effect a compromise.

The one other stay to this progression—the one means of rescue, as well from Pantheism as from Polytheism—is that religion of which the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures are the authenticated record. In highly educated and rationalised communities, such as those of northern Europe, among which Polytheism is inadmissible, Pantheism is the alternative; and it has shown itself to be so always with those who have refused the religion of the Bible. Hitherto not an instance has occurred which could be adduced as a decisive exception to this law. It is A LAW OF MIND; and it is now, as in times past, giving evidence of its stern universality in the case of each of those "foremost

Thinkers," who must be named as the teachers and the representatives of "Modern Thought."

We must here avail ourselves of evidence which, on this ground, may be appealed to with confidence. "Looking to its influence in the present day over at least three hundred and fifty millions of human beings, exceeding one-third of the human race, it is no exaggeration to say that the religion of Buddha is the most widely diffused that now exists, or that has ever existed since the creation of the world."¹

"By means of its institutions and priesthood this religion has been an active agent in the promotion of whatever civilization afterwards enlightened the races by whom its doctrines were embraced. . . . Whilst Brahminism, without denying the existence, practically ignores the influence and power, of a creating and controlling intelligence, Buddhism, exulting in the idea of the infinite perfectibility of man, and the highest attainable happiness by the unfaltering practice of every conceivable virtue, exalts the individuals thus pre-eminently wise into absolute supremacy over all existing beings, and attempts the daring experiment of an *atheistic morality*. . . . Both systems (Hinduism and Buddhism) inculcate the mysterious doctrine of the metempsychosis; but whilst the result of successive embodiments is to bring the soul of the Hindu nearer and nearer to the final beatitude of absorption into the essence of Brahma, the end and aim of the Buddhistical transmigration is to lead the purified spirit to *Nirwana*, a condition between which and utter annihilation there exists but the dim distinction of a name. Nirwana is the exhaustion, but not the destruction of existence—the *close*, but not the *extinction* of being."

A principal intention, as we have seen, of these "Thoughts in Aid of Faith," is to induce a tranquil acquiescence in this fate of the individual man—the philosophic Nirwana, which is an unconscious melting of itself away into the "Great Whole of Things," even as the rain-drop mingles its particle with the ocean; or as the single leaf withers, falls, and, in its decay, nourishes the life of the tree which gave it birth! European ears will not listen to the Oriental romance of the metempsychosis; but "Modern Thought" demands our acceptance of this rationally-phrased doctrine of the *immortality of unconscious atoms*! In the upshot, then, does this European philosophy differ from the Oriental philosophy by anything more substantial than "the dim distinction of a name?" If there be a difference, it is in favour of the Oriental doctrine, which, instead of the "Arctic chill and mocking frostwork of its thin abstractions," offers to the imagination, if not the substance of a conscious immortality, at least the comfort of a tropical glow, shedding a splendour upon the vast nothingness of the unseen and the future! For ourselves, we had rather

¹ We cite from Ceylon, by Sir James Emerson Tennent, chap. xi., Part iv.

be orthodox Buddhists, out and out, than shivering adherents of the philosophy of Modern Thought.

The passages cited above from the "Thoughts in Aid of Faith" will have been enough to show what that theory of the universe is which the author has received from the teaching of her masters. And now let a choice be made between that theory and the belief of the ancient Oriental Pantheists. "The basis of the system (Buddhism) is a declaration of the eternity of matter, and its submission, at remote intervals, to decay and reformation; but this and the organization of animal life are but the results of spontaneity and procession, not the products of will and design on the part of an all-powerful Creator." There would scarcely be need to alter a word in this summary of the ancient Buddhism, if what we had to do were to make a report, in the fewest words, of the theory of the universe, and of the origination of life, which, when Miss Hennell finds it in Mr Herbert Spencer's *Psychology*, she greets it as a surprising and most felicitous novelty! In her first acquaintance with this recent system, she welcomed it as "presenting with a flash of delight the clue that she was waiting for" (p. 138); and she speaks of the "intrinsic grandeur of the results at which Mr Spencer has arrived." Why should she have waited so long? Why wait until the appearance of these "*Principles of Psychology*?" Did she not know that the origination of life, as set forth by this "*Master Mind*," and in reading which she felt herself to be on "the verge of the Great Mystery," has been known in the world—known to the millions of China, of Thibet, of India, and of Ceylon—at the least 3000 years? The Buddhist missionaries went about teaching this same system, in terms almost identical, long, long ages before the epoch when "*The Principles of Psychology*" made their appearance in print. True and substantial as this philosophy may be, certainly it must not be proclaimed as a *novelty*; assuredly this theory is not *recent*.

If certain conditions be "not only co-existent, but, as it is impossible to help inferring, the efficient cause (of organization), then the very Origin of Life itself, by insensible steps, may—*must*" (the *italics* are the author's) "have been brought about in a similar manner. The idea of real Origin is a thing that vanishes out of Nature: all is Evolution; and Evolution that proves to be constantly out of the lower forms into the higher. Thus begins, or rather thus *becomes*, by infinitely minute degrees, working through incalculable lengths of successive ages, out of mechanical irritability—itsself the consequence of incessantly repeated action upon it, or of some species (what species?) of internal agitation, effecting a new condition of constituent particles; out of mechanical irritability comes (how does it come?) a more and more lively response, growing into sensation; out of immensely complicated sensation, far off (how far?) consciousness; out of consciousness, at

last, intelligence, unfolding in all its various forms."—*Thoughts in Aid*, p. 144.

This, then, is our modern science! This is the product of the advancing reason of the present age! This is the ripened fruit of Modern Thought! And it is to make way for a philosophy so solid as this that we are exhorted to throw up our "Old Theological Beliefs!" Yet we must take the liberty to say—and we must say it with force—not in irony, but in seriousness—that if the recent philosophy which thus dismisses the idea of creation and of a CREATOR be brought fairly into comparison with the ancient Oriental philosophy—the upshot of the two being identical—then, when the two are thus placed side by side, the belief, which is that of one-third of the human family, commends itself to our acceptance, inasmuch as it possesses far more of simplicity in its explication: it has more of dignity—it has more of a graceful ideality; and if, like the recent philosophy, it be utterly destitute of a particle of evidence, yet does the ancient Buddhism keep clear of that jargon which, even when it is graced in the chosen phrases of an admiring disciple, provokes laughter, as if it were an intentional burlesque of so baseless a speculation.

As to its moral code, Buddhism is allowed to be "second only to Christianity, and superior to every other heathen system that the world has seen." There is therefore *nothing to gain* in adopting the recent philosophy as if it were an improvement upon the venerable Oriental system. The two alike are wanting in authentication, and in those higher motives which should impart to them a vital efficacy. The two systems alike are unsubstantial conjectures, which fail utterly in their application to human nature, such as it is. On this subject we may well listen again to the competent witness whom we have just now called forward.

"On comparing this system with other prevailing religions which divide with it the worships of the East, Buddhism at once vindicates its own superiority, not only by the purity of its code of morals, but by its freedom from the fanatical intolerance of the Mohammedans, and its abhorrent rejection of the revolting rites of the Brahminical faith. But, mild and benevolent as are its aspects and design, its theories have failed to realize in practice the reign of virtue which they proclaim. Beautiful as is the body of its doctrines, it wants vivifying energy and soul, which are essential to ensure its ascendancy and power. Its cold philosophy and thin abstractions, however calculated to exercise the faculties of anchorites and ascetics, have proved insufficient of themselves to arrest man in his career of passion and pursuit; and the bold experiment of influencing the heart, and regulating the conduct of mankind by the external decencies and the mutual dependencies of morality, unsustained by higher hopes, and by a faith

that penetrates eternity, has proved, in this instance, an unredeemed and hopeless failure. The inculcation of the social virtues as the consummation of virtue here and hereafter, suggests an object sufficiently attractive for the bulk of mankind; but Buddhism presents along with it no adequate knowledge of the means which are indispensable for its attainment. In confiding all to the mere strength of the human intellect, and the enthusiastic self-reliance and determination of the human heart, it makes no provision for defence against those powerful temptations before which ordinary resolution must give way, and affords no consoling support under those overwhelming afflictions by which the spirit is prostrated and subdued, when unaided by the influence of a purer faith, and unsustained by its confidence in a diviner power. From the contemplation of the Buddhist, all the awful and unending realities of a future life are withdrawn; his hopes and his fears are at once mean and circumscribed; the rewards held in prospect by his creed are insufficient to incite him to virtue, and its punishments too remote to deter him from vice. Thus, insufficient for time, and rejecting eternity, the utmost triumph of his religion is to live without fear, and to die without hope."—*Ceylon*, vol. i., p. 536.

With this impressive and perspicuous summary of Buddhism, regarded as a religion for the mass of men, the reader may compare Miss Hennell's own admissions (some of which we have cited above, and many others occur in the volume) as to the coldness, the insufficiency, the nugatory import of the philosophy which, with so much ability and fairness, she has concocted from the pages of the Master Minds of this time. It is reported of the "cold philosophy," and of the "thin abstractions" of Buddhism, that, "however calculated to exercise the faculties of anchorites and ascetics, they have proved insufficient of themselves to arrest man in his career of passion." If it be so as to this ancient philosophy, on what ground—and let this question be answered—can we rest a reasonable expectation that the still colder philosophy, and the yet thinner abstractions of Modern Thought, shall take a more powerful hold of the mass of minds? From one who is so candid and truthful as the author of these "Thoughts in Aid of Faith," we should probably obtain at once the ingenuous avowal that she is not able to indulge any confident expectation of such a result, desirable as it may be. In fact, when she speaks, as she does in the closing chapters of her volume, of the realization of a "Religion of Nature," and of the unfolding of a "Science of Morality," she manifestly looks on through vistas incalculably long for the arrival of the millennium of Perfect Reason.

Be it so; but meantime something must be done for the help and benefit of the millions upon millions of human beings who, in the intervening ages, will have come into existence, and will have passed away—the conscious "foliage" upon the tree of entire humanity who will have weltered, and been rent away by wintry

winds from the root-stalk, and will have mingled their atoms of carbon with the soil beneath! Each of these leaves of the Great Tree has, in its day, been individually conscious of its own existence; and it has relished its personal well-being; and it has suffered too; and this "leaf" has erred, and it has sinned, and it has endured the pangs of remorse:—it feels that it has "left undone the things that it ought to have done, and has done those things that it ought not to have done;" and, in the consciousness of blameworthiness, it trembles in the apprehension of a judgment to come! Delusive as these fears may be, as well as these hopes, the now-passing welfare of this conscious leaf, or of these millions of leaves, is—a *momentous reality*;—the green days of each are days that may be passed for the better or for the worse, according to the training and the teaching which it receives. This now-present training, whether it be under the guidance of a superannuated Theology, or of a New Philosophy, is an urgent need of the body social. The *need* is tacitly acknowledged by every one who writes a book with the professed intention of substituting the New Philosophy for the Old Theology—and who does it—for the benefit of mankind.

We are warranted, therefore, in repeating our question in urgent terms—a homely and practical question it is—What is to be done for the multitude—for the men, women, and children, who must wait ages before the New Philosophy can come within their reach, as to any good it can do them?

There are those who will say—and Miss Hennell's candour, and her good feeling too, will prompt her to say it; in fact, she has already implicitly said as much—Take your Christianity for what it is worth; and it is worth much. Use it as far as it will go. It is true to those who can think it true. We, on our part, are quite ready to countersign the *Permit* to preach and teach the Gospel to the multitudes that assemble in schools and churches.

But now, even if we were thoroughly well inclined to accept this permission, and wished to act upon it, we should not find it possible to do so; and we shall show that a course of this kind is rendered impracticable by a difficulty which no ingenuity has hitherto availed, or can ever avail, to surmount. Our amiable friend's simplicity, and her clear-sightedness too, lead her to feel the whole force of the moral paradox which forbids the enjoyment and the employment of the Christian system to those who, with herself, and with the professors of Modern Thought, admire its spirituality, but reject its pretension to be a Revelation, attested by supernatural interpositions. In the following forcible statement of the case, the author insists upon one element only of the problem, namely, Christ's assertion of His own mission;—she

omits the still more perplexing element, namely—the often repeated appeals He makes to the miracles which He wrought. To this latter and more formidable aspect of the case before us, we must presently ask attention. Miss Hennell says, “The Divine wisdom, goodness, purely spiritual beauty, that beam with irresistible, instinctive, self-attestation into a soul attuned to perceive them” (p. 33), can never, without doing violence to our moral instincts, be made to consist with the idea of an ambitious teacher, who proclaims himself to be “sent of God;” much less, we may add, can these two mutually repellent ideas be made to meet in our conceptions of one who asserts miraculous powers which he did not possess.

“If we persist in looking back to Jesus under the impression of modern feeling, according to the cool enlightened judgment of this nineteenth century, the mistake—*regarded as a mistake*—of considering himself the especially chosen minister of God, appears an egregious egotism, that requires a high degree of fanaticism to make it not revolting. It seems to demand almost a species of insanity as in fact its only vindication. To attempt to reconcile it with moral approbation, is doing violence to our perception. And the same may be said, in minor proportion, of every effort to represent Christ in any way as a pattern of humility and self-renunciation, at the same time that he was claiming an exaltation above all his fellows:—that it requires, namely, a distortion in our moral feelings so to accept it. Under any kind of humanitarian view of his person, it involves a self-contradiction. When the New Testament attributes humility to Christ, it is manifestly under the notion of him as a Divine Being who has descended from a celestial condition into this lower state of human suffering and degradation. As soon as Jesus is regarded as a real man, the reversed condition of necessity requires the corresponding reversal of his moral characteristic into rather one or another phase of lofty daring and unmeasured aspiration.”—pp. 34, 35.

“In the original worship of Christ,” the author goes on to say, “there was a natural truth which it is entirely vain to endeavour to reproduce by accommodating it to the sense of modern times:”—

“To attribute the self-assertion of a mission of teaching virtue and piety to the world by his own example, is a moral contradiction in terms. Virtue and piety that exhibit themselves, destroy themselves. The claiming of personal eminence is, in fact, odious, precisely in proportion as the eminence is of a spiritual kind, since the true effect of moral refinement is to diminish the sense of self. According to modern perception, it is hence the reverse of befitting a mind of purely spiritual delicacy, even to have that latent consciousness of superiority which is attributed to Jesus.”—p. 39.

In what way the author contrives to reconcile the two oppug-

nant conceptions of the character of Christ—retaining the ideal beauty, and denying the reality of the mission—it is of no importance for us to inquire. The reader who wishes to be informed on this point may turn to the volume itself. Ingenuous and outspoken as she is, she yet holds off from the far more perplexing problem to which the progress of Modern Thought has lately given prominence. It is this perplexity which necessitates a further progress on the part of those who, at present, take their stand within the pale of Christianity, and which will inevitably bring on a consummation for which they do not appear to be themselves prepared.

This now-present problem of Modern Thought urgently demands a clear understanding of its conditions; and we shall do our best, in the compass of a page or two, to bring it into the light.

Once for all let it be said, that, in referring, as we shall have occasion to do, to the leading persons who at this time stand forward as the promoters of the system of opinions in question—and especially in speaking of those of them who now hold, or who have held office, as ministers of religion, and who are, or were, in the enjoyment of ecclesiastical emoluments—let it be said with a serious emphasis, that we utterly reject and disallow the illiberal imputation of insincerity, or of dishonesty (in any sense) on the part of those who, as churchmen or as lay-writers, are persons of note, and who are in possession of the good opinion of their circles. The fault of these eminent persons, in our view of it, is misfortune as much as fault;—they have allowed themselves to be carried forward, by the tendency of speculative opinion abroad, into a position which is logically false, and where there can be no resting-place—just mid-way as it is between a coherent universal Disbelief, and the unexceptive Belief of the Church in all times, concerning the Scriptures, and the Divine origination of the Christian system. The step next ensuing must speedily be taken: shall it be back into Belief? This is not the direction in which minds can move (or often do) that have long conversed with negative and exceptive reasonings: forward it will be into—what? we will not say; it is a course marked upon the map of Fate, and it has been worn smooth by many feet.

Meantime, it is not out of place for us to say that several, if not all, of these conspicuous writers, who, as well by their individual ability and learning, as by their ecclesiastical standing, command the public ear, have shown themselves to be much wanting in self-command, and in the philosophic sedateness which should become them as self-constituted representatives of PURE REASON and of Modern Science, in an age, as they would call

it, of Infantile or of *Senile* superstition, and doting prejudice. These noted writers, or some of them, take the tone of a subdued arrogance, which damages them in the esteem of more than a few of their readers, who, it may be, are almost their equals in qualification for entering upon the ground of the same argument, and yet are bold enough to retain their Christianity, entire. The writers we have in view, eager to push to the utmost extent the advantage that has fallen into their hands, resulting from the more exact critical methods of these times, and impatient of the mindless prejudices and the nugatory superstitions of many of the Conservative party in Theology, have not known how to govern their own temper; but have shown a petulant alacrity in inflicting as much pain as possible in their use of the lancet. A little more of philosophic forecasting as to the inevitable course of things, would have given a wholesome check to this overweening confidence, and to this opinion of their vocation to reform the Church. There are those who, standing on one side, and accustomed to look up and down lengths of the way on which all minds are travelling, see—or believe they see—not far ahead, a revulsion of Christian energies, in the powerful eddies of which many bright reputations shall go down for ever. Consistent atheistic Disbelief will survive, perhaps, to the world's end; and the Gospel of Christ, entire, shall endure; but as to this now-flagrant Christianized Disbelief, this "Modern Thought," it is a congeries of incongruities that will barely outlive a seven years.

There can be no need to encumber the foot of these pages with dozens of references to books—Essays, Sermons, Expositions, which everybody has read. Nor is there any risk in gathering into the compass of a few lines, the drift, or general intention, of these various writings. The *purpose*, differing a little in the instance of each writer, is of this sort:—Modern Thought is labouring, in the first place, to reduce the Hebrew and Christian history to what is called "the common level of ordinary history;" yet with a decisive preference allowed it.—Inspiration is that divine providential movement for the education of the human family, of which the ancient Buddhism was an eminent sample, and the Greek poetry and philosophy another sample.—As to the inspiration of the Prophets and Apostles, it was directed to a higher end; and thence the strength and permanence of the hold it has taken of the modern mind, among all civilized nations. So it is therefore—and this is the next purpose in view—that we may still consistently profess ourselves to be Christians; we may sign articles of religion; we may recite creeds; we may preach sermons; we may recommend to the populace, as well of the upper as of the lower classes, the moral and the spiritual ele-

ments of the Christian system ; while *for ourselves*, it is a fixed principle, and it is the one postulate of our philosophy, that we utterly reject as incredible whatever savours of the supernatural. There must be no MIRACLE in *our* gospel. But, if not, then what is to become of the Christian documents ! As Christian teachers, how shall we deal with the Evangelists ? It is on the sharp ridges of this reef that Modern Thought will strike, and go down. There is here no way of escape. The English writers now in view have allowed themselves to be moored by their German masters into a still water, with ruin around them in every point of the compass, when next the wind shall blow !

Mystifications and evasions put out of view, it is manifest that the momentous controversy of the present time turns upon the belief we shall arrive at concerning THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF CHRIST. It is on this ground that the question must in future be argued, and an issue sought for and accepted : " What think we of Christ ? " Was it so that, while He professed to work miracles in the name of God, He yet did nothing which has not been done by many an impostor ?

The monstrous incoherence (as well as impiety) involved in this supposition has come plunging down into the heart of English Christianized Disbelief, not with the free consent of those upon whose heads the consequence will fall. The mischief has been machinated by those who, having no theology of their own to care for, and no religious existence or ecclesiastical *status* at peril, have been reckless of what must ensue to those who stand just within the pale of Belief. It has cost nothing to men who have already made their home in Atheism to commend—almost to idolize—" the Galilean Hero ! " Anything fine may be said of Him. " It is no matter to *us*. Take your Christ for what you will : *we* admire Him greatly. As to your Four Gospels—look you well to them ! We care nothing about criticism, or its difficulties." A cruel sport this has been, in its consequences, upon the Christianized professors of Disbelief ; for how should they excuse themselves to the world if they should seem reluctant to say an Amen to the eulogies of unbelievers ? And yet how pronounce this Amen with the staggering facts of the Evangelists under their eyes ? Where shall they find face henceforward to read the Second Lesson in church ?

The great improvement which of late years has taken place in modes of religious thinking—the advancing taste and sensitiveness of the public mind, and a consequent amendment in literary usages—the greater decorum of conventional language relating to Christianity—all these reforms have had the effect of driving off from common parlance, and from periodic literature, and from books, the ribaldry and the blasphemy of the Encyclopædic period.

At this time it is those only who cater for the lowest class of readers that indulge themselves in these vulgarities. Then again, the wide sweep that has been taken in metaphysical speculation has served to loosen the tongues of a class of writers in uttering their commendations of Christianity, and of Christ. These "Profound Thinkers," believing themselves to hold at their command a "Theory of all things" that covers all difficulties, and that embraces every possible problem in history or in human nature, have used this liberty in giving judgment favourably upon the Gospel. Thus, for example, Feuerbach, and others of his class—themselves safe in their transcendent philosophy—are copious, and even rhetorical in style, when their theme is what they term the most remarkable evolution that has ever occurred in the religious history of the world.

Along with this philosophic, or rather metaphysic, liberty of speech on the side of Disbelief, the prevalence of erudite Biblical criticism, while it has given rise to questions and doubts, in detail, has quite excluded that wholesale treatment of the Christian Scriptures which, a while ago, was often attempted. And beyond these limits, there has come in, of late, a feeling which has not yet received a formal designation, but which might be called *the Historic Consciousness*: it is a vivid sense of the reality of the persons, and the scenes, and the events of remote times—so far as these convictions may be warrantable. It is this Historic Consciousness that stands opposed to the shallow scepticism of the period lately closed; and that rejects, as absurd, the myth-theories which, for a moment, attracted attention in Germany.

These several advancements—and they must be reckoned substantial improvements—have taken notable effect upon the Christian argument. But, in doing so, they lead on toward a crisis in that argument, as it is taken up by the writers now in view; for the great question has thus been brought within a much narrower compass than heretofore. On all sides it is now admitted—and the apostles of Atheism have freely admitted it—that the Christ of the Evangelists is a Real Person, in the fullest historic sense; and, moreover, that the splendour of His virtues and wisdom beams forth from these inartificial records. It is granted—or one might say, it has been carried by acclamation—that within these writings there is exhibited an unmatched sample of Human Nature—a bright reality of goodness and of truth.

The moral problem which springs out of these admissions does not severely press upon those who stand at the extreme verge on the side of Disbelief. By them the difficulty is evaded, or it is ignored, or it is remanded to a future hearing. But this easy way out of trouble is not open to those whose position (officially

perhaps) is just within the pale. These persons must well know that a pressure must come to bear upon them, from without and from within, and that they will soon be compelled to step over, or to come over, to the side they shall prefer. They must, in unambiguous terms, tell the world (and the Church to which they belong) how it is they reconcile the CHRIST whom all men now commend, with the CHRIST of the Gospels: for in these, He so speaks of Himself, and of His mission, and He is so spoken of by His followers, as to involve the whole history in a cloud of moral ambiguity. Thus it must be, if the supernatural is to be excluded, and if miracles are to be denied. Never again can it be attempted to obviate the difficulty by the disintegration of the text of the Gospels; for the rules of textual criticism forbid this to be done. Nor can it be allowed that we should disintegrate them in an historic sense—by expunging, or setting off, those portions out of which the perplexity arises. To do this, would be a violence which the necessities of a desperate argument will not warrant. Nor may we, when we come to the narrative of a miracle, silently put it on one side, as if it did not concern us, or as if we might quietly pass on to a parable, or to a preceptive discourse, heedless of what we have left in the rear. Nor can it be of any use to say, "Miracles are not available as *evidences now*; for we rest our modern faith upon other grounds." This evades the difficulty; it does not meet it. The narrative *is* where it is, in the text; nor is there any power on earth that can dislodge or remove it—if indeed textual criticism affirms the passage to be genuine. This portion—containing the narrative of an event which unquestionably was *out of the order of Nature*—so intertwines itself with the context, and the circumstances of the event are so woven into the personal behaviour of Christ, and they so form the basis and the reason of what He said and did—they are so tightly wedged into the history, constituting its very framework—that to remove them, otherwise than by an act of sheer violence, is not possible. To attempt any such operation, is to rend the document itself into shreds:—nothing remains that can be worth the pains of an argument about it.

And why be at all this trouble? Why entertain the wish to perpetrate outrages of this sort? Instead of indulging interminable conjectures, and in the place of monstrous suppositions, let us only be willing to read the Gospels by their own light, and as the Church of all times has read them; and then these perplexities are dispelled!—the vast entanglement of factitious difficulty is gone! Believe concerning the CHRIST of the Gospels that HE was indeed the CHRIST of God. Throw away evasions, which no one can understand, and believe that HE whom

we now all look to as a sample of the loftiest wisdom, and of perfect goodness, went about—omnipotent in benevolence—the healing energy following close upon His word, or upon His touch ; and then in this belief we find a coherent religious Faith which, while it satisfies the deepest religious feeling, approves itself to that Historic Consciousness whereto these inartificial writings give perfect contentment.

If still we refuse to adopt this course, we must then take a position at a level where, at every step in the perusal of the Gospels, we must carry with us a saving hypothesis of some kind—it may be better or worse—it may be probable or improbable ;—but at every opening of the Book we must have ready at hand a redeeming conjecture which should not be glaringly absurd, by aid of which we may be able to rescue the CHRIST of the Evangelists—from what ?—from imputations of so grave a kind that, if they impended over the head of any personage of history, hitherto admired and revered, they must destroy his reputation, in a moment, and irrecoverably ! Let an exculpatory hypothesis approach as near as is conceivable to the level of an unexceptive religious Faith, and yet come short of it *by a little*, then those whose own convictions as Christian men stand at this lower mark, whenever they come before the people officially, in pulpits, or when they sit in Professors' Chairs, or when, as heads of families, they address their children and servants on a Sunday evening, and on any such occasions when it behoves them, in all seriousness and sincerity, to commend the Saviour of the world to the veneration and the devout affection of their hearers, and to hold Him up as a pattern of virtue, they must, of necessity, effect a preliminary clearing of the ground in some mode of forced vapidities, such as this :—they must modulate the voice, bringing it down to the tone of a submissive argument, a pleading for grace, and say :—“ In rightly understanding this or that passage in the evangelic narrative—granting just now that it has not been foisted into the text by the copyists of a later age—a supposition we should always keep in view—then we must bring to the perusal of it a candid willingness to make every allowance—and, it may be, a *large* allowance—for the peculiar circumstances that attended our Blessed Lord's ministry among His countrymen, the Jews of that age, ignorant, and fanatical, and credulous, and superstitious as they were. In justice to Him, we must abstain from passing upon Him that severe sentence of condemnation which, undoubtedly, we should now pass upon any religious teacher among ourselves who should say and do the like. In *this* case, peculiar as it is, we must be willing to admit explanations which perhaps it may be difficult for us to render entirely satisfactory to ourselves, or to bring

into accordance with the spirit of Modern Thought." This, or something like it, must be the Christian teacher's peroration! And what shall be the consequence of folly so egregious! It need not be said:—for the attempt to "preach Christ" in any such fashion as this, and thus to proclaim Him in the midst of slimy subterfuges of this order, has been tried over and over, and always with the same result—a miserable failure! Why should we now look for any other result? The forcible instincts of common sense (if it be not so in Germany, it is so in England and in Scotland) impel alike the uninstructed and the instructed attendants at public worship to condemn and to resent the endeavour to uphold—as an object of the highest religious regard, and as a pattern of wisdom and truthfulness—a CHRIST for whom, as often as He is named, *apologies must be made*.

And yet apologies must be made, and exculpatory theories must be advanced, if in future the Gospels are to be read at all. How shall we fare in our families, where the Evangelists—hitherto devoutly listened to, have been the source and the aliment of domestic piety? This is a *homely* question; but it must now be answered in some manner. The father of a family whose misfortune it has lately been to convince himself, by the perusal of certain Essays and Reviews, that the "Order of Nature" excludes the possible occurrence of Miracles, and that narratives of this complexion can have no useful tendency at this time, must either proclaim his convictions, or he must conceal them. Shall he go on feigning a faith which he has abandoned? This may not be done. Shall he now for the first time enact a solemn falsity in presence of his children? Or shall he tell them, as he opens the New Testament, "There is here a beautiful legendary passage, a well-imagined incident in the life of Christ; but as it implies a miracle, we may be sure that no such event did then, or has ever taken place, or ever can occur; it is certain that the Order of Nature has never been interrupted?" If it be so, then the sons and daughters of a well-trained family would petition that the reading of the Gospels should thenceforward be discontinued. The moral instincts of a family must not be outraged in any such manner as this. Thus will Modern Thought consummate itself, *in our homes*, by the cessation of the morning and evening Bible-reading: and shall we be gainers by this reform?

As to the pulpit of the future, when Modern Thought has become mature, and is grown bold enough to be outspoken—plainly uttering what at present it gives to the world in mysterious morsels—the minister of religion, if still he be in any sense a Christian teacher, shall make it his task to set before the people a Christ that is the product of Criticism—a Christ *residual*—

a Saviour who, before He may be trusted in, must Himself be saved, in our esteem, from the difficult ambiguities of His own professions! He must be snatched from out of the burnings of our modern exegesis:—the Judge of the world must be cleared from inexplicable imputations! Is it not so? Turn this matter about on every side;—look at the case in its bare merits; it is not susceptible of any rendering that is substantially different from this. Vain is it to reiterate the sophism, that “Miracles, even if ever any such events took place, could be of no service to us now.” Be it so; but they *do* constitute, in great part, the Gospels in our hands; and we must either continue to read these chapters, or we must cease to read them. If we read them, we must plainly tell the people they are fictions! If we cease to read them, then the Scriptures fall away from the popular mind. Christianity, *less* its miracles, will work its own disappearance from the world; nor will it be long in coming to this end. No such issue as this shall come about: the Gospel in its integrity shall outlive whims and sophistries—evasions and disbeliefs of all species.¹

There is, however, a consummation of Modern Thought which may indeed reach its completion; and it is doing so unobstructed and unobserved around us. There is going on a dissolution of the religious convictions—an extinction of the spiritual life in the secrecy of many thoughtful minds. Many, on all sides, there is reason to think so, are at this moment passing from one religious condition to another, under the guidance of the writers to whom we are here referring. Lately, these persons seemed happy as Christians; and when, daily, for an hour, they shut out the world, the Bible before them, they were used to enjoy what they believed to be spiritual communion with the Father of Spirits. But now they are driven mournfully, or in despair, to drown the recollection of a happiness which can never again be theirs, amid the distractions or the pleasures of the secular life.

It is quite true that, in the case of religious young persons whose Biblical training has been of a narrow and superstitious kind, a first acquaintance with the results of *genuine biblical criticism* often occasions a disquietude, and perhaps distress, from which it

¹ It may be well to consider what would be the actual consequence, in families and in churches, of an open rejection of the evangelic miracles. To speak now only of the Gospels, we must discontinue the public reading of chapters in the following proportion:—Of the twenty-eight chapters of the Gospel of Matthew, *eleven* must be omitted; of the sixteen chapters of Mark, *eleven* also must be marked off; of the twenty-four chapters of Luke, *thirteen* are on the same ground exceptionable; and of the twenty-one chapters of John's Gospel, *ten* are excluded. Or, otherwise stated, it stands thus: of eighty-nine chapters, forty-five must sooner or later fall out of use in the practice of religious instruction. The Book of the Acts could scarcely be read at all; nor quite a half of the Epistles.

may not be easy to relieve them ; for to do so effectively, might demand a counter-training, which there may be no opportunity to bring into operation. The cases we are now thinking of are of a different sort, occurring, as they do, among persons of a higher class and of more liberal education. Must it not be surmised that instances of this kind might be found among those who occupy pulpits ? It is certain that, among the educated laity, many bright minds are, as to their religious existence, coming under a cloud ; or they have already entered within the thick darkness of universal disbelief—the region upon the skirts of which there appear no breakings of the dawn :—there can be none, for the victims are treading the abyss—on its lowest level !

Some—perhaps many, of these instances might be regarded as cases of mental malformation, of which our Intellectual Philosophy has hitherto rendered no account. They are paradoxical ; and yet—so we believe—they do actually occur ; and they occur *often* among those whose culture has been of a refined rather than of a healthy order ; and this is the characteristic of modern education, very generally. The human mind is so constituted—thus we are told—as to be determined always, if not by that which is *in fact* the stronger and the better reason, yet by that which, at the moment, is imagined to be such. We think otherwise ; and, on the ground of facts, fully believe that some minds, and these not a few, are so constituted, or, by indulgence of an ill habit, they have come into a condition which impels them to take to themselves, with a sort of zest, a conclusion which, *at the very moment of accepting it*, they see to be the weaker conclusion of two propounded to their choice. Resolute logicians will say—This supposed case is impossible ; nor must it be imagined as real :—the weaker and the worse reason *must*, in some way, have clothed itself in false colours, which give it an aspect of force and conclusiveness. We adhere to our belief in the reality of the paradox, and think that some minds cling to the worse, and reject the better reason, *while fully conscious of the relative merits of the two*. It is the feebleness, the insufficiency, the want of evidence in support of an opinion, which is the charm, or the irresistible fascination that gains it favour, and which secures for it a preference. Instances partly analogous to this are of frequent occurrence. Generous spirits move forward with alacrity to espouse the cause of the feeble, when they are seen to be in contest with the strong. The best impulses prompt us to take side with the oppressed. We kindle with a noble ambition to circumvent the despot, and to compel him to lick the dust. Such instances may afford an aid in solving a problem which, when it is formally stated, may seem inadmissible. If we may rely upon facts as of more authority than theory, we shall retain our belief that this sort of upside-

down mode of choosing our side in a controversy, is a reality in human nature. There is a siding with the lamb against the wolf when the lamb is a sophism, and the wolf—a valid reason! Absurd as this may seem, it is so. On the one hand, there is propounded a conclusion which instantly approves itself to common sense, and which is sustained by an abundance of evidence: on the other hand, we are asked to listen to a bare surmise, a mere film of probability, destitute of a particle of rational support. The best that can be affirmed concerning it is, that it is not absolutely an impossible supposition! Who is it now that shall generously stand up and accept a fee for maintaining the cause of—a cobweb—a bubble? There are minds that will be prompt at the call: seldom is either a cobweb or a bubble non-suited for want of an advocate.

And besides this, in minds astutely constituted there is an irresistible gravitation toward the exceptive side in argument. It is an instinct which impels such minds to look always for a way of escape from a foreseen conclusion;—they make for the chink;—they run towards the hole in the wall. There is a nervous terror of an impending demonstration:—there is a petulant resentment of the tyranny of Truth. Thus it is—as we think—that minds of more sensitiveness than force, yield themselves to the enchantment of theories which they freely confess to be “thin as air,” because such theories contradict overwhelming reasons. Thus it is that the very strength of the cumulative Christian argument is the real cause of its rejection by many. We need not impute motives of a more improper kind to many who resist that argument: it may be, that the resistance takes its spring rather from a fault of the intellectual habitudes than from any immoral repugnance toward Christian doctrines or precepts.

But it is minds of a different structure that are just now yielding themselves to the fascination of a nugatory argument, founded upon what is termed “The Order of Nature,” and which is alleged to be adverse to the Christian affirmation of miracles. How it is adverse, the latest and the ablest expounder of this doctrine has not attempted to show. Nowhere does the ground of this adverse bearing appear. It may be well to sift the argument, if it be an *argument*, of those who are now insisting upon it.

The confidence which, at this time, all instructed persons feel in the constancy of events in the natural world, stands opposed, in the first place, to popular superstitions, and to that appetite for the marvellous which in every age has stimulated impositions and quackeries. Moreover, this confidence is a proper corrective of those unwarrantable modes of thinking and talking which have prevailed among some religious folks, who have allowed themselves to believe that, in answer to their prayers, and often for the in-

dulgence of their egotism or foolish wishes, the Divine Providence is wont to work small miracles daily, in their favour—interrupting the order of nature, right hand and left hand—to save its favourites a disappointment or a vexation. Such persons, if indeed such there now are, and if they will listen to better teaching, should be taught to include in their belief of a Special Providence and of the efficacy of prayer, this principle—that within and by the means of the complicated movements of the system around us, and *always* in perfect accordance with the constancy of cause and effect, physical and moral, the Divine Intelligence brings about its purposes of discipline toward individuals and towards communities, realizing the intentions of a higher scheme of government, by the means of the invariable constitutions of a lower scheme, to both which we stand related in the world we live in ;—to the one not less truly, though less ostensibly, than to the other.

So far as it may seem to be opposed to a belief in the miracles of the evangelic history, the axiom of modern science concerning the constancy of nature can take effect as a *feeling only* ; and it is a fact worthy of notice, that the very persons who just now are insisting upon this axiom, for the purpose of undermining the Christian argument, exhibit themselves as the victims of an impression, or a prejudice, as baseless as any popular illusion that might be named. A life-long and undiverted concernment with particular departments of physical science, and the daily habitude of following causes into their effects, and of ascending from effects to causes, *on single lines of causation*, generate a mode of thinking which we recognise at once as narrow and unphilosophical, when we encounter it upon other paths. Minds of great vigour in their own department—whether it be mathematical, or mechanical, or chemical, or physiological—show themselves to be very little superior to the ignorant multitude at any time when they are invited to take a turn upon a path which hitherto has been unfrequented by themselves. So it was, we venture to think, with the eminent man lately gone—Baden Powell—who has pushed this argument against miracles to its utmost extent. In his view, “the Order of Nature” was—its constancy on the one, two, or three lines of sequence which were the most familiar to himself. His Cosmos was the Cosmos of which a knowledge may be acquired by those who have no habits of thought connected with the Cosmos of a higher sphere.

The Cosmos Universal—the great world around us, to the settled order of which our individual agency is related—brings us, every day and hour, into collision with crossings, with interruptions, or with overthrows, with dissonances, which take their rise from the inter-action of independent lines of causation. That is to say.

there are many lines of sequence which, though each of them is *constant in itself*, is not linked with other lines, which also are constant in themselves. It is thus that the meteorologic world, related as no doubt it is, *on the whole*, to the welfare of the vegetable and the animal systems, interrupts these destructively, at points. Thus it is also, that animal agency is every moment turning aside, if we may so speak, the great machine of the inorganic world; and thus especially, that civilised man is, in a thousand modes, and by aid of his inventive faculty, giving new directions, at his will, to the Order of Nature—chemical, mechanical, physiological, and moral too. In all these instances, it is Order that still prevails; nor are there any miracles, nor are any "outrages perpetrated upon Nature." Nevertheless, innumerable cases present themselves in which causation upon one line comes athwart causation upon some other, or, it may be, upon several other lines of sequence. It is an ample acquaintance with instances of this kind, derived from a knowledge of the Greater Scheme of things, which gives a breadth to the mind, constituting the difference between the philosophic, and the merely scientific, or technical style and feeling. The Essays above alluded to are curious samples of the force of a professional prejudice in narrowing the views of even so strong a mind—a mind scientific much rather than philosophical. This eminent man, in his lapse of years as a writer, has exhibited the inevitable downward tendency of this prejudice, which, at the last, led him to adopt the most unintelligible of myths, as the only means left him by aid of which he might conserve a remnant of his Christian creed. This doctrine of the Order of Nature, as opposed to an unexceptive belief in the evangetic miracles, is devoid of meaning; for, though formidable at a first glance, it is a begging of the question in debate—nothing more. It is manifest that an argument resting on this basis—if indeed it deserves to be called *an argument*—can never go beyond the limit of a negative presumption. No imaginable condition under which it may present itself, can impart to it the millionth part of any positive force; nor has it any logical contrariety to positive evidence. The utmost value that can be assigned to the presumption against miracles is this—it may be allowed to run alongside of an argument drawn from positive evidence, in the way of a caution or a corrective of credulity.

But there *is* a sphere within which a due regard paid to the Order of Nature affords ground for confident conclusions. Let it be asked—Is not Human Nature a part of Nature? and is there not ORDER on *this* side also of the universe? Or is there no coherence among its elements? Are there no congruities which we may trust to in the moral world? Surely there are; and if only we are willing to trust ourselves on this ground—if we

have courage to tread this upper path, we shall find it firm—not less firm than the lower ground. Whoever has been perplexed by sophisms concerning the Order of Nature, if he will fearlessly take up and follow this same axiom of the constancy of law, and the certainty of the connection of cause and effect, he will find in it an ample confutation of the narrow conclusions that have embarrassed him while confining his view to the objects of a lower level.

The difficulty of supposing that any contradiction, or any *violation of principles*, has occurred in the moral world, is just double of the difficulty of admitting a miracle, or an interruption to have occurred in the world of physical causation. It is so, because, while our knowledge of the material world is a knowledge of the crust only, a knowledge which is often illusory; (and of the inner in nature, we know nothing) but as to the constitution, and as to the Order of the moral world, or the world of Consciousness, we are acquainted with it in two modes—and these are independent, the one of the other. We come to know the world of human nature by our daily experience of the conduct and professions of those around us, just as we come to know the course of the material world by observation; and in single instances we may be mistaken. But as to the inner mind, our knowledge of this is never illusory. We may put a wrong interpretation upon its testimony; but *itself* is always veracious: if there be a mystery, we are ourselves at the very core of the mystery; if there be concealment, we are parties to every secret. It is by the aid of this sure knowledge of the inner world, that we revise and interpret the appearances of the outer world.

It may be said that, as to the moral world, it so abounds with anomalies—it is so thick with inconsistencies—it is so inconstant, that we ought not to rely at all upon its phenomena. An avowment of this sort should not be advanced by those Leading Minds of the present time that are giving direction to Modern Thought; nor is it these that should draw back from an appeal to the Order of Nature; for it is these who are proclaiming the doctrine, that, as apples fall to the earth, so do men think, speak, and act, in unvarying conformity with law—the law of motives. Let it be so; but if it be so, then let us abide by the consequences of the principle we profess. We also believe that in the world of human motives—feelings—dispositions, it is law, not chance, that holds empire. In this region there are laws of a lower order, and there are laws of a higher order; and as to the higher, they are not less sure in their operation than the lower, and often do these prevail over those, and in doing so, give rise to *appearances* of inconsistency—never to actual anomalies.

It is this fixed belief in the steadfastness of the Order of

Nature throughout the moral world, that is the very ground of our confidence as Christians. It is in reliance upon this principle that we read the Gospels, and that we trust ourselves to the veracity, to the congruity, to the coherence of what we there read. The ground of this confidence may need to be cleared of misapprehension; but it is in no sense obscure or uncertain, nor is it less to be thought of than is that on which we affirm the constancy of Law in the world of ponderable elements, of chemical affinities, and of animal organization. The ORDER OF NATURE IN THE MORAL WORLD is indeed "an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast." How much soever we may at any moment have been perplexed and disheartened by the spectacle of the apparent confusions that attach to the moral world, looked at in small portions or patches, we do not, if sound-minded, lose our hold of great principles. We may have been baffled for an hour; but, after a time, we return to our ground of confidence in truths which are the stay of virtue and the aliment of hope. So it is, that as often as we are so happy as to see these truths—these unchanging elements of reason and goodness—coming forth embodied in their proper force, even though it be imperfectly, we exult in the sight;—we recognise the reality of this sample with a vivid and profound emotion. It is a peace-giving satisfaction that we feel. This pleasure is so much the more intense if it confronts us suddenly in times of perplexity or doubt. But if it be indeed an instance of *pure* intelligence,—if it be *faultless* wisdom,—if it be *spotless* virtue,—if it be *boundless* goodness,—then these perfections so realized are not merely powers or qualities which we admire, for beyond this, or beside it, they are welcomed as SIMPLIFICATIONS which, as by a charm, restore order and confidence to our troubled spirits. The sight avails to dissipate comfortless confusions, it restores our shaken faith in the order of the world, it re-animates our hopes of a bright future, and it serves as a demonstration of Truth in Human Nature, opposed alike to anarchy, to fortuity, and to despair.

It is thus, and it is at such moments, and it is in this plenitude of moral force, that the CHRIST of the Evangelists comes into prospect; and what we there see heals the spirit, and raises the fallen, and dispels confusion. It does so because the Moral System is real, and because human nature is indissolubly related to that system—a system as wide as all worlds; and because the laws of this moral scheme, itself eternal, shall follow man into a future life. It is for these reasons, that, at the instant when there comes into view the Evangelic Incarnation of absolute wisdom and virtue, we welcome it as real, and it receives the involuntary homage, as well of our moral instincts, as of our

reason. Upon all minds, unless they be grossly sensual, or hopelessly depraved by sophistry, the CHRIST of the Gospels enters by right of His eternal fitness so to enter, and so to be honoured. The force of these impressions is so much the greater, because they come to us through the medium, not of a rotund and voluminous memoir carefully prepared, but as sparkling and burning from every point of these fragmentary records. It is thus that we gain our idea of THE MAN who, though He has no peer among men, yet is confessed to be one of ourselves by every human spirit.

And thus it is that CHRIST has hitherto ruled in the heart of Christianized communities; and thus too, of late, that He has received the homage even of those who come forward to put to Him the factious question, "Who gave thee this authority, tell us?" This question, in its modern guise, is thus worded, "Was Christ a Divinely-commissioned Teacher of Truth?" and the writer who puts the question believes that he may answer it in the negative. Nevertheless, he says (a passage often cited):—"It is difficult, without exhausting superlatives, even to unexpressive and wearisome satiety, to do justice to our intense love, reverence, and admiration for the character and teaching of Jesus. We regard Him not as the perfection of the intellectual or philosophic mind, but as the perfection of the spiritual character, as surpassing all men at all times in the closeness and depth of His communion with the Father. In reading His sayings, we feel that we are holding converse with the wisest, purest, noblest Being that ever clothed thought in the poor language of humanity. In studying His life, we feel that we are following the footsteps of the highest ideal yet presented to us upon earth."¹

Thus far, then, BELIEF and DISBELIEF are at one! To this point has Modern Thought advanced itself, or rather, thus far it has been pushed forward by the insensible progress of the intellectual tastes, and of the purified moral habitudes of these times. Several parallel and very recent testimonies might be adduced in proof of the fact that this CHRIST, such as we find Him set before us in the Gospels, lives, and must ever live, in the moral consciousness of all men, Christian and non-Christian. Thus He lives, not merely in His precepts, but in the Idea of Himself, for the perpetual rectification of confused and deranged moral principles, and for the solving of interminable perplexities. Wearied as we may have been by the spectacle of the contradictions of the human system, ever and again turning up the wrongful and the untrue, now at length THE MAN appears on earth who not only is exempt from *fault* and *sin*, but from

¹ Creed of Christendom, p. 227.

Incoherence, from Incongruity, from interior Contradictions. In this bright Reality, although nowhere else within the circle of human experience, there is demonstrated, in the view of all men, **PERFECT MORAL ORDER**;—it is even that perfection which human nature is ever yearning for, and which it dimly imagines, but which it has never found in itself, or elsewhere than in this One Instance.

The Order of Nature—we must not forget it—is twofold. It is constancy in the sequence of events—that is to say, Order in Time; and it is also the constancy of Congruity; or, in technical terms, Order in Space. The second of these fixed connections is as real and as certain as the first, and is equally to be relied upon. Yet if we follow the leaders of Modern Thought whither they are themselves gone, our position will be this:—We admit, on the one hand, that **CHRIST** was, as they, and as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews affirms, “the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of His Person;” but, on the other hand, affirm that He claimed to be what He was not—that He played with the credulity of His followers—that He winked at and cherished the superstitions of His times—that He proclaimed Himself to be “the Light of the World,” and “the Resurrection and the Life,” of which Himself was to be the sample; but that, in truth, He died as other men die, and perished bodily as others perish.

Where shall we stop in giving words to the monstrous contradictions of this creed? Let the reader, and whether he be religiously-minded or not so, take his New Testament in hand, and, with the recent admissions of the writers referred to before him, make his way, as he can, through the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles. No sane mind can do this so as to bring into accord, on any imaginable hypothesis, these repellant conceptions, which, if they offend piety, do in an equally extreme degree shock the consciousness of historic truth, violate the tastes of a well-ordered mind, and affront the irresistible dictates of Reason.

Already we have said (p. 320), that when the clerical promoters of this present movement shall have put away the evasions beneath which they now screen themselves, and when, like open-faced and out-spoken Englishmen, they shall set forth with distinctness what it is they believe, they will, in doing so, drive their congregations helter-skelter out of Church. This confidence we have in the force and soundness of the British mind, as to be sure that church-going habits would not outlive a year the honest announcement, in any church or chapel, that, in the preacher’s opinion, there is not a word of truth in the Gospel miracles, and that **CHRIST**, the Saviour of the World, did not, as is affirmed by the Evangelists, rise from the dead.

If congregations are thus dispersed, what is it that shall be taking place within the saddened sanctuary of individual hearts? An answer need scarcely be given to this question. Souls that once were glad, that once were, to all appearance, cheered by a "good hope" of the life eternal, even the life that is "hid with Christ in God"—souls, it may be years ago, that were exulting in the assurance of the forgiveness of sins—obtained for His sake who shed His blood for them "on the tree,"—such spirits, once abounding in works of mercy done "as unto CHRIST," and, moreover, "patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope, and continuing instant in prayer," what are they now? The pernicious insinuations of Modern Thought have been listened to. The Saviour of sinners has been removed from His place in their view, and instead of being the supreme object of devout and humble trust, He has been summoned to the bar of a captious criticism: His cause has been heard, and judgment pronounced: the arraignment has been admitted to be proven in part; yet still He is to be thought of as "our Divine Teacher;" but no longer is He—Sacrifice, Propitiation, Mediator, Lord!—no more is He to be looked for as coming again "to judge the world in righteousness,"—no more is He to be trusted in as the Giver of immortality, for He Himself "died and was buried," and in that sepulchre, or in some unnoted grave, He underwent the destiny of all men. In that sepulchre, or elsewhere, the "Desire of all nations," the Hope of the world, mingled His dust with the dust of others! What remains to us after this destruction has had its course, is—an empty tomb, the spices that long since have spent their aroma, the grave-clothes, the folded napkin:—what remains to us is a "teaching," more pure and sublime indeed than that of the Greek philosophy; and yet it is a teaching which is so intimately commingled with delusions, if not frauds, that Morality will be better honoured henceforth by consigning our Christianity to oblivion, than by conserving it as a perpetual offence to the instincts of virtue, to common honesty, and to sound reason!

A strong reaction from enormities of this magnitude will not be slow to come. The very men who have prostituted their learning and talents in bringing Modern Thought to its ripeness, will, some of them, after a time stand aghast at their own work: some, and the greater number, will betake themselves to the silent region of Pantheistic quiescence, and will there find, in an anticipated Nirwana, a refuge from the indignant clamours of offended public feeling. A few, it may be, will retrace their steps, and regain position as Christian men.

When we thus look forward to a reaction—and a powerful reaction it will not fail to be—from the offensive extravagancies of this now current scheme, we must not forget that it will take

effect in opposite directions; or rather, upon the two parties that are opposed to each other in the most extreme degree: *first*, upon the Christianizing advocates of this form of disbelief, driving them from their false ground as professed Christians; and, then upon those of the conservative party in theology whose alarms at the progress of criticism have seemed to indicate some unfixedness in their own faith. A genuine Biblical criticism, always ruled and directed by a religious temper, and animated by a thorough belief in the Divine origination of the Scriptures, and consequently in the historic reality of what is supernatural therein, is our proper defence against every midway doctrine between Christianity in its entirety, and that last stage of metaphysic insanity, of which a remarkable sample is presented in the volume named at the head of this article. Genuine Biblical Criticism, in its sure progress beyond its present position, will not fail to bring with it, as a natural result—a Doctrine of Inspiration that shall be better defined than any which the Church has hitherto been possessed of, and which—if not by all among ourselves, yet by better instructed men who may ere long take our places, shall be assented to, and at length accepted by the religious community at large; and shall be rejoiced in as an abiding-place of safety—a munition of strength, against which nugatory sophisms, such as those of Modern Thought, shall cease to be hurled.

Throughout those publications of recent date in which, with more or less distinctness, the system thus designated makes its appearance, it is observable, that wherever the writer assumes a tone of confidence, as if conscious of standing upon a vantage-ground, and as if he were sure of his reader's concurrence, it is when he is assailing notions and exegetical usages that were prevalent in times anterior to the rise of the more exact criticism of the present century. The strength of modern disbelief is that which it draws from the misapprehensions, from the groundless alarms, from the superstitions, or the rigid prejudices, and, most of all, from unwarrantable dogmatic reasonings of a time gone by. So long as this untoward antagonism is maintained between these misapprehensions on the one side, and a petulant, captious, and nugatory disbelief on the other side, there will be no definiteness, no fixedness, no agreement among Christian men on the subject of Inspiration. Hitherto a skirmishing has gone on with uncertain advantages, sometimes on this side, sometimes on that—the result being, to the lookers on, disquiet and discouragement. It shall not always be so; let Modern Thought more fully develop its own atheistic quality, and the reaction shall commence which shall put our Bible into our hands with a new feeling of confidence, that we are holding indeed—**THE BOOK OF GOD.**

- ART. II.—1. *Despatches from Her Majesty's Consuls in the Levant, respecting Past or Apprehended Disturbances in Syria, 1858 to 1860.* Presented to the House of Lords by command of Her Majesty, 1860.
2. *Papers relating to the Disturbances in Syria, June 1860.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1860.
3. *Further Papers relating to the Disturbances in Syria, June 1860.* Presented to the House of Lords by command of Her Majesty, 1860.
4. *Further Papers respecting Disturbances in Syria.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1860.

THE long history of Syria might be written in letters of blood. No country in the world has been the scene of such desolating wars, of such fierce contests of tribe with tribe, and sect with sect, and of successive acts of such inhuman atrocity and wanton cruelty. Other nations have had their seasons of political repose and peace; for full four thousand years Syria has had scarcely an hour. Other nations have long ago begun to feel the influence of advancing civilisation,—divesting war of some of its most appalling features, and restraining to some extent the brutal passions of party, tribe, and sect. Syria is an exception. Civilisation has been powerless over the dominant party in that land. It has approached her shores; it has swept past her for more than half a century in one continuous stream; but this has only tended to rouse that spirit of reckless ferocity which is the characteristic of the Muslem race, and that bloodthirsty fanaticism which is no less the characteristic of their faith. Many have read the accounts of early and mediæval Syrian massacres with feelings of semi-scepticism, as if common humanity would recoil from the perpetration of such deeds; and most men have regarded the histories of the wholesale butcheries of Antiochus Epiphanes, of Khaled the Saracen, and of Timur the Tartar, as grossly exaggerated. Yet, in our own enlightened age, in the eyes of all Europe, the Muslems and Druzes of Syria have perpetrated crimes as foul, murders as cold-blooded, massacres as unsparing, and in their detail as fiendish, as ever were recorded even in the pages of Syrian history. One's heart is thrilled at the very thought of them. One's blood boils with righteous indignation against the perpetrators. An overpowering feeling of mingled grief and horror fills the mind, and constrains one to cry aloud for justice. Especially is this the case when we find one

at least of our countrymen numbered among the victims. But who could sit with ordinary calmness and hear of twelve hundred men, first disarmed under a solemn promise and written guarantee of full protection by their rightful defenders ; and then, after a few days' starvation, wantonly betrayed and massacred ? This took place at Hasbeya on the 11th of June last. Who could restrain his feelings on reading of *six thousand* unarmed, inoffensive men, set upon in cold blood, and brutally murdered, for no other cause than that they were Christians ; their houses plundered and burned to ashes ; and their wives and daughters dragged off by the murderers to a fate worse than death itself ? This occurred on the 9th of July, in the city of Damascus. What man, and especially what parent, having within his breast the ordinary feelings of humanity, could hear unmoved the harrowing tale of women and children, whilst rushing out from their burning houses, being pitched back by the bayonets of a brutal soldiery into the flames ; of infants snatched from their mothers' bosoms, and torn limb from limb before their eyes ? Yet such were some of the scenes enacted in the recent massacres. We do not exaggerate ; that would be impossible, as the following extracts from the letter of an eye-witness will show :—" Little boys four and five years old were not safe : these would be seized from the mother and dashed to the ground, or torn to pieces before her face ; or, if her grasp was too tight, they would kill them on her lap ; and, in some cases, to save further trouble, mother and child were cut down together. Many women have assured me *that the Turkish soldiers have taken their children, one leg in each hand, and torn them in two.*" This was at Hasbeya. The details of the Deir-el-Kamr tragedy are still more horrible : " I have had a vivid description of the whole scene from some dozens of women who were there. They have told me how, before their very face, they have seen husband, father, brothers, and children cut to pieces ; how, in trying to save the life of a child, they have been knocked down, and the child torn from them, and cut to pieces, *and the pieces thrown in their face !*" (*Mr C. Graham to Lord Dufferin.*)

Why is Syria in such a state ? Why can civilisation obtain no footing upon her shores ? Why do those feelings of brotherhood, or even of political expediency, which bind other nations together, find no place in the breasts of her people ? Why did the vast body of the population approve of the recent massacres ? Why did the local authorities, from the highest to the lowest, overlook, encourage, and in many cases take part in them ? Why did the central Government never put forth an effort to repress the outbreak until driven to it by the united demand of the Western Powers ?

These are questions in the solution of which universal Christendom is interested. The claims of humanity call for a searching inquiry. But the Western Powers, and especially England and France, have a stronger claim to demand and require a full explanation. The kingdom of which Syria forms a part, is not now what it once was. It was once strong and warlike—the scourge of Asia, and the terror of Europe. It could and did then act independently of external influence. It alone was responsible. The case is now different. The days of Turkey's power and independence have long since gone. The Empire exists only upon sufferance. Nay, its tottering throne and rotten constitution are upheld by the united efforts—or rather the united jealousies—of the European monarchs. From the attacks of enemies without, and rebels within, England and France have been for years, and are at this moment, its only defence. Every Englishman knows, that but for the unceasing exertions of our Ambassadors at Constantinople, and of our Consuls in the Pashalics, the vast Empire would, long ere this, have gone to pieces. We venture to affirm, that were these influences wholly withdrawn, and were Turkey left to her own unbiassed counsels, it could not hold together for six months. Such being the case, our country is to some extent implicated in the crimes of Turkey. England and France have, therefore, a valid claim—nay, they are morally bound—so far to interfere in the administration of the Turkish Empire as fully to inquire into such gross abuses, and to insist on their entire abolition. No man will venture to say that, while Christian nations uphold Turkey and defend her against all assailants, they are to stand calmly by and see thousands of human beings hunted down and slaughtered like wild beasts, for no other reason than that they bear the name of Christian. We do not feel, therefore, that we lay ourselves open to the charge of undue interference when we attempt to give plain answers to the above queries; and when we venture to press upon our Government the necessity of acting accordingly.

There is another question which, at the present juncture, forces itself upon the attention of England and of Europe. How is Syria to be pacified, and how are such outrages to be prevented in future? That the *status quo* cannot be allowed to remain, every one will admit. But the changes to be effected, and the new administration to be established, are not so easily settled. Differences of opinion can scarcely be avoided in the various Cabinets; and yet these differences may involve the very gravest consequences—they may plunge Europe in war. France seems to aim at a military occupation. Her soldiers have already gained a footing in the country, and it will be contrary to her established policy if they are ever removed. But the occupation

of Syria by the troops of France would open the way for Russia into the Danubian provinces, and would thus be the first step to the dismemberment of the Empire. This in itself would not be a subject of great regret. The dismemberment of Turkey is, we firmly believe, only a question of time; and, if judiciously effected, it would serve materially to advance the cause of civilisation. England, however, has good reason to contemplate any such step with serious alarm. The safety of India depends to a great extent on her ability to maintain open communication by the shortest route with that country. This could not be done with a French army in Syria; and, therefore, England must resist to the utmost of her power any attempt at a permanent French occupation.

We shall now endeavour to trace the causes of Syria's past progressive desolation and present anarchy; and having done so, we shall have prepared the way for an attempt to solve the great question—"How is Syria to be pacified?" or, in other words, to indicate the means by which the country may be saved from utter ruin, and the peace of Europe preserved.

Even a cursory glance at the "Despatches of the Consuls in the Levant," is sufficient to show that one pregnant cause of Syria's present troubles is the number of the sects which compose its population, their mutual jealousies and feuds, and the spirit of intolerant fanaticism by which they are animated. A knowledge of the history, tenets, and political relationships of these sects, is necessary to a full understanding of the Syrian Question.

The DRUZES, it is now proved (*Despatches, Mr Graham to Lord Dufferin*, p. 40), commenced the war; and they have throughout been the chief actors. To them, therefore, we give the first place in our sketch. There is no evidence in the language, the physical aspect, or the manners and customs of the Druzes, that they are of foreign extraction, or that they are even a distinct tribe. Their language is Arabic, without foreign idiom or accent; and their few peculiarities of dress and habits arise solely from the requirements of their faith. In the year A.D. 996, El Hâkim bi-Amr-illah succeeded to the government of Egypt as third khalif of the Fatimite dynasty. He soon declared himself to be a prophet; but his conduct proved that he was a dangerous lunatic. In A.D. 1017, a Persian, called Mohammed Ben-Ismaïl *ed-Derazy*, settled in Egypt, and became a devoted follower of Hâkim. He even went further than his new master; and the religion which he attempted to found proved so obnoxious to the Muslems, that he was driven out of Egypt. He took refuge in a valley at the western base of Mount Hermon, not far from the town of Hasbeya, and being

secretly supplied with money by the Egyptian khalif, he propagated his doctrines, and became the founder of the Druze sect. Their generic name is, in Arabic, *ed-Derûz*; the singular is *Durzy*, derived from the founder. Hâkim had another disciple called Hamzah, who seems to have been a man of tact and talent. He drew up the creed of the new sect, and the code of laws by which it has ever since been regulated. He was the rival of ed-Derazy, and probably was mainly instrumental in getting him banished. He wrote against him in terms of such bitterness and contempt, that the Druzes to this day hold up ed-Derazy to scorn under the emblem of a calf, and deny that he had any part in founding their sect. The principal articles of their faith are—1. The unity of God. 2. God has shown Himself at different epochs in a human form, the last being that of Hâkim. 3. *Wisdom* is the first of God's creatures, and the only direct product of His power. It has appeared on many occasions, and its last appearance was in the figure of Hamzah. This Wisdom is the mediator between God and His creatures. 4. The number of men is always the same, and souls pass successively into different bodies. The principal commands of their law are three—veracity (to each other *only*); mutual protection and assistance; and renunciation of all other religions (implying persecution even to utter extermination). They endeavour to keep their religion a secret; but copies of their sacred books have sometimes fallen into the hands of their enemies; and from these we find that they practise rites too gross even to be hinted at in these pages. One striking peculiarity of their law is, that it not only permits, but enjoins external conformity to the established religion of the country. The following question and answer is extracted from one of their catechisms:—"Why do you deny all books but the Korân to those who ask you? Necessity requires us to lean on the religion of the Muslems, and therefore we must confess the book of Mohammed. Nor is this compliance in any respect sinful; nor do we follow the Muslems in the matter of prayers over the dead for any other reason but because we are dependant, and that true religion requires us to comply with the prevailing authority."

The Druzes are divided into two classes,—the *Okkâl*, "Initiated;" and the *Juhkâl*, "Ignorant." With the former class, which, strange to say, includes many women, the religious ceremonies remain secret. They assemble in their chapels every Thursday evening, refusing admission to all others. It has transpired, however, that these meetings are more for the purpose of keeping up a system of private signs, and for collecting information, than for any acts of worship. Their organization is most complete. The *Okkâl* are the chief advisers in peace and war. The whole Druze country is divided into districts;

each district has its council of Okkál assembling weekly ; a delegate from each council attends each meeting of the councils of all the bordering districts, to hear and communicate everything affecting the general interests. The rapidity and accuracy with which news is thus propagated is surprising, and is of vast importance in time of war. Thus united, and thus organized, the Druzes form one of the strongest parties in Syria. Every male is trained to arms from childhood, and as the vast majority are hardy mountaineers, they make admirable soldiers. When at peace, they are industrious and hospitable ; but in war they have ever been characterized by their unsparing ferocity, and, when prompted by a spirit of revenge, they will not rest till they have shed the blood of their foe.

The Druzes, soon after the establishment of their sect, attained to considerable influence, both in Lebanon and also in Jebel el-Ala, near Aleppo. This gradually increased, until, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Fakhr ed-Din, the most celebrated of all their chiefs, gained ascendancy over the Christian princes, and became ruler of Lebanon. His descendants continued in power for nearly a hundred years ; but during that time the Druzes themselves were divided into factions, while their rivals, the Maronites, became more energetic and influential. On the death of the last of Fakhr ed-Din's line, the united aristocracy of the mountain resolved to elect a stranger to the vacant office. Their choice fell on an Emir of Hasbeya, a scion of the ancient house of Shehab, which claims its descent from the standard-bearer of Mohammed. For nearly a century and a half the government of Lebanon was entrusted by the Porte to one member or another of this princely family. The last who held it was the celebrated Emir Beshir. Policy led this prince to renounce Mohammedanism and embrace Christianity. This conciliated the Maronites, and greatly strengthened his government. Though he still continued to acknowledge the authority of the Sultan, and to pay a small tribute, yet he ruled supreme as an independent monarch. By a stern, and sometimes a terrible exercise of his power, he at length succeeded in crushing rebellion, and bringing the various factions and sects into complete subjection. Murder and robbery, before so common, were almost unknown ; person and property were everywhere safe ; roads were constructed, and industry of every kind was encouraged. The beautiful palaces of Bteddin, erected by the Emir, showed that his taste was equal to his talent.

When the troops of Mohammed Aly invaded Syria and captured Acre, the Emir welcomed them, and invited the commander, Ismail Pasha, to his palace. Ismail accepted the

invitation, and so arranged his plans, that on the evening of his arrival at Bteddin 15,000 of his soldiers occupied the surrounding heights. The Pasha then demanded that the mountaineers should be disarmed. The Maronites complied; but the Druzes resisted, and, notwithstanding the power and energy of their new masters, most of them retained their weapons. This gave them a great advantage over the Christians, which they have ever since maintained. The Egyptians were driven out by the English forces in 1840; and the aged Emir Beshir was deprived of his government and banished. A ruinous policy was now adopted for the government of Lebanon. It was divided into two sections; over the one was placed a Druze chief, and over the other a Christian, both being subject to the Pasha of Sidon. A fair field was thus opened for giving full scope to jealousies, bitter hatred, and smothered feuds of centuries. Each sect, under its own leader, watched a favourable opportunity to assail the other. The Turkish Pasha, feeling his inability to control the warlike mountaineers, stirred up their mutual jealousies, and in the wars of 1841 and 1845 succeeded in desolating a great part of Lebanon by fire and sword. When both Maronites and Druzes were sufficiently weakened, the Turks tried to disarm them; but this, so far as the Druzes were concerned, was a failure. In one thing, however, the Turks did not fail. They did not fail in destroying the roads constructed by the old Emir; in ruining his beautiful palaces; in effectually checking that agricultural industry and commercial enterprise which he had originated, and which the Egyptians fostered; in handing over life and property throughout the whole mountain to the tender mercies of every armed vagabond; and in kindling such deadly hatred in the breasts of the rival sects as must eventually make Lebanon a wilderness. It is greatly to be regretted that this plan of divided rule was adopted chiefly through the influence of England. No plan could be more fatal to the prosperity of the mountains, or the peace of its inhabitants. And so long as it is persisted in war and bloodshed must continue.

The total Druze population does not exceed 80,000 souls. Of these, some 70,000 are concentrated in the southern division of Mount Lebanon, and round the base of Hermon. In Haurân, the ancient Bashan, there are 7000 or 8000; and in Jebel el-Ala a few hundred families still remain. The most powerful of the Druze chiefs in Lebanon are the following: Sheikh Said Jimblat, called, from his great wealth, the "Purse of the Druzes." He holds an influential post under the Turkish Government, as Head of Police in the district of Mukhtarah. He appears to have played an atrocious part in the late outbreak,—openly professing a desire for peace, but secretly stirring up his men to wholesale

slaughter of the Christians. One of his principal officers was a leading man at the massacre of Hasbeya. His attempt at double-dealing, when visited officially by Mr Cyril Graham, was base and cowardly in the extreme. Probably the next in influence to Said Jimblat, is Sheikh Hussein Talhûk, called, from his great wisdom, or rather cunning, the "*Head of the Druzes.*" Though one of the principal leaders in the war, he appears to have taken no part in the massacres. Sheikh Beshir Abu Noked is another name of note, and the head of a powerful clan, grouped round Deir el-Kamr; and his followers, in conjunction with the Turkish soldiers, murdered the whole male Christian population of that town. The Druzes of the Haurân were led by Sheikh Ismail el-Atrash, of Ary, near Bozrah, a chief who played a distinguished part against the Government in the rebellion of 1853. He was present at the massacres of Hasbeya, and Rasheya, and at the burning of Zahleh. Some recent apologists for the Druzes have urged in their favour the fact, that the lives and properties of English merchants, missionaries, and others connected with this country, were everywhere respected by them. This is true; but there are two good reasons for it. *First*, There is scarcely a leading man among the Druzes at the present moment who does not owe his life to English influence. Several years ago, when in rebellion against the Sultan, eighty of their chiefs were decoyed to Damascus; and there, to a man, they would have been seized and executed, had it not been for Mr Wood, the late consul. He gave them an asylum in his house; kept them there for four months, in defiance of the Pasha; and finally obtained from Constantinople an order for their release. *Second*, The Druzes are wise and far-seeing. They know that England has been hitherto their friend and protector, and they rely upon our country still. They therefore try, by shielding a few scattered Englishmen, and a few of their agents and personal friends, to gain their good will, and, through them, that of their Government. It is to be hoped, however, that in this instance their cunning policy will not be successful; and that no personal considerations will ever induce any Englishman to defend or excuse the perpetrators of such atrocities as those committed at Deir el-Kamr, Hasbeya, and Rasheya.

The *Metawileh* are the followers of Aly, son-in-law of Mohammed. They reject his three predecessors in the Khalifate, and affirm that he alone is the lawful Imâm, and that supreme authority, in things temporal and spiritual, belongs to him and his descendants. They reject the *Sonna*, or traditional law, and are, therefore, regarded as heretics by other Muslims. They number about 25,000. Nearly one-half of them occupy Belâd Besharah, on the southern border of the Druze country; and there, one or

two of their Sheikhs afforded an asylum to the fleeing Christians, though others took part in the massacres. A more powerful section of them reside in villages of Anti-Lebanon, near Baalbek, and are led by the noble family of Harfûsh. The Harfûsh Emirs have for ages been the pests of the country. Hitherto they have been the deadly enemies of both the Druzes and the Government ; but recently they joined both Turks and Druzes in the plunder and burning of the Christian town of Zahleh !

The *Nusairiyeh*, or *Ansariyeh*, are a wild and lawless tribe, numbering about 60,000, and inhabiting the chain of mountains which extends from the great valley at the north end of Lebanon to the banks of the Orontes at Antioch. It is not easy to tell whether these people approach in faith more nearly to Christians, Mohammedans, or Pagans. Their religion still remains a secret, notwithstanding all attempts made to dive into its mysteries. They have taken no part in the recent massacres ; but they have contributed materially, by their turbulence and disorder, to bring about the existing state of anarchy.

The *Kurds* have also attained to considerable notoriety, from the part they took in the attack upon Zahleh, and in the massacres in and around Damascus. They are all foreigners, and were brought from their native mountains of Kurdistan to act as irregular troops. They are almost all in the employment of the Government, forming the main part of the notorious *Bashi-Bazouks*. Between them and the Druzes a blood feud has long existed ; yet they laid aside their mutual enmity that they might unite in the plunder and murder of Christians.

The history and tenets of the MARONITES are too well known in England to require any notice in this place. We shall confine our remarks to their political and geographical position. Lebanon is at once their home and their stronghold. They inhabit exclusively the northern section of the mountains from Tripoli to Beyrout. The border land between their country and that of the Druzes lies along the banks of the Beyrout river, and is called El-Metn. They have, however, many scattered villages south of this, extending through the whole of the Druze country ; and here they are mixed with a number of Christians of other sects,—Greeks and Greek Catholics. The district of El-Metn is bounded on the north by a wild, deep glen,—so deep that it looks like a huge fissure in the mountain side. Down it rushes the Dog River—Lycus flumen—leaping madly from rock to rock, and from precipice to precipice. On its northern bank begins the province of Kesrawan, the citadel of the Maronites. Its surface is steep, rocky, and rugged ; but every spot where earth can be found or scraped together, is carefully tilled. The cultivation, in fact, is wonderful,—terraces hewn out along the sides

of cliffs, and planted with vines and mulberries,—miniature corn fields, cleared at enormous cost of time and labour. Villages dot the whole mountain side. Their houses are not huddled together, like those farther south; each stands in the midst of its own garden. This gives them a look of comfort, cleanliness, and cheerful prosperity; and it shows that here these Maronites dwell in security and peace, far from hostile Druzes and wandering Arabs.

During the last few years a variety of circumstances have contributed to keep the Maronites in a state of discontent and semi-rebellion. That they should be under the immediate rule of one of their own native princes was never satisfactory to the Porte. It has been already stated how Lebanon was divided into two sections, a Christian and a Druze, and each placed under the immediate rule of a native prince, called *Kaimakam* (literally "Lieutenant"). This arrangement was never pleasing to the Turks. The Government has, therefore, watched every opportunity to have it abolished. The Pasha of Sidon has latterly forced upon the Christians an unpopular, and, as it appears, a venal governor. The people refused to submit to his authority, or to pay him their taxes; but being the head of a large and powerful clan, and having the support of the Pasha, he attempted to establish his authority by force. The Druzes saw a good opportunity for weakening the Maronites by dividing them into parties, and, therefore, took the side of the governor. French agents meantime stirred up the people; and thus the whole province was in a state of the most intense excitement, and ready, on the least pretext, to take to arms. The Druzes had observed, besides, that the Christian element in Lebanon and on the coast has been steadily advancing in enterprise, wealth, and number whilst they have been on the decline. The Turks observed this also; and they saw that a spirit of independence was proportionally springing up among the Christians. Neither Druzes nor Turks could conceal their jealousy. They understood each other; and, as it will appear in the sequel, they resolved to act in concert to crush a common foe. It was of vast importance, however, to throw the odium and responsibility of commencing hostilities upon the Maronites. This was easily done. Christian muleteers were waylaid and murdered on the road; and in the beginning of May a poor monk was killed in his convent. These repeated acts of cowardly assassination stung the Christians to madness. A large body of those inhabiting the Metn flew to arms. The Druzes appeared to be unprepared for this; their Sheikhs professed to call out for peace. Yet in an incredibly short time they proved that they were but too well prepared for war. The first serious conflict took place in the Metn, on May 28th. The

Christians were driven back ; and the Druzes immediately began a systematic attack upon all the Christian villages in their territory. On the evening of that day no less than thirty-two were seen from Beyrout in flames ; and before a month had passed, 150 Christian villages were in ashes, 6000 Christians were massacred, and 75,000 more, chiefly widows and orphans, were left houseless and destitute wanderers. The Druzes did not adopt the bold and manly plan of marching northwards, and attacking the main body of the Maronites in their own territory ; they were satisfied with the dastardly policy of plundering those at their mercy, and of murdering in cold blood all within their reach who had either no means of defence, or had laid down their arms. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the Maronites also exhibited a great want of courage and decision. They far out-number the Druzes ; and by a rapid movement they might have easily sent such a force southwards to Deir el-Kamr as would have relieved their suffering brethren. Why did they not do so ? Why did they seem paralysed after the first few days' fighting ? Why did the Turkish troops, who were encamped in the neighbourhood, not interfere at the outset, to separate the combatants and preserve peace ? Above all, why did these troops permit the Druzes to burn the large village of Hadeth, within musket-shot of their camp ; and why did they themselves assist in the work, and fire upon the flying Christians ? The reply to these questions brings in another element. It does more,—it lays bare the root of the whole matter.

The MUSLEMS have now for twelve centuries been the rulers of Syria ; and at the present moment they constitute four-fifths of its whole population. Several distinct dynasties and races have during that period risen and fallen ; but the laws laid down by Mohammed, and embodied in the Koran, have been uniformly followed by them all. To understand Syria's mournful history, we must understand these laws. To discover the causes of the country's decay, of its progressive depopulation, and of the recent fearful massacres, we must study the principles of morality and legislation upon which the Mohammedan Government is based. The time has fully come for the politicians of Western Europe, and especially of England, to examine with care the genius of *Islâm*. The day has passed and gone for ever when Christian Europe trembled at that name, and the period has arrived when, by the exercise of an enlightened policy, one of the fairest portions of the world may be saved from its withering influence. The lessons learned from history are among the statesman's best instructors and safest guides. The history of the past twelve centuries shows but too plainly the effects of *Islâm* on both individuals and nations—its moral effects, its physical

effects, and its political effects. In the consideration of this subject, we must carefully distinguish between the *Mohammedan Empire* and the *Turkish Empire*. The former is the empire established by Mohammed, and which has ever received the Koran as its guide in all things, civil and religious. The latter is only one of its dynasties. The latter might still remain in power though it departed from the other. This act of separation might be effected at any time by the will of the sovereign and his advisers; and we firmly believe that such a separation is absolutely necessary, not merely to the prosperity, but to the very existence of the Empire. It will tend very materially to aid us in forming a true estimate of the genius of Mohammedanism, if we keep this fact in mind, that it has been adopted in succession by nations and tribes widely different in their origin, habits, and mental characteristics; and yet its effects upon all have been invariably the same. It has run a uniform course among all the people that have embraced it, and the dynasties that have filled the throne of the Prophet. There has been in every case a rapid attainment of power by devastating wars, and then a progressive decline commencing from the moment when conquests were checked, and the "Faithful" sat down to reap the fruits of their victories. Islâm has always prospered in the camp and in the field; but when the excitement of war has passed, its life and vigour have disappeared, and its votaries have sunk into that state of moral degradation and physical debasement which are the necessary results of unrestrained licentiousness. Had Islâm survived only during a few centuries of the middle ages, it might have been supposed that to the state of those times was due much of the ruin and misery that were entailed on the countries over which it spread. But its working and effects are the same now in the nineteenth as they were in the ninth century; they are the same under the dynasty of Othman and the supremacy of the Turks, as they were under the line of the Abassides and the rule of the Arabs. They are as little influenced by the civilisation and refinement of Western Europe, as they were by the luxury and superstitions of the Byzantine Empire. Islâm is incapable of advancement; and so long as it remains the sole source of a nation's laws, and the sole regulator of a nation's morals, that nation must continue morally and physically enervated. Such language may be distasteful to some in this country. A few good and great men have recently been in the habit of stating that, after all, Mohammedanism has much that is good in it, and that it might even be regarded as a kind of blessing, because it is better than some other conceivable forms of religion or superstition. To this we reply, Was it a blessing to destroy all the great old cities of Syria? Was it a bless-

ing to depopulate the rich plains of Bashan, Hamath, Sharon, and Esdraelon? Was it a blessing to destroy, by wantonness or neglect, every road in the country, every harbour on the coast, every monument of taste, genius, and utility—to sweep away an extensive commerce and a prosperous agriculture? Was it a blessing to degrade and enslave a noble race of people? If these were blessings, then is Mohammedanism a blessing. No man, with Syria's dark history before him, can say that Mohammedanism is productive of ought but evil. We must look on that land and its present faith in a scriptural light, for thus only can we comprehend the philosophy of its sad history. A curse was pronounced on every province, and on almost every town, because of national sin. Mohammedanism has been, and is still, the instrument in God's hand for the execution of these curses.

But some say Mohammedanism *is* changing; it is advancing with the spirit of the age; it is setting aside its old intolerant laws, and adopting the sentiments and policy of the liberal nations of Europe. This is all sophistry. Mohammedanism *cannot* change. Intolerance and mental and political slavery are inalienably linked to the system. The Turkish Government may abolish it piecemeal. Every liberal principle they adopt must be at the sacrifice of a dogma of the Koran. The Turkish Government have manifested the greatest reluctance even to attempt this. Every concession hitherto made has not been granted; it has been wrung from them by strangers. Witness the repeated attempts made by England and France to obtain a repeal of the inhuman statute which condemned every apostate from Islamism to death. For this so-called crime a young man was beheaded in Constantinople in 1843. The whole of the Christian powers entered a strong protest against such an act of barbarity, and united in a demand for the abrogation of the law. Lord Aberdeen, in his despatch to the ambassador, even went so far as to menace the integrity of the Empire: "Your Excellency will therefore press upon the Turkish Government, that if the Porte has any regard to the friendship of England—if it has any hope that in the hour of peril or of adversity, that protection which has more than once saved it from destruction, will be extended to it again, it must renounce absolutely, and without equivocation, the barbarous practice which has called forth the remonstrance now addressed to it. . . . Her Majesty's Government are so anxious for the continuance of a good understanding with Turkey, and that the Porte should entitle itself to their good offices in the hour of need, that they wish to leave no expedient untried before they shall be compelled to admit the conviction, that all their interest and friendship is misplaced, and that nothing remains for them but to look forward to, if not to promote the

arrival of, the day when the force of circumstances shall bring about a change which they will have vainly hoped to procure from the prudence and humanity of the Porte itself." This was noble language, and worthy of a great English statesman, and the representative of a Christian people. The Ottoman Minister of Foreign Affairs quailed at the threat it contained; but his sentiments as a Muslem remained unchanged. After reading it, "he proceeded," writes Sir Stratford Canning, "to draw a strong line of distinction between custom and *divine law*, intimating that a practice derived from the former source might be abandoned to meet the wishes of Europe, or even of Great Britain alone; *but that a law prescribed by God Himself was not to be set aside by any human power*, and that the Sultan, in attempting it, might be exposed to a heavy, perhaps even to a dangerous responsibility." (*Despatch*, February 10th, 1844.) After vexatious delays, and not a few attempts to deceive by vague verbal promises, the matter was eventually settled by compromise,—England not requiring any formal repeal of the law which the Porte termed "Divine" (!); and the Porte making the following not very definite engagement—"To take effectual measures to prevent henceforward the execution and putting to death of the Christian who is an apostate."

In like manner, every concession since made has been extorted from a reluctant Government, and has only been adopted when the choice given was adoption or *annihilation*. The language, too, in which all the liberal statutes are expressed is so obscure and indefinite, that it leaves the painful impression upon every mind of lurking dishonesty and intentional deception. These facts prove that, though the Turkish Empire has been seriously weakened, and has been forced to yield in a few points to foreign pressure in order to prevent utter ruin, yet the spirit of the Faith which its rulers still profess, and to which the vast body of its people still cling, remains unchangeable and intolerant as ever.

Of late the Muslems have begun to see that their power is fast waning, while the numbers, wealth, and influence of the Christians in the empire have been steadily advancing. Then, they could not rob Christians, beat them, or kill them with impunity, as in the good old times. Christians could now venture to ride on horses through the streets of Muslem towns; they could walk with Muslems on the same pavement, sit with them in the same café, deliberate with them in the same Divan. If a Muslem cursed the religion of a Christian, or called him an infidel, or a dog, the latter could even venture to resent the indignity. Foreign consuls, too, who in former years dared not set foot on the soil, could now successfully interfere on behalf of the op-

pressed. All these changes had, within the last few years, made a deep impression on the minds of a fanatical and excitable populace. The attempts made by Christians to throw off the heavy chains by which they had been bound for centuries, and to claim the rights of freemen, roused the slumbering tyranny of Islâm. The influence acquired by foreign agents in the country, and the consciousness that that influence was exerted for the development of liberty, gave rise to feelings of jealousy and bitter hatred. At first murmurs and complaints only were heard of changed times. Then threats were uttered, and meetings began to be held and conspiracies to be formed. Their Sheikhs and fanatical dervishes reminded them of the promise of their Prophet, that "all nations were the enemies of God, and were to be subdued by the armies of the faithful." They made inflammatory harangues, choosing for their texts such passages from the Koran as the following:—"I will put fear in the hearts of the infidels Wherefore strike off their heads, and the ends of their fingers. This shall be their punishment because they have resisted God and his apostle. . . . Fight against them until they cease to oppose you, and until the religion of God be everywhere triumphant. . . . Prophet of God, stir up the faithful to war! If twenty of you be courageous, ye shall conquer two hundred; and if a hundred fight, a thousand infidels shall fall before them. God has not permitted any prophet to lead off captives until he has made a great slaughter of infidels in the earth."—(*Koran*, ch. viii.) On hearing these terrible injunctions from their "divine law," what wonder if they proceeded to execute them! They commenced by isolated assaults on native Christians and on Frank residents and travellers, as if to try their strength. In 1850 the Christian quarter of Aleppo was partially sacked, and a number of its inhabitants murdered. In 1851 an attempt was made at a similar deed in Damascus; the English consul detected the plot, but the Turkish troops sent to quell the outbreak plundered the Christian village of Malûla, and committed most brutal outrages on the women, who had taken refuge in a church. During the whole of 1853-4 the Christians of Syria were kept in a state of alarm, in consequence of the threats and menacing attitude of the Muslems. In 1856 a British agent and his family were burned to ashes in Marash. In the same year the Protestant chapel and school, and the English consulate at Nablous, were plundered, the consul's father was killed, and a number of others were severely beaten. In 1857 the fanatics of Gaza tore down the consular flags, and refused to allow a single agent of a foreign power to reside within their ruinous walls. In the beginning of 1858 an American mission family was attacked at Jaffa: one man was murdered, another

severely wounded; and the female members of the family were exposed to brutal violence such as recalled the horrors of Cawnpore. In the summer of the same year the Jeddah massacre took place; and in the autumn an English lady was murdered in Jerusalem. During this and the two preceding years, Frank travellers were insulted and robbed in almost every part of the country. The Turkish authorities scarcely noticed these outrages. The complaints and grave charges laid before them were treated with indifference; and in some cases the complainants were driven from their tribunals with curses. The European consuls, too, lost much of their prestige and power. The Pashas paid no regard to their remonstrances, which, strange to say, were not as vigorously supported as heretofore by the ambassadors at Constantinople. It was observed by the foreign merchants resident in Syria, that the Ottoman policy was openly becoming not only anti-European, but anti-Christian; and that the prejudices and antipathies of the Muslems were being encouraged and fostered by the authorities. Alarmed at these things, they drew up a strong letter of remonstrance, and forwarded it to the ambassadors at Constantinople and the home Governments.

A decided and most dangerous reaction had thus taken place. There is evidence sufficient to prove that a conspiracy was formed for the total extermination of the Christian population. Even the lazy Turkish Pashas could not shut their eyes to these things, or their ears to the warnings of the consuls and influential Rayahs. Yet they acted in such a way as if they were privy to the plot, and prepared to facilitate its execution. Towards the close of 1859, when the whole country was in such a state of excitement, the great body of the regular troops were removed to Constantinople; and early in the present year the remainder *were so quartered as to leave the Christians at the mercy of wild fanatics*. During the same period the Pasha of Beyrout was using his best endeavours to break up the Maronite community into rival factions, and to foster the old enmity and strife between them and the Druzes. How entirely successful he was in both these efforts is shown by the consular despatches. The commencement of a mountain war was evidently intended to be the signal for a general rising against the Christians.

Here, then, were the circumstances which prepared the way for the recent outbreak. It was no sudden or unexpected ebullition of popular fury; it had been long premeditated and skilfully planned. The Druzes were not its originators; they were the mere tools of others. The real source of all Syria's troubles and calamities is the spirit of that faith which excites and maddens the vast body of its inhabitants. The Muslems were the chief projectors of the recent massacre; and we shall see

that they were the chief actors in all its bloodiest scenes. The Turkish officials encouraged and fostered the fanatical spirit; and we shall also see that they materially aided in the terrible work of butchery.

At the commencement of the war between the Christians and the Druzes, a considerable force of Turkish troops, including artillery, regular infantry, and a few squadrons of Bashi-Bazouks, were encamped at the base of Lebanon, under the command of Khursheed Pasha of Beyrout. The following extract of a despatch from Consul-General Moore, dated May 31st, will show how they acted, and by what spirit they were animated :—

“ It is reported that yesterday the Turkish troops fired upon the Christians of Hadat and Baabda, and burnt their villages, as well as Wady Shahroor and Aaria, and some hamlets in the plain. Artillery was used by command of Khursheed Pasha, but under what circumstances, and against whom directed, is not positively known. After the attack the Christians fled, panic-struck. On their departure their houses were burnt and pillaged. The irregulars (Bashi-Bazouks) are reported to have taken an active part in committing every sort of depredation and violence against the Christians, on their person and property. The residences of the Emirs of the Shehab family were also burnt.

“ Emir Beshir el-Kassim, ex-Governor of Mount Lebanon, a man 85 years of age and quite blind, whilst being led away from his house at Baabda by his servants, was attacked, it is stated, by Bashi-Bazouks, when his servants fled and left the Emir to his fate. The body, on being recovered, was found wounded by sword-cuts, and the throat cut.

“ A body of Christians, who had collected from different hamlets since the outbreak of disturbances, at the Christian village of Damour, had, in their apprehension of being attacked there, left that village to come to Beyrout for greater safety. On their way during last night, they were fallen upon by a body of Druzes, Metualis, and Bashi-Bazouks, who plundered, killed, and wounded many of them, irrespective of sex and age. The number of killed is not yet positively ascertained, but it is computed to exceed fifty.”—(*Papers relating to Disturbances in Syria*, p. 6.)

On the 2d of June, about 300 men, with a large body of women and children, fled from the neighbouring mountains towards Sidon for refuge. On approaching the gates the Turkish regular troops drove them back with their bayonets; they were then attacked by hordes of Druzes, Muslims from the city, and Bashi-Bazouks, who massacred all the men and many of the women and children.

On the 3d of June the town of Hasbeya was attacked by the

Druzes. A garrison of 200 regular troops occupied the palace—a place of sufficient strength to resist any assault of Druzes. The garrison was under the command of Colonel Osman Bey. The Christians defended themselves for a time. On the 4th they were overpowered by numbers, and fled to the palace, begging the protection of the garrison. The Colonel offered them a written guarantee, pledging the faith of the Sultan for their personal safety, on condition they delivered up their arms. This they did; and immediately their arms were handed over to the Druzes. They were now kept for seven days in the palace, and suffered severely from hunger and thirst. On the 11th an officer of Sheikh Said Jemlat arrived with 300 Druzes; and at the same time another Druze chief, called Kinj, who was also an employé of the Government. The latter was accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-chief at Damascus. These had an interview with Osman Bey; immediately after which the gate of the palace was thrown open, the Druzes rushed in, “and murdered the people within, the soldiers preventing any from escaping or concealing themselves, pushing them forward to be massacred.”—(*Despatches. Consul Brant to Sir H. Bulwer.*) The number of victims was about 1000! After the fall of Hasbeya, the Druzes, now about 4000 strong, marched northward up the valley to Rasheya, a large village at the base of Hermon, containing a considerable Christian population. Here also there was a Turkish garrison under a colonel, stationed in a strong palace of the Emir Shehab. About 800 men of the Christian population took refuge there, and were massacred in cold blood—the soldiers looking on and aiding in the carnage.

The Druze army continued its march up the great plain of Bukaa (the ancient Cœle-Syria) to attack the town of Zahleh. Zahleh is the largest town of Lebanon, and contained a population of 11,000 souls, exclusively Christian. It is situated in a wild glen, on the eastern side of the mountain range, about a mile above the plain. In addition to its ordinary inhabitants, a large number of refugees from exposed villages in the Bukaa had congregated here. Its people are warlike and well armed, and they made preparations for an obstinate defence. The Druzes were joined by Arabs from the desert, Kurds from Damascus, and Metawileh from Baalbek. When this news reached Beyrout, the consular body urged Khursheed Pasha to send troops for the protection of the Christians. He accordingly despatched a body of 500 regulars, with one field-piece. This sealed the doom of Zahleh. These troops were joined by a large force of Druzes from Lebanon, with whom they at once fraternized. On the 19th they reached the heights commanding Zahleh, and opened fire with the field-piece upon the town. On seeing this, the other

Druze army rushed up the glen from the plain. The Christians were panic-stricken, and took to flight through the defiles of the mountains; their town was immediately plundered and burnt.

The Druzes next marched on Deir el-Kamr, the capital of the southern division of Lebanon, and one of the most prosperous and beautiful towns in the mountains. Its inhabitants were all Christians, and numbered about 7000. They had been previously attacked, and, after an obstinate fight, had been forced to surrender unconditionally. Their houses were then plundered. The wretched people, hearing the Druzes were again approaching, resolved to defend their lives to the last. "But the Governor, who had 400 troops in the Serai (palace), while at Bteddin, half-a-mile off, there were 300 more, told them they had nothing to fear if they would give him up their arms, and he insisted on their doing so. They applied for an escort to come to Beyrout; this he would in no wise permit. Their valuables he made them place in the Serai, and then ordered a great part of the population there. So men, women, and children were all crowded together in the Serai, under his protection, on the night of the 20th. On the morning of the 21st, the Druzes collected round the town; one of their leaders came to the Serai and desired to speak with the Governor. A conversation was carried on in a low voice. . . . At last a question was asked, to which the Governor gave the answer, "*Hepsi*" ("all"). Thereupon the Druze disappeared, but in a few moments the gate was thrown open, and in rushed the fiends, cutting down and slaughtering every male, the soldiers co-operating."—(*Despatches. Mr Graham to Lord Dufferin.*) About 1200 males perished in that one day!

These facts prove beyond question the incomparable perfidy and cruelty of those men to whom the Sultan had committed the government of Syria. But these, alas! are not all the facts. The most terrible act in the whole tragedy has yet to come.

The great city of Damascus lies at the eastern base of Anti-Lebanon, far removed from the seat of war. Its governor is the Commander-in-Chief of the whole army of Syria. It contains a large garrison, a strong castle, and a good park of artillery. During the whole war no Druze force ever approached within thirty miles of it. Yet from the first outbreak its fanatical inhabitants never ceased to threaten and abuse the Christians. No steps were taken to check them. It would be needless labour now to show how the Turkish officials, from the highest to the lowest, encouraged and aided in the fearful carnage. It is enough to state that *Field-Marshal Ahmet Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Syrian Army, and Governor-General of the Pashalic, three Colonels, two Chiefs of Police, and above one-*

hundred and fifty inferior officers and privates, have been since tried, condemned, and executed!

On Monday morning, the 9th of July, Damascus contained a Christian population of about 20,000 souls, and probably 6000 or 7000 refugees who had fled hither for protection. They occupied one quarter of the old city, extending from the East Gate, on both sides of the "street called Straight." Many of their houses, from their size and the richness of their decorations, might be called palaces. In wealth, intelligence, and commercial enterprise, some of the Christian merchants were not surpassed by any in Syria. The whole body of the people were peaceful and industrious. . . . On the evening of that day the Muslem mob rose upon them, without provocation and without cause. They were joined by the local police, and many of the regular troops. Before the 15th the whole Christian quarter was burned to ashes; upwards of 5000 Christians were slaughtered, and nearly 1000 others wounded; while many hundreds of widows and poor orphan girls were in the hands of the brutal murderers, subjected to a fate worse than death itself! To some this may appear almost incredible. It is nevertheless strictly true, as the following extract of a private letter from the Rev. Smylie Robson proves. Mr Robson, from his long residence in the city, from his extensive acquaintance with the people, and from his having been an eye-witness of that awful tragedy, had perhaps a better opportunity of obtaining correct information than any other man. The letter, too, was not written in a time of great excitement and uncertainty. It is dated, "Damascus, 25th August:"—

"It is estimated that more than 3000, say about 3400, Damascenes, and about 2000 of the strangers, refugees in the city, perished. *Nearly all of these were adult males.* Many women and girls were carried off by the ruffians, and a great number grossly outraged. A good many who were left as dead by the murderers were only wounded, and in many cases they finally made their escape. Some of these are very badly wounded. One whom I have known for some years has eight cuts in his head, his right arm broken with clubs, a gun-shot wound in his left, and sundry other blows, bruises, and wounds in different parts of his body. The youngest of the Maluks is much worse than even that man. His skull was broken. He got a ball in the thigh, besides a great number of other wounds. Meshakah is very badly wounded; I fear he has lost the use of his right arm. Others seem to have been stunned by one or two blows of an axe or a sword, and to have been left for dead. . . .

"The massacre in Damascus was the work of Muslems. Damascus was never surrounded, never attacked, never threatened by Druzes. No Druze force ever approached it. The

plunder, conflagration, massacre, and other crimes, were the work of the Muslems of the city. Every quarter of the city contributed to it. *Every class* united in the insurrection; rich and poor, merchants and Beys, Sheikhs and Effendis, as well as the rabble, police, and Bashi-Bazouks. The police were very bad, and so were the Kurdish Horse (Government 'Irregulars')."

The work of outrage and slaughter was by no means confined to the places already mentioned; it extended over the whole of central Syria, from the Mediterranean to the desert. Mr Robson's clear summary of these minor massacres in the Pashalic of Damascus is most instructive:—

"The great massacres of unresisting unarmed men in cold blood, were those of Rasheya, Hasbeya, Deir el-Kamr, and Damascus. Next to them came the slaughter of Sidon, and that below Shuweifat. Besides these, the Druzes committed a great many massacres on a small scale, where no resistance was offered to them. Thus in Kenakir, in the Haurân, they killed some fifty or sixty people—half the Christian population. In the village of Kufeir, near Rasheya, they killed about fifty men. In short, in other villages of the Haurân—though not in every village—and in most of the villages about Hermon, in Wady-et-Teim, and the lower part of the Bukaa, wherever Christians were found, the Druzes killed in cold blood a greater or less proportion of their numbers. The example of the Druzes was followed by the Muslems in a great number of villages on the eastern slopes of Anti-Lebanon, and the plains along the base of it. Thus, at Sunamein, the Muslems killed five or six out of twelve or fifteen who happened to be in the village. First and last, they have killed about half the Christians of Arbain (nearly one hundred). If, however, a Christian became a Muslem, the Muslems generally spared him; and the numbers who became Muslems very greatly exceeds that of those whom the Muslems killed in the villages. . . . Outrages, I must add, were committed on Christians in many villages where no Christians live. Thus there were about forty Christians from the mountains, working at the harvest in Duma—which, you know, has no Christian inhabitants. The Sheikh of Duma and his people compelled them all to become Muslems, and to be circumcised, except one man who refused, and him they killed. . . . In fact, with the exception of one small district (Kara), in every village inhabited by Muslems and Christians, from the north end of Anti-Lebanon to the Huleh, and in the plains east of the mountain range, the Christians had three choices—flight, Islâm, or death. . . . Christianity in these regions of Syria has sustained a terrible blow. As you know, the Muslems have always been killing Christians in this region, and also compelling

them to apostatize. But during the six weeks, from 1st June to 15th July, more have been murdered, and more have been made renegades, than during all the seven preceding centuries."

With these facts before him, no man will be at a loss to discover the true source of Syria's miseries, and the real origin and cause of the recent massacres. Islâm is at the root of the whole. Its spirit, foul and fierce, animates alike its stranger rulers and the great body of its native population. It will permit no change, it will tolerate no reform. It will exercise unlimited, irresponsible control over the properties and lives of all subject to its sway, or it will exterminate them. It will use all agencies, it will take advantage of all circumstances, and it will employ all means to effect its purposes. It allows no feelings of gratitude, honour, or humanity to restrain or set aside its designs. It is the determined and deadly enemy of civil and religious liberty. So long, therefore, as Islâm is paramount in Syria, the case of the country is hopeless, because reform is impossible. Islâm has hitherto opposed every theory of reform forced upon the attention and acceptance of the Turkish Government; and it has effectually prevented the reduction of any accepted theory into practice. The language used by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in a recent speech in the House of Lords, is striking and most important: "It is true the Sultân has accepted, and has even proclaimed to his people, a system of reform, which, if it had been properly carried out, might have prevented these disasters, and probably would have done so, and placed the empire on a totally different footing from what it is now on. Indeed, I must say with confidence, that had this been so, the empire would have been in a much better condition than at the present moment,—a condition of which the disasters which have occurred in Syria exhibit so prominent and striking an example. It must occur to your Lordships, as well as to myself, that a heavy responsibility rests upon the Porte, in consequence of this state of things. If we look into the question of Syria, it is impossible not to observe, in immediate connection with it, that the great Eastern question is involved; and I don't hesitate to say that that question is at this moment absolutely brought home to our doors by what has occurred in Syria. You will in vain put down what has taken place there; in vain you will staunch the blood which has flowed; in vain you will take measures to prevent the renewal of those atrocities, unless you find the means of engaging the Turkish Government to redeem their pledges, and give effectual execution to those reforms which have been so often urged upon them. Unless that is done, it is my firm conviction that you will only patch up the difficulty for the moment; and you will leave the

seeds of fresh disturbances and fresh difficulties of a still more disastrous and dangerous character."

The first step towards the permanent pacification of Syria must be the *virtual* renunciation by its rulers of that faith which we have proved to be the enemy of all reform. The various sects must be placed on an equal political footing. Their rights as men and citizens must be securely guaranteed to every sect, tribe, and class. When this is done, the resources of the country and the energies of the people will begin gradually to develop themselves. But the accomplishment of this will require a wise head and a strong hand. It will require more,—it will require unity of purpose and of action over the whole land, from Mount Taurus to the Sinai Peninsula, during a succession of years. To attempt it with the present system of divided authority would be vain. To attempt it under the leadership of any of the ordinary Turkish Pashas would also be vain. Turkish Pashas are generally indolent, and they are universally venal. A temporary governor has, besides, no permanent interest in the prosperity of the province; and he would, therefore, have no inducement to undertake the arduous and responsible task of remodelling Syrian society, and reducing its distracted and discordant elements to order and harmony. It is a fact patent to every man who knows anything of the East, that every Pasha sent to Syria, or elsewhere, pays for his post, and can seldom calculate on more than a year's term of office. His first and grand object on reaching his seat of government is to amass sufficient money to replenish his purse. His subordinates are forced to contribute; and such local chiefs as can afford the largest bribes are placed over the districts, towns, and villages. What system could be invented more admirably fitted to impoverish the country, promote party strife, and create rebellion! Each new governor, moreover, is to a great extent ignorant of the country, the people, and the very language; and he has neither the time nor the inclination to learn. He is at such a distance from Constantinople, and the central Government have so many other things to occupy their attention, that no watchful control can be exercised over his acts. All these facts make it plain, that if Syria is to be saved from anarchy and ruin, the *status quo* must be abolished.

There was one brief period in modern times during which Syria visibly revived, and appeared to give fair promise of future prosperity. That was during the rule of Mohammed Aly. His rule was stern, in many cases severe, and in some instances perhaps cruel; but it was effectual. In the eight short years of his power, notwithstanding all the opposition he encountered from Turkey, he reduced the various warlike tribes to almost complete subjection, and to a great extent disarmed

them. He rendered life and property everywhere secure. He gave a blow to Muslem fanaticism, from the effects of which it never revived until within the last few months. He compelled several of the wandering tribes of the desert to settle down into peaceful cultivators of the soil, and he made them all tremble at his name. He opened a wide door for the influx of European industry, commerce, and civilisation. Mohammed Aly was nominally a Muslem; but his whole policy tended gradually to set aside the spirit and principles of Islâm from the civil government of the country.

Taking all these facts and circumstances into consideration, we believe that Syria requires, for its permanent pacification and future prosperity, a separate government, somewhat similar to that of Egypt. Should it be found impossible to obtain the Porte's consent to an independent government, its ruler might acknowledge the suzerainty of the Sultan, and pay a fixed tribute; yet he ought to possess independent administrative power, and an army of his own. His independence, in this sense, ought to be guaranteed by the European powers; and a mixed commission might be appointed to aid in the devising and carrying out of needed reforms. The resources of the country are amply sufficient to maintain such a government; they only require development. Both soil and climate are well adapted for the production of silk, cotton, olive-oil, and wine, in addition to an abundant supply of grain. The population contain in themselves the elements of industrial and political greatness. The Western Powers have now a fair opportunity of making a noble experiment; and it is to be hoped that mutual jealousies and fears will not be permitted to interfere. There are surely enough of inducements to this work, altogether apart from the gratification of petty national vanity, or the gaining of mere territorial aggrandizement. There is the preservation of the most interesting country in the world from utter ruin, the salvation of half a million of human beings from massacre or exile, and the relieving of Europe from the almost certain prospect of a general war. Prompted by a pure desire to accomplish such great and good objects, let our own country faithfully discharge her Eastern mission.

- ART. III.—1. *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries*. 3 Vols. London, 1850.
2. *The Indicator*. By LEIGH HUNT. London, 1822.
3. *The Seer; or, Common Places Refreshed*. London, 1850.
4. *The Old Court Suburb*. 2 Vols. London, 1855.
5. *The Town*. By LEIGH HUNT. London, 1858.
6. *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*. By LEIGH HUNT. London, 1848.
7. *Imagination and Fancy; or, Selections from the English Poets*. Third Edition. London, 1846.
8. *Wit and Humour, selected from the English Poets; with an Illustrative Essay and Critical Comments*. By LEIGH HUNT. London, 1848.
9. *Stories from the Italian Poets, with Lives of the Writers*. 2 Vols. London, 1846.
10. *The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt*. Now finally Collected, Revised by himself, and Edited by his Son, THORNTON HUNT. London, 1860.

“THE animosities are mortal, but the humanities live for ever.” So says Christopher North, very finely; and no one was more ready to concur in that generous sentiment, than the old enemy of whom he was thinking when he uttered it. But it is seldom that the heartiest reconciliation can do away with the effects of war. Beat your sword into a pruning-hook as you may, and you will not heal the scars it once inflicted, nor restore the limbs it has lopped off. We fear that the literary enmities of the last generation form no exception to the general rule. In some respects at least, they may serve, as well as any other text, to illustrate the terrible tenacity of life which there is in the evil that men do. Professor Wilson, and Leigh Hunt, could well afford to forget the feuds they had outlived; the one could welcome with exuberant applause, works which, twenty years earlier, he would probably have assailed with invective as unmeasured,—the other could receive the kindly criticism of his ancient opponent, with all the greater pleasure because of the quarter from which it came: but the united generosity of both could not altogether obliterate the effects of the old hostility. We have no wish to rake up forgotten quarrels. But, since we believe that Leigh Hunt’s admirable genius is far less generally appreciated than that of any other writer of his own age, and of equal mark, we are bound to say that we trace his exclusion from his rightful place in the estimation of his contemporaries, mainly to the implacable pertinacity of abuse with which his

political opponents assailed him ; nor does it seem to us at all unlikely, that the same cause should continue to operate, though in a different way, even in the minds of the present generation.

We are far from saying, in the teeth of Bentley, that a man can be permanently "written down," except by himself. Still less do we mean to imply the existence anywhere of the old personal bitterness of hatred, which the outspoken politics of the *Examiner* newspaper, brought upon its luckless editor. Hardly a remaining partisan of those days, we should imagine, would wish to be greatly outdone in charity even by the large-hearted leader whose magnificent declaration of peace we have quoted. All malicious and angry feelings have been as fugitive, we doubt not, as the wretched controversy which provoked them. But the wrong done, we say again, has been far more durable. Leigh Hunt was so long and so shamefully misrepresented, that people came almost of necessity to share in the antipathy, who had no share whatever in the original dissensions which gave rise to it. To the great body of the public his name was made familiar only in connection with accents of contempt, and indignation, and reproach. And even when, under the gentle influence of time, people who had heard nothing of him but slander, came to think somewhat better of the man, it would have been strange if the old prejudice had not retained vitality enough to make them undervalue the writings.

Mr Hunt's early writings, moreover, as it seems to us, were of a class which must suffer most from prejudice, if they happen to be exposed to it. Their claims to recognition were more apt to be defeated by ridicule and harsh criticism than those of far less valuable works. Truly original as they were, they were not such as produce an immediately powerful effect on the general mind. They excited both delight and admiration in those to whose sympathies they appealed, and who were at all willing to surrender themselves to the charm ; but this was by means of such quiet beauties as force their way into no mind that is prepossessed against them. "You must love them ere to you they will seem worthy of your love;" and it is obvious how greatly the likelihood of their seeming so will be diminished, if all the power, and wit, and sarcasm of the prevailing criticism of the day are exerted to convince you that they are worthy of your contempt. This was their unlucky fate with the generation of readers to whom they were first offered. They possessed, also, certain peculiarities, which it was easy to distort into really offensive deformities ; peculiarities which, judiciously handled, were made to excite feelings much more nearly resembling personal antipathy than literary disapprobation. Mr Hunt began very early, as he expresses it in his autobiography, "to talk to the reader in his own person, and compare notes

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with him on all sorts of personal subjects ;” and while he discoursed on personal tastes, and feelings, and experiences, he fairly owns that there was in his mode of doing so, an occasional self-complacency, to which neither his maturer self nor his antagonists of the moment hesitate to apply a much harsher name. We, at this time of day, can see no reason why the veteran man of letters should conceal his conviction that he has been “the means of circulating some knowledge and entertainment in society.” There is nothing ungraceful, or unbecoming, in the satisfaction, with which the Leigh Hunt of 1850 looks back upon the work of a lifetime. But when the hebdomadal author of the *Examiner*, and the *Indicator*, allowed such self-congratulations to escape him, he offered a handle to the wicked wit of his Tory antagonists which it was not in humanity to neglect. What they called the “egregious vanity” of the man, was ridiculed with wonderful cleverness : it was made to yield endless merriment to the readers of certain publications ; but if the mode of dealing with it had been as dull as it was the reverse, the charge in itself was almost fatal to the reception of such a writer. This is the foible of all others which we are the readiest to believe against an author, and the slowest to pardon. Can the Life of Johnson bribe us, to forgive James Boswell ? Leigh Hunt, in those days, had shown no such delightful cause why sentence should not be pronounced against him. And the worst of it all was, as we have hinted, that the accusation was not without some colourable ground. All the vanity he had lay in one direction ; and in that direction, it had been so encouraged and pampered, that the marvel is, not that some fine and noble traits of the young author should at first have been concealed under such a fantastical growth, but that the real modesty and natural strength of the man should ever have broken through it.

It must have been a wonderfully constituted nature indeed, that could have resisted the early triumphs which, long before his name was heard of in the great world, it was his misfortune to achieve. He had a boyish turn for writing verses ; and by the time he was sixteen, his father had collected and published certain juvenile scraps,—worthless imitations, the poet afterwards thought them, of Akenside, and Collins, and Gray, but which both father and son at that time sufficiently admired. This indiscretion had the natural result. In the family circle, of course, the young author was assured—nor was it at all difficult to convince him—that he was a prodigy of genius. The fame of his writings extended even to Oxford, and to the scholarly precincts of the Charter House. The very critics were kind ; and though one friend, more sagacious than the rest, gently warned him that “the shelves were full,” he resolved, in the plenitude

of conscious power, that for him at least the world should be forced "to make another." His very industry left no time for those swellings of self-glorification to subside. Before he was out of his teens, he had written too many poems, and essays, and plays, to leave much chance of his becoming conscious of his own youth and presumption. His first publications that happened to attract much notice—certain theatrical criticisms which he contributed to a newspaper—except among his immediate friends, were not of a kind, nor was the reception they met with such as at all to diminish his sense of importance, or his notions of his own ability. We have no doubt they possessed considerable merit, though their author, in later life, does not seem to have thought so. They were the first of their kind, since the days of the *Rosciad*, that made any pretence of independence or candour, to say nothing of discrimination; and, good or bad, they were so successful with the players and playgoing people, to whom chiefly they were addressed, that Master Betty himself—who, by the way, met with little admiration or respect from the young critic, his brother prodigy—was never more lauded, and flattered, and marvelled at than he. Who can wonder, then, that a youth who had lived all his life among books—who thought belles lettres the most important thing in the world—who had been puffed, and petted, and praised from sixteen to twenty—who can wonder that when Leigh Hunt began to talk to the world in his own person, he should be little inclined to underrate his claims to be heard, or the importance of his opinions. It is for us, however, at the distance of half a century, to make such allowances. The Tory partisans of the day were not very likely to do so. They did not. When the young editor began to expound his political opinions, as he owns, after rather an oracular fashion—when he ventured to attack, not the Prince Regent only, but the good old King, and even Sir Walter, the Master himself—the bitterness of wrath with which they assailed him was unparalleled even in those times. It was nothing to revile his opinions, his writings, his public conduct. Every weapon of controversy was directed against these,—the bitterest sarcasm—the broadest ridicule—the fiercest abuse—the most reckless misrepresentation. But his assailants never dreamed of restricting themselves within such limits as these. No ground was too sacred: his private life, his dearest relationships, his very person and habits, were made subjects of attack; and under the wildest misconception with regard to them all. This beautiful poet, this exquisite critic and essayist, this most amiable, accomplished, and high-minded man, was denounced to our fathers in the most influential publications of their day, not merely as an ignorant democrat, who was for pulling down everything that other men

revered—not merely as an irreligious and bad writer—but as the most hateful, contemptible, nay, loathsome of human beings.

A great deal of this abuse, no doubt, was showered upon him in a half-conscious spirit of exaggeration. Its authors, probably, neither meant nor expected this kind of language to be received as a literal exposition of the truth. If so, they gave the world credit for more wit than it possessed. Almost everybody believed them. "Persons," he tells us, "in subsequently becoming acquainted with me, sometimes expressed their surprise at finding me no other than I was in face, dress, manners, and very walk; to say nothing of the conjugality which they found at my fireside, and the affection which I had the happiness of enjoying among my friends in general." It became an axiom of criticism, that Hunt should be vituperated in all these particulars. We have heard, for example, that an able writer, who now knows how to derive no small enjoyment from Leigh Hunt's works, thought it in those early days the natural climax of an angry paragraph, to call the unfortunate object of his censure "a man who could read Leigh Hunt himself without disgust."

It is little to say of so long a course of unscrupulous abuse—it is all we shall say of it here, however—that it necessarily placed its victim at a sad disadvantage with the world. Very many of Leigh Hunt's readers used to come to him on their guard against whatever evidence of wit, or sense, or thoughtfulness his writings might chance to contain. Such a posture of mind is not the most favourable for appreciating any man's merits; and of all men and writers, Hunt is the one that must suffer from it the most. If, at the very time we are opening his book, we are deeply impressed with a sense of an author's personal demerits, we shall probably find little difficulty in shutting our eyes to the keenest wit, or the soundest judgment that ever expressed themselves with the pen of the writer. But delicate sensibility, and imaginativeness, conceal themselves far more readily than those more direct and obvious excellencies, from a hostile critic. And the matter becomes hopeless, indeed, when the obnoxious author's individuality pervades all his writings, when his character and habits, his own modes of thinking and feeling, are prominent in every page. With Leigh Hunt's best writings this is notably the case. Self-portraiture, consciously or unconsciously, forms so large a part of his most characteristic *Indicators* and *Seers*, that it is impossible to have a prejudice against the man without almost as heartily disliking the book. Egotism in writing may be very delightful, or very much the reverse. Leigh Hunt's is so kindly, so simple and manly—so full of all love, and hope, and cheerfulness—it has its roots in so hearty and general a sense of fellowship with all mankind—in

so genuine and diffusive a sympathy with all things, animate and inanimate, with whatever is good and beautiful in nature, great or small ;—in short, to use a favourite word of his own and Lord Bacon's, there is so much "universality" in his very egotism, that we should no more dream of applying the term in its offensive sense to him, than to Montaigne, or Isaac Bickerstaff, or to his own and all men's well-beloved Charles Lamb. But the merit of this kind of writing, even when it is that of a man of true genius, is apt to lie, like "a jest's prosperity," "in the ear of him that hears it." Only convince yourself that the pleasantest egotist is a person you ought to dislike or to despise, and you will see nothing but puerile folly in every graceful play of his imagination ; in his most catholic spirit of humanity, nothing but the narrowest selfishness.

Leigh Hunt's egotism, whether for praise or blame, seems to us something more than a mere literary characteristic. He appears constantly in his books, chiefly because books are "the haunt and the main region" of his life. He never attempts to make that sort of separation, which, according to Goethe, "every man that aims at perfect culture must accomplish in himself." Whether an observance of this dictum of the great artist, be or be not necessary for artistic perfection, we do not pretend to say. Leigh Hunt was certainly less capable of obeying it than far inferior workmen. He could not live, as it were, in many independent worlds, or in more than one ; and, as he did not part with his own conscious individuality in looking at a beautiful picture or landscape, in reading a poem that pleased him, in contemplating a noble action, or in writing about the action, the picture, or the poem,—so also, he carried into every other sphere of activity in which he happened to be engaged, the same nature with which he had enjoyed such things as these, and the recollection of the emotions with which they had affected him. All his joys, his sorrows, his emotions, and his meditations, were linked together in one entire sensitive and enthusiastic nature. He could not look at one thing like a poet, and at another like a practical man of the world. His imaginative power was not so lofty as that of some of his contemporaries ; but it pervaded his whole life and being more thoroughly. It was not a talent which he applied, when it pleased him, to the production of a literary work. It mingled with all he suffered and all he did. It was innate, and inextricably interwoven with his whole intelligent, and sentient nature ; as much at work when he was engaged in the merest drudgery of his profession of letters, or the most prosaic business of daily life, as when he was writing the *Story of Rimini*, or reading the *Faery Queen*. In the one occupation, or the other, he was equally "delighted to rove through the meanders of en-

chantment," as Johnson says about one of his poets ; and as that poet himself says about another,—

"His undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung."

The magic wonders in which he believed, however, were those which had been sung for him by the poets whom he loved. Spenser and the Italians had bestowed upon him a territory, in which he lived, far more than either at Hampstead or Pisa ; and filled it with noble and graceful shapes. This imaginary world was as vivid a reality to him as that which was visibly and tangibly present to his senses. He laments, on one occasion, his "inconsiderate habit of taking books for the only end in life." He did so, because books were not only the object of life, but life itself to him. The actual Italy, with its vineyards and olive grounds, was neither so real nor so beautiful a country to him as the Italy of the poets, which he had learned to know among the oaks and elms of England,—the pleasant land which he could create for himself, at a wish. In short, he possessed in marvellous perfection the old, familiar, admirable gift of castle-building ; but it was castle-building of a very rare and ethereal description. The slenderest links of association brought before him something beautiful which he had read in a book. In all the miseries of a wretched sea voyage, he consoled himself by thinking of the wanderings of Ulysses, and Circe's Island, and Calypso's, or of Venus rising from the lucid waters, or of Shakespeare and "the still-veit Bermoothes." When he was receiving sentence for a libel on the Prince Regent, it was comfort enough to have in his pocket the *Comus* of Erycius Plateanus ; "a satire on Bacchuses and their Revellers." And who, that has read it, can forget the delight, with which he screens the barred windows of his room in prison with venetian blinds, and papers the walls with a trellis of roses, and colours the ceiling with clouds and sky ? The best regulated mind must envy the enchanter who fills his storm-tost cabin with beautiful goddesses and ancient heroes, brings summer into barred chambers, and the country into Horsemonger Lane. These pleasures of the imagination were delightful realities to Hunt. He might fairly say with Wordsworth, that he found in these things,

"A substantial world both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter, wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear."

And no careful reader of his Autobiography will be disposed to question his right to continue the quotation, and to say,

“Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought.”

This tone of mind, however, like others, has its characteristic defects. One of these we have glanced at. He lived so much in the world of books, that he could find no other standard for judging of things and men. To him, also, it was a mischievous consequence, that more prosaic people, as well as some who were very far from prosaic, were apt to mistake for fantastic foppery and affectation, what was really on his part the most simple and natural manner of speaking and acting. When a gentleman, for example, come to years of discretion, proposes to keep Shakspeare's birth-day by wandering about all day with the plays under his arm; by a dinner party, after which Shakspeare's volumes are to come on the table, “lying among the dessert like laurels;” where, instead of songs, the persons present are to be called upon for scenes; where the ladies are to be crowned with violets, because it was his favourite flower; where the poet's bust, by way of *præsens Divus*, is to occupy the principal place, and everybody in turn to lay before it a sacrifice of quotations; we cannot imagine the possibility of his finding another Englishman to regard this “enthusiasm in high taste” as anything but the most childish silliness. Leigh Hunt, however, makes such a suggestion in perfect good faith; he would have found a genuine expression of his real feelings in such pretty play: laurels and crowns of violets had a real and affecting meaning to him, which they convey no longer to other minds; and as, in the spirit, a great part of his life was spent in such innocent Arcadian scenes, he could see nothing unnatural or absurd in proposing to transact for once in the flesh, the daily business of his dreams. He remembered how Filicaia, and less illustrious Italian gentlemen and ladies of grave years, had “literally played at Arcadians, in gardens made for the purpose,” and respected those “poetical grown children,” and sympathized with them entirely. No one can wonder, however, if the most imaginative of Englishmen were puzzled by such fancies as these in an Englishman's mouth, and little disposed to regard them with respect. We have little doubt that the unlucky failure of his connection with Lord Byron had more to do with this characteristic of Hunt's, than with any other uncongeniality of disposition. “I hate an author who's all author,” says his splenetic Lordship. A man of fashion, a man of the world, with all the blood of all the Byrons in his veins, the most famous poet of his time placed poetical genius far lower in the scale of things to be

admired, than the writer whose prose and verse together had brought him nothing better than a ruinous fine and two years in a jail. He, too, could wander, when it pleased him, in the realms of imagination, and by the shores of old romance; but he was just as much perplexed and irritated, nevertheless, as any other London dandy would have been, by this singular phenomenon of a poet, who never could be forgetful of his high calling; who was always living in an ideal world; always seeking for the sacred haunts of Spenser and Milton, looking at the sweet and solemn visions which had inspired their genius—listening to the endless whisper of the laurels “on the ledges of their hill.” “I think Hunt a good principled and able man,” writes Lord Byron. “I do not know what world he has lived in. I have lived in three or four, but none of them like his Keats, and kangaroo terra incognita.” Even serious matters, in the eyes of many, had a certain air of absurdity thrown round them in this way. It is easy to understand with what contemptuous impatience, many a thorough-going matter-of-fact politician must have looked upon the sentimental prisoner and the bower of roses; how difficult “a man of plain understanding” might find it, to persuade himself that such a person was anything but a trifler and a coxcomb,—“a delicate-handed, dilettante, priest” of liberty, at the best.

Those who so judged him were wrong. Neither his literary nor his political career deserved such a censure. His newspaper may have been arrogant enough, perhaps, both in plan and conduct. That shows itself to the knowing, in the very title. It was Swift’s famous paper he was thinking of, when he called his the *Examiner*; fully resolving, at the same time, that its wit and fine writing, though not its politics, should be worthy of that great predecessor. It was only in later life that he came to understand how hopelessly beyond the reach of Mr Leigh Hunt, *anno ætatis* 24, were the statesmanlike familiarity with life and the world, the masculine grasp and knowledge of public affairs, even the clear and nervous eloquence, which made Swift the prop of a Ministry. The qualities he did bring to his task were not precisely those which “Lord Treasurer” and “Mr Secretary” looked for from *their Examiner*. They would hardly have thanked him for liberality of opinion, or an honest desire to do right; nor would they have cared much more, we fancy, for another characteristic inseparable from any work in which Hunt had a share—“a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever.” He tells us that his specially political knowledge was slender. His opinions came to him through his feelings; but they were generally sound, because his feelings were good and elevated. He was able to say, ten years ago, that his old views were the same, “as those now swaying the destinies of the country;”

and obtain them how he might, he held them seriously, earnestly, like a man. He was not playing with those questions. He was no sham martyr. When, in his old age, he gave the world the story of his life, he showed that he had not passed through its many troubles without learning to acknowledge frankly his own foibles and vanities, as well as to smile very kindly at those of others. But one merit, amid many confessions and regrets, he felt fairly entitled to claim, viz., that, as a public political writer, animated by a single-hearted zeal for the public good, he was ready to shrink from no sacrifice, or suffering, that might lie between him and his object. Our readers know how soon and how thoroughly his willingness to make sacrifices for principle, was put to the test. The story is told in his own modest and touching narrative of his life; and so told, that no reader of any party—*Tros Tyrinusve*, what does it matter now? we have left the prejudices of both far behind—can help feeling how genuine was the honesty, how real the suffering, which he had to endure. Perhaps some such discipline may have been necessary to awaken the hardier virtues in his sanguine, buoyant, tropical temperament. He himself seems to have thought so. He congratulates himself, with amusing naïveté, on his discovery, by an accident, that he is not without personal courage. This is in his early manhood; in later life, the rarer kind of courage which we call patience, fortitude, endurance, was required of him; and in no evil hour was he found wanting. His Autobiography is delightful for many things: for its graceful sketches of old times and manners; for its happy and life-like pictures, of all sorts of interesting people; but, most of all, for the invincible gallantry of his long struggle with a hard fate.

Early training had hardly prepared him to meet pain, except with timidity. His mother's first lessons, and the influence of her life, had given him "an ultra-sympathy with the least show of suffering." This lady was living at Philadelphia when the American Revolution broke out; her husband had taken the unpopular side, and was roughly treated by the mob. "My father's danger," says Mr Hunt, "and the war-whoops of the Indians, which she heard in Philadelphia, had shaken her soul as well as frame. She looked at the bustle and discord of the present state of society with frightened aversion. The sight of two men fighting in the streets would drive her in tears down another road; and I remember, when we lived near the Park, she would take me a long circuit out of the way, rather than hazard the spectacle of the soldiers." Something of this poor lady's nervous apprehension remained with her son, infused into all his writings an abhorrence of all strife and discord, and, above all, of war. Suffering shocked and horrified him. In the very contemplation of it, he shared it. When, for example, he expresses his indig-

nation at the cruelty and brutality of angling, and, asking why people will seek amusement in sufferings that are unnecessary and avoidable, entreats mankind to abandon a selfish pleasure—he is not arguing a matter of opinion so much as he is feeling pain,—telling us how much he feels it, and begging us not to inflict it. Other humane men discourse scholarly, and wisely, on the cruelty of the “gentle craft;” and we turn away from them, with Sir Roger de Coverley’s conviction, that there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question. But not Mr Wyndham himself, who found a great deal to say for bull-baiting; not Roger Ascham, who, if he had completed his meditated treatise on that excellent sport, would no doubt have found a great deal to say for cock-fighting; no one can pretend to meet Leigh Hunt’s complaint with an answer in words. The hook is tearing his own jaws, while he thinks of the obnoxious pastime; he is gasping his own life out, in some fatal foreign atmosphere. The sensibility may be overstrained, that suffers so much with the suffering of “the meanest things that breathe;” but, at least, it does not leave him without feeling, for the greater agonies that men inflict upon one another. He never can say enough of the horror, and astonishment, with which he thinks about war; he writes a poem about it, shuddering at the frightful scenes he is trying to paint; half-maddened by the pangs he ascribes to the wounded; marvelling what had given him courage to approach such a subject.

But this keenness of sensibility, with which wanton and unnecessary pain affects him, vanishes when the inevitable evils of his own life are to be met. The first of his serious mishaps, he might have avoided by a sacrifice of integrity. Before sentence was pronounced on the libeller of the Prince Regent, he was made to understand that, by making certain concessions, he might escape imprisonment if he pleased. He preferred to carry his self-respect with him to jail. The calamity which this sentence inflicted was formidable enough in itself; it was doubled to him by ill health, and the results of ill health—melancholy and hypochondria. His physicians had recommended exercise on horseback, and the fresh sea-breezes of Brighton, and the painfulness of the disorder was not likely to be lessened when ten or eleven locked doors lay between the sufferer and his cure. “The first night I slept there,” he tells us, “I listened to them, one after another, till the weaker part of my heart died within me. Every fresh turning of the key seemed a malignant insult to my love of liberty.” But since those accumulated evils could not be avoided, the force of them must be broken by a brave resistance. The dreaded fits of nervousness he resolved to meet by taking such violent exercise as was possible, “pacing

backwards and forwards for the space of three hours." Those who know anything of hypochondriacal anxieties, will not under-rate this evidence of vigour; and the energy with which he threw off all of calamity that could be thrown off, was equalled by that, with which he endeavoured to neutralize its inevitable effects, by some counterbalancing enjoyment. He reckons up the blessings which he owes to his imprisonment: friends that never might have come to him otherwise—experiences of love and sympathy which a lifetime might not otherwise have brought him. He finds an inexhaustible interest in the new characters, with whom adversity makes him acquainted; the absurd dignity, cunning, and vulgar acuteness of one jailor; the good heart and rough outside of another; the strange delicacy of a turnkey's wife, going through the most unpleasant duties with the nerves of a fine lady and the patience of a martyr; the debtors roaring out old ballads with obstreperous jollity; the felons singing just as merrily, while they beat their hemp. A hundred little dramas are revolving themselves perpetually before him: the mass of men pass such things by, without suspecting their interest or their existence; he makes himself a delighted spectator (and now at length us also), and forgets his own troubles while he does so. Even the poor little bower of roses, which we were much inclined to laugh at before, becomes admirable when we look at it in this light. It is a noble ingenuity, which is bent on extracting comfort and consolation from trivial sources.

The same intrepid and cheerful spirit shows itself throughout. In all his griefs—and he might have said with poor Goldsmith, "God has given my share"—he has the same fortitude to endure, the same inexhaustible resources of happiness, to neutralize them. The autobiographer makes no parade of his misfortunes; but he does not conceal his experience of all the actual miseries which are inseparable from the unlucky profession he adopted, "the trade of authorship." From a hundred hints scattered through the *Life*, we may gather enough, to form another striking warning against that sad mistake. It seems to us to have been a more fatal mistake in Leigh Hunt's case, than in almost any other we remember. One defect in his education was enough to make it so. By a singular mischance, he never received instruction in the commonest grounds of arithmetic. We have his own word for it, that this produced the worst practical effect on his circumstances in life. The business part of his innumerable projects seems to have been almost always a failure; he never could "make his faculties profitable in the market." When the *Examiner* was established, and he abandoned a clerkship in the War Office to become its editor, he says "he was not abandoning a certainty for an uncertainty;" but we hear of no pecuniary

results from the *Examiner*, as a speculation. The *Reflector* was a failure; the *Liberal*, all the world knows, was a failure; the *Tatler* was a failure;—why should we enumerate them all? Till Lord John Russell bestowed on him his well-merited pension, he had to live from hand to mouth, on the most precarious, unremunerative labour. We cannot pretend to imagine the cares and anxieties of many trying years, nor the patience and fortitude with which he bore them. The passages of the *Autobiography* in which he recalls his sorest troubles, are as radiant with hopefulness, as every other page of his writings. He recalls them, only in the spirit in which Burns speaks of his misfortunes, and “is thankful for them yet,” proclaiming in no low or feeble strain his experience of their softening, strengthening, and elevating influence. One lesson he is anxious to derive from them, and to inculcate on all who will listen, is charity; the most universal, all-embracing charity is the prevailing spirit of his writings. He had suffered so much from animosities, founded on misconception of his own character, and conduct, that he became nervously alive to the danger, and cruelty, of exhibiting to the world, even what he felt to be wrong in the character of others. But charity with him goes further even than this, and utterly proscribes severe views of any thing or person. If there be any virtue on which he prides himself, and with perfect justice, it is on speaking well of everybody; and when he comes, in his *Autobiography*, to put himself in the confessional, he looks on nothing with so much self-condemnation and regret, as on certain early levities, which seem to him to be infringements of that rule. We cannot pretend to sympathize with him. No man, surely, engaged in the daily storms and controversies of political writing, ever expressed so much remorse, for transgressions so little blameable. It may be quite right, that he should make the *amende honorable* to such a man as Sir Walter Scott, whom, on absurd enough grounds, he had treated with unwarrantable flippancy. But one really might have thought that the fine, and the imprisonment, and the troubles of a lifetime that followed upon them, had pretty well cleared all scores between him and the Prince Regent. Even if he had come unhurt and prosperous out of the conflict, the most zealous admirers of George IV. could hardly look back to 1812, and blame a liberal politician either for bantering, or gravely and bitterly censuring that “corpulent Sardanapalus of fifty;” but, as things really befell, for the so-called libeller in his old age to remember his feat with remorse, is surely the very Quixotism of charity. Our readers may think there is no great stretch of generosity or candour, in confessing what there is so little to be ashamed of. But few of his literary transgressions, we should think, were

much more serious. One such error there was indeed, for which he had to endure harsh and not very unjust rebuke; and none but a very generous man could talk of that transaction as Hunt does. We allude to the publication of his *Recollections of Lord Byron*. We have already suggested what seems to us the likely origin of that dispute: all that any one need care to know of it now, we tell in Leigh Hunt's own words:—

“I am sorry,” says Mr Hunt, “I ever wrote a syllable respecting Lord Byron which might have been spared. . . . Pride, it is said, will have a fall; and I must own, that on this subject I have experienced the truth of the saying. I had prided myself—I should pride myself now if I had not been thus rebuked—on not being one of those who talk against others. I went counter to this feeling in a book; and, to crown the absurdity of the contradiction, I was foolish enough to suppose that the very fact of my doing so would show that I had done it in no other instance!—that having been thus public in the error, credit would be given me for never having been privately so! Such are the delusions inflicted on us by self-love. When the consequence was represented to me, as characterized by my enemies, I felt, enemies though they were, as if I blushed from head to foot. It is true I had been goaded to the task by misrepresentations; I had resisted every other species of temptation to do it; and, after all, I said more in his excuse, and less to his disadvantage, than many of those who reproved me. But enough. I owed the acknowledgment to him and to myself; and I shall proceed on my course with a sigh for both, and a trust in the good-will of the sincere.”

These manly and touching words, it seems to us, ought to atone for whatever degree of blame, great or small, may have been attributable to the author of the unlucky publication they so honestly condemn. We should not have quoted them if we had not thought them more likely to conciliate “the good-will of the sincere” than any remarks of ours could be; and those who are best acquainted with Leigh Hunt's writings will probably be of opinion, that in spite of this particular offence against his favourite principle, his claim to the virtue on which he so much wished to pride himself continues irresistible. His worst enemy cannot even call him one of those who “love to talk against others.” In spite of all his own hardships and disasters, he retains so ardent a belief in the good and the beautiful everywhere, and even in human nature, that no contact, in the real world or the world of books, with the opposite qualities, can shake that conviction. There are indeed crimes, cruelties, which arouse his indignation; but think as badly as he may of the offence, he will not heartily condemn the delinquent. Dr Johnson could never have tolerated so bad a hater. He manages so ingeniously to throw the guilt of all that is amiss in a man's

character on circumstances, on nature ; and satisfies himself with so comfortable a philosophy, that no individual is really blameworthy for what springs from those fruitful sources of wickedness, that he persuades himself, under the most trying circumstances, to remain in charity with all men. However bad a man's actions may be, he will not allow you to denounce him as a bad man, without weighing the circumstances that may have brought him to that pass : his nurture, his education, and even his natural character, for which he thinks him as little responsible as for anything external to himself. Even those who differ most widely from him in this estimate of human nature, who hold him to have left entirely out of view elements of the highest importance, and who can only smile at the sentimental conclusions of one whose opinions, as he tells us, "came to him through his feelings," will admit that there is something very touching in the love and tenderness which lies at the root of all this. And yet, if it were not relieved by some occasional flings of indignation at persons whom he thinks more censorious than himself, we must own we could find it in our hearts to weary of it. Occasionally, however, the most estimable people are made scapegoats for the most disreputable. Mr Wilberforce, for example, with whose religious views it may readily be gathered that Hunt had little sympathy, is made the object of some sharp enough sarcasms ; and since Evelyn permits himself to speak in terms of reprehension of Colonel Blood, above mentioned, and of the Duchess of Portsmouth, neither the books and gardens in which he took "his noble innocent delight," nor the fine verses in which Hunt's favourite, Cowley, celebrates these congenial tastes, can protect him from a treatment much less ceremonious than either the beautiful Duchess or the gallant Colonel receive at the same gentle hands. There is a poetical justice about this, not entirely displeasing to us. It reconciles us to human nature to find Leigh Hunt treating any one with severity. Undiversified with more masculine diet, the milk even of human kindness becomes somewhat cloying : we begin to long for stronger meat, and ungratefully rebel against that sustenance for babes.

This absence of rigour in his views of men and things implies no moral indifference on his own part to right or wrong. If the testimony of others, or the evidence of his own writings, be worth anything, no more scrupulously conscientious, upright man ever lived. But the correlate ideas of duty and sin are by no means prominent in his philosophy. As he reasons the matter, all evil is mere defect ; and every one ought to approach his fellow-creatures on the sympathetic side, and try what good is to be found in them. To take cheerful and happy views in religion ;

to see beauty and a principle of improvement in the world around us; to answer the *suspiria de profundis* with talk about flowers and shining stars;—this is his philosophy of the universe, and he expounds it with a vague and hazy rhetoric, through which it is difficult to see anything but his own generous nature. That, however, is all that interests us in these views, and gives them a beauty and meaning independent of their philosophic value. A warm-hearted kindness and sympathy for all happy or suffering men and women is the pervading spirit of his writings; and as in these “he pours out all himself” so freely that criticism in his case became personal dislike, it seems to us equally inevitable now, when foolish misconceptions are forgotten, for the readers who come to him in good humour, to merge all literary admiration in something like affection for so beautiful and loveable a character. And if such an impression must be strengthened by testimony, we have it, in his case, of the rarest and warmest kind. No man's friends are more enthusiastic in his praise. Hazlitt, who in the recklessness of his spleen spares neither friend nor foe, has none but kind words for Hunt; and we are fortunate in being able to lay before our readers the terms in which the writer who differs the most widely from Leigh Hunt in his manner of regarding all human affairs, expresses his admiration and respect. Many years ago, Mr Carlyle had occasion to put on record his estimate of Leigh Hunt: we extract the following passages for the instruction of our readers:—

“Mr Hunt is a man of the most indisputably superior worth; a *Man of Genius*, in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant, varied gifts; of graceful fertility; of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character; also of most pure, and even exemplary private deportment: a man who can be other than *loved* only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.

“Well seen into, he *has* done much for the world; as every man possessed of such qualities, and freely speaking them forth in the abundance of his heart for thirty years long, must needs do: how much, they that could judge best would perhaps estimate highest.”

We extract these two paragraphs from a paper of some length, both because testimony from such a quarter will have weight with the whole world, and because, with characteristic vigour and insight, they paint for us the whole character of the man. Every word tells; and our readers who may have perseveringly attained—with the vaguest notions of what our author was like—to this stage of the present paper, will at least thank us for giving them an opportunity of knowing the man as he was, by

reading and re-reading his character, by Mr Carlyle. We wish we were warranted in publishing also what now lies before us,—Mr Carlyle's opinion of the book in which, in the evening of his days, Leigh Hunt gave to the world a completer portrait of himself than was possible even for him, in any other work—the Autobiography. Neither party would be dishonoured by the widest publication of these tender and beautiful words; but we must not trespass on the private correspondence even of so great a man as Mr Carlyle. We think we are guilty of no indiscretion, however, in recording that he finds chiefly in that good book—what the reader may find there also if he please—“the image of a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown though often in danger: cannot be drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it.”

We are inclined to think that the most popular, at present, of Leigh Hunt's writings, are those which were published long after the old prejudices had died away. The charming book called “The Town,” and “The Old Court Suburb,” took their place at once as altogether unapproachable in their kind; and many readers who know nothing else of Hunt have been delighted with his sprightly and graceful gossip about London and Kensington. You open the pleasant pages at some stray moment, and find yourself much in the position of that imaginary butcher boy in Dr Johnson's famous Eulogy of Burke. You have come into some old familiar scene, in company with “an extraordinary man,” and a new and delightful interest is given to the well-known streets and buildings, by the rich talk of a most accomplished literary antiquary. Leigh Hunt is one of the rare men who always have the right association in the right place. Even in Fleet Street we do not always think of Dr Johnson; and few people can remember not to forget Lord Russel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But Hunt's mind is so rich and overflowing with curious knowledge, that localities the most obscure teem for him with illustrious memories; and as he points out to you—while you are strolling with him through the wonderful city—the most unpoetical quarters, it is odd that he does not tell you, that Spenser was born here; or Gray; or that there Ben Jonson quaffed Canaries; or Beaumont and Fletcher shared one lodging and one wardrobe. Those who, with Dr Johnson, are famished for literary anecdote, will find the richest stores of it, old and new, in these two books. Nowhere is it possible to become more agreeably acquainted with celebrated people, or to wander more pleasantly in the bye-paths of history. History, indeed, is no favourite study with our author, who underrates the importance of “wars and changes of governments” as absurdly as certain

historians used to undervalue anecdote and manners. But no one deals better with those parts of the subject which attract him ; and he can relate some well-known story,—the Conspiracy of Essex, or the Rye House Plot, and the Death of Russel,—with a narrative skill, and a delicate discrimination of character and motives, that we do not know where to find surpassed by more pretentious historians. His sketches of the History of Manners, are still more interesting ; and we know no better account of the Courts that have brightened or saddened Whitehall and Kensington, from Henry the Eighth's days to those of George III. Not the least amusing part of the chapters that deal with this last subject, is the appearance of the author himself in the various royal drawing-rooms,—his own likes and dislikes, (which he will not own to), his tastes and predilections. The great kings, we must say, meet with little fine appreciation from him. The saturnine reserve, and dryness of William III. ; Oliver Cromwell, now improving an occasion in a tedious sermon, now pelting the ladies of his court, with sweetmeats at a banquet ;—these things attract his notice : but the insignificant wars, and changes-of-party government, that occupied so much of these men's lives, form an insurmountable obstacle to Leigh Hunt's hearty regard. On the other hand, he not only does full justice to Queen Elizabeth's greatness ; but long before it had become the fashion for the 19th century to adore "the divine perfections of that princess," as extravagantly as ever did Leicester or Raleigh, he had pointed out in a few remarkable sentences the true nature of the sentiment which dictated the enthusiastic raptures of her courtiers, and made them, in her very "age and crookedness," truth, and not flattery. Where sentiment, indeed, is concerned, it is seldom that his delicate tact goes astray. But he is most at his ease,—his very style begins to flow with a sprightlier grace,—when he finds himself among wits and fine ladies, talking of courtesy, and beauty, and love, while Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and the fair maids of honour, the Lepels, and Bellendens, and Gunnings, make the Courts of the Georges delightful to him, in spite of ungenial kings, and queens, and princes ; or the brilliant blackguard fine gentlemen, and beautiful flaunting women, of the Court of Charles II., and the good humour and easy manners of their master, half reconcile him, as well as much severer moralists, to the most likeable scoundrels that ever lived. If he could bring himself to express hatred for anything, it would be for the ingratitude, meanness, selfishness, heartlessness, of that King, and his followers ; but he never tires of their society. The Sedleys, and Etherages, and Killigrews, and Careys, never lose their fascination. He lingers nowhere so fondly as in their deserted haunts ; the playhouse where Knipp and Nell Gwyn are acting, and

Lady Castlemaine and Mrs Stewart looking on ; the Banquet House, and the Mall, and the Hampton Labyrinth,

“ Whence all, alas, has vanished from the ring,
Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the King.”

But the prose writings which, to our mind, contain the best and fullest expression of his genius, are the Essays in the *Indicator*, the *Companion*, and the *Seer*. It is bare justice to say of these, that they place their author in the first rank of English Essayists ; the equal companion of Addison and Steele. His merit is different, but not lower than theirs. We do not, indeed, find in the *Indicator*, or in its brethren, so courtly a scholar and man of the world as Mr Spectator ; we have not to admire the same “ learned spirit of human dealings ;” we cannot even claim for Hunt, in any equal degree, the polished wit, the humour, or the pathos either of Steele or of Addison. But he is neither equalled nor approached in his own peculiar excellencies,—in exuberant fancy ; in the imagination which invests with poetry the most trivial common-places ; in the delicate sensibility with which he feels, and teaches his readers also to understand the inner spirit and beauty of every object of his contemplation. If, indeed, the “ mission” of the poet be to feel and express the beauty of the universe, many of the Essays are poems, in every sense of that word which does not involve the idea of metrical rhythm. We do not know—to take a single instance—to what piece of writing that term could be more fitly applied than to the Essay in the *Indicator*, on the Realities of the Imagination, in which he describes how the faculty that solaced so much that was troubled in his own daily life, enriches its happy possessor in the most literal sense, and creates for him images and shapes of beauty.

“ It is not mere words to say”—so he makes his boast—“ that he who goes through a rich man’s park, and sees things in it, which never bless the mental eyesight of the possessor, is richer than he. He is richer. More results of pleasure come home to him. The ground is actually more fertile to him : the place haunted with finer shapes. He has more servants to come at his call, and minister to him with full hands. . . . Let a poet go through the grounds, and he will heighten and increase all these sounds and images. He will bring the colours from heaven, and put an unearthly meaning into the voice. He will have stories of the sylvan inhabitants ; will shift the population through infinite varieties ; will put a sentiment upon every sight and sound ; will be human, romantic, supernatural ; will make all nature send tribute to that spot.”

We quote this passage, because, when we have added that the most extensive knowledge of books opens for him one more inexhaustible treasury, it expresses better than we could hope to do in any other words, what the *Indicator* seems to us to accom-

plish for his readers. It must not be supposed, however, that anything, so obviously beautiful as a rich man's grounds, is—to Leigh Hunt at least—at all essential for the enjoyment of such pleasures as these. He asks only the commonest materials to work upon; and, by the magical power of association, elicits from them inexhaustible stores of beauty and delight. Quoting, for example, a letter of Sheridan's, in which that rather insensible wit complains of the impossibility of writing poetry about a candlestick, a hundred pleasant topics and graceful allusions pour upon his mind,—bees and their wax, and Apollo, and light, and love, and the Greek Anthology, and the Merchant of Venice, and Romeo and Juliet; and he charmingly illustrates, in the very act of laying down the position, that, except to the conventional mind, no subject whatever is prosaic. We are perpetually reminded, while he is giving to the most insignificant things new importance and interest, of the well-known boast of Stella, that her Dean could write admirably even about a broomstick: though it is not, assuredly, by having recourse to the irony of that famous meditation, that Leigh Hunt works his charm. His eyes light upon a common pebble; and he straightway begins to think of the murmurs of the brooks, and what the poets have said about brooks and their murmurs; of that beautiful verse in the Ancient Mariner which is in all our memories; of a line of Spenser, where he talks of a "cærule stream" rumbling in pebble stones; and this gives occasion for a very excellent piece of criticism on the use of that particular word. And see, he adds, "how one pleasant thing reminds people of another! A pebble reminded us of the brooks, and the brooks of the poets, and the poets reminded us of the beauty and comprehensiveness of their words, whether belonging to the subject in hand or not." But having got to the poets, what an inexhaustible treasure is opened for us by Mr Hunt and the pebble!—Green, who flings a stone to slay the giant Hypochondria; Shakspeare's "weariness that snores upon the flint;" Keats' "Greyhaired Saturn, quiet as a stone;" Marlowe's splendid catalogue of the precious stones, of which our stone is "the humble relation." In the same pleasant way, also—though it is hardly fair to turn a charming paper into a dry index—he will talk about a stick,—tracing it to the remotest Eastern origin, seeing it, like the Dean's broomstick, "alive with sap and flourishing with foliage." We were rather inclined at this stage, in the enjoyment of a supplementary pleasure of association, to revert to the reflection of the immortal original, Is not man also a stick? But the Essay, avoiding those profounder regions, dilates on the antiquity of the use of sticks, and on certain anecdotes connected with them: how Socrates, meeting with Xenophon in a narrow passage, barred up

the way with his stick ; and how Agesilaus rode upon one, for the amusement of his little boy ; and how Charles I., at his trial, held out his stick, to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding ; and a touching little story, which we cannot extract, of the way in which Andrew Marvell's father, who was drowned, left his for a keepsake to a friend. And then we come to Sir Plume, in the Rape of the Lock ; and to Sir Richard Steele, who jerked his stick against the pavement as he walked ; and to Macklin, the player, who poked a man's eye out with his ; and to Dr Johnson, who was told that Foote intended to mimic him, and threatened to chastise the dog ; and to Macpherson, who threatened to chastise Dr Johnson ; and to the big stick with which the great Lexicographer proposed to repel Macpherson's assault ; and to the celebrated piece of timber which he lost in the Isle of Mull.

One great injustice, among many others, which we do to these Essays by describing them, arises from the hopeless impossibility of conveying in our abstract any idea of the evanescent graces of style and manner ; or of the natural spontaneous impulse, with which every new topic is suggested. There is a provoking air of malice prepense in a second-hand report of such things. It is like trying to describe a man's conversation, by telling what he talked about. The vivacity of the good talker evaporates, as much in the one case as in the other ; and the merits of the one are not more portable than those of the other, simply because they are the same. The *Indicator* Essays, in short, are what we can imagine to have been their author's conversation. They are the natural outpourings of a mind, rich in literary knowledge, overflowing with gaiety, fancy, and good feeling ; now chastened with a touch of quiet, unpretending pathos ; now rising into a thoughtful lay sermon, on the favourite theme—how to make life more beautiful and happier. The wit, of which, in its kind, there is no lack, consists rather of a certain sprightly vivacity and exuberance of animal spirits than of anything more quotable ; no one enjoys a joke so thoroughly as Hunt ; no one pushes a favourite jest, to such a length of ludicrous exaggeration. There is a kind of fun about this, however, which requires the excitation of the humourist's bodily presence to be thoroughly enjoyed ; a consciousness of being absurd and amusing—a perpetual reiteration, as it were, of Mrs Mowcher's "Aint I volatile?" which the glance of an eye and the tone of a voice make very delightful, but which become rather vapid in print. The Essays are interspersed with tales, after the fashion of the old race of *Spectators* and *Tatlers*. These are very pleasant reading, but deserve no higher commendation. The best perhaps is "the Fair Revenger," which was Shelley's favourite paper ; and a very pretty and sen-

timental story it is. But they all turn on points of sentiment, perfectly true and natural certainly, but too delicate to affect us like the familiar joys and sorrows, with which Mr Bickerstaff moves our tears and our laughter. It is nothing to say that they fall far short of the humour, the life, and the wonderful pathos of that great master. Inkle and Yarico will continue to draw tears from thousands, who read the Fair Revenge, with no other feeling but one, of entertainment. But though we cannot think it very happily exhibited in his tales, the *Indicator* undoubtedly contains a great deal of observation of life, and a very remarkable insight into delicate shades of character. There are no better portraits of a class than his, of a sailor on shore, and of a naval officer, of an old gentleman and an old lady,—singularly happy specimens, as it seems to us, of the admirable graphic power which in the Autobiography gives us so many striking and amusing sketches of actual men and women. And if any one—anxious to give a clearer shape and meaning to the familiar words which convey to most of us such vague ideas—would understand what is meant by insight into character, we know no more illustrative specimen of that faculty, than the paper called “A Human Animal and the other Extreme.” He finds in an old biographical dictionary, an account of a certain Mr Hastings, who lived in 1688, such details of the man’s personal habits, appearance, eccentricities, modes of life and conduct, as might come under the observation of his friends and neighbours; and, having quoted those outward indications of character, traces them to their inner sources in the heart and mind, with a subtle and penetrating sagacity, of which we wish our limits would allow us to give an idea, by quotation. It is a very commonplace character, when we come to know it, and perfectly well described in the title of the paper; but its construction is so wonderfully laid open before us, as to make Mr Leigh Hunt’s not unkindly dissection as fascinating as we think it instructive. We must say of this, as of all similar performances, that nothing but their actual perusal can give any idea of their style and manner: to break them up into specimens, is as injurious as it is to describe them, and they are too long for quotation in their integrity. But we cannot take leave of the subject, without noticing another paper, in which the joys and sorrows of the human heart are dealt with in a different way, and far more successfully than when he attempts to embody them in a tale. We allude to the Essay on the Deaths of Little Children. Here, he is the lay preacher, and a very touching, and gentle one; but we must find room for the fine strain of reflection with which he concludes—Addison has said nothing so deep about the vanity of grieving:—

“The liability to the loss of children seems to be one of the neces-

sary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that everybody must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest ; or that every individual loss affects us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as the man or woman secured ; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imagination, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always ; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it with an eternal image of youth and innocence."

We have left ourselves no room to say what we had intended about Leigh Hunt's criticism and his poetry. We must be content, in few words, to express our belief that, after Coleridge, there is no critic to whom the young student of poetry has so much reason to be grateful as to Leigh Hunt. He has no pretensions to Coleridge's psychology, or power of philosophic analysis ; but his expositions of the beauties of the great masters—for it is this, the best and most beneficial kind of criticism, that he affects—are full of taste and feeling ; and his manner of imparting his views is so felicitous and charming, that the dullest reader, while he is in Leigh Hunt's company, is made to enjoy the coyest beauties of Chaucer and Spenser, and Keats and Coleridge, with something of the critic's own discernment and delicacy of perception. As he says of Ariosto, "instead of taking thought, he chooses to take pleasure with us ; and we are delighted that he does us so much honour, and makes, as it were, Leigh Hunts of us all."

We may find some future opportunity of expressing our opinion of the poems. For the present, our limits are reached. One thing only we cannot leave unsaid, in justice to ourselves, our readers, and our author. We must remonstrate with the editor of what bears to be a "complete and final edition of Leigh Hunt's poetical works," on the exclusion of some of the poet's best and most characteristic pieces. Leigh Hunt sometimes wanted, or forgot, the last and greatest art, the art to blot." There are, for example, some quasi-laureate odes which the world might lose without regret. But we are at a loss to conceive why sentence of excision should have been pronounced on "Abraham

and the Fire Worshipper;" and "Ronald of the Perfect Hand." As far as our own readers are concerned, we do our best to repair another unintelligible omission, by transferring to our pages as much as we have space for, of the "Fancy Concert:"—

"THE FANCY CONCERT.

"They talked of their concerts, their singers, and scores,
And pitied the fever that kept me in doors;
And I smiled in my thought, and said, O ye sweet fancies,
And animal spirits, that still in your dances
Come bringing me visions, to comfort my care
Now fetch me a concert—imparadise air.
Then a wind, like a storm out of Eden, came pouring
Fierce into my room, and made tremble the flooring,
And filled, with a sudden impetuous trample
Of heaven, its corners: and swelled it to ample
Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power;
Which, falling as suddenly, lo! the sweet flower
Of an exquisite fairy voice opened its blessing;
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,
There came falling in with it, each in the last,
Flageolets, one by one, and flutes blowing more fast,
And hautboys, and clarinets, acrid of reed,
And the violin, smoothlier, sustaining the speed,
As the rude tempest gathered, and buz ringing moons
Of tambours, and huge basses, and giant bassoons;
And the golden trombone, that darteth its tongue
Like a bee of the gods: nor was absent the gong,
Like a sudden fate bringing oracular sound
Of earth's iron genius, burst up from the ground,
A terrible slave, come to wait on his masters
The gods, with exultings that clanged like disasters;
And then spoke the organs, the very gods they,
Like thunders that roll on a wind-blowing day;
And, taking the rule of the roar in their hands,
Lo! the Genii of Music came out of all lands;
And one of them said, 'Will my lord tell his slave
What concert 't would please his Firesideship to have?'
Then I said, in a tone of immense will and pleasure,
Let orchestras rise to some exquisite measure;
And let there be lights and be odours; and let
The lovers of music serenely be set;
And then, with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose colours, fetch me the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And with their own hands, let them play me their finest.

Oh! truly was Italy heard then, and Germany,
Melody's heart, and the rich brain of harmony;

Pure Paisiello, whose airs are as new,
 Though we know them by heart, as May blossoms and dew ;
 And Nature's twin son, Pergolesi ; and Bach,
 Old father of fugues, with his endless fine talk ;
 And Gluck, who saw gods ; and the learned sweet feeling
 Of Haydn ; and Winter, whose sorrows are healing ;
 And gentlest Corelli, whose bowing seems made
 For a hand with a jewel ; and Handel, arrayed
 In Olympian thunders, vast lord of the spheres,
 Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears,
 A lover withal, and a conqueror, whose marches
 Bring demigods under victorious arches ;
 Then Arne, sweet and tricksome ; and masterly Purcell,
 Lay-clerical soul ; and Mozart universal,
 But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,
 With a grove in the distance, of holier sound ;
 Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini ;
 Nor love, young and dying, in shape of Bellini ;
 Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor Mirth's sweetest name,
 Cimarosa ; much less the great organ-voiced fame
 Of Marcello, that hushed the Venetian sea ;
 And strange was the shout, when it wept, hearing thee,
 Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart-cloven,
 My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.
 O'er all, like a passion, great Pasta was heard,
 As high as her heart, that truth-uttering bird.

And was it a voice ?—or what was it ?—say,
 That, like a fallen angel, beginning to pray,
 Was the soul of all tears, and celestial despair !
 Paganini it was, 'twixt his dark flowing hair."

We quote these fine verses, because they are characteristic in every way ; in the *sympathetic* enjoyment, which inspires them ; in depth and delicacy of feeling ; in richness, and power of expression ; in the musical flow of the versification ; and also, as it seems to us, in certain little peculiarities of diction, which are not quite so admirable. Since the space at our disposal is insufficient for anything like adequate criticism, we leave Leigh Hunt's poetry for the present without farther remarks. We do our readers a greater service in enabling them to enjoy the "Fancy Concert."

- ART. IV.—1. *A Voyage to the South Sea, and along the Coasts of Chile and Peru, in the years 1712, 1713, and 1714.* By Monsieur FREZIER, Engineer in Ordinary to the French King. London: Jonah Bowyer, 1717.
2. *El Mercurio Peruano.* Lima, 1798.
3. *The Edinburgh Review.* Vol. XIII. January, 1809.
4. *The United States Naval Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, during 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852.* Two Vols. Vol. I., *Chile.* Washington, 1855.
5. *Biography of General Miller.* London, 1826.
6. *La Dictadura de O'Higgins.* By MIGUEL LUIS AMUNATEGUI. Santiago, 1853.
7. *Memoria Historica.* By DOMINGO SANTA MARIA. Santiago, 1858.
8. *Investigaciones sobre la Influencia Social de la Conquista, y del Sistema Colonial de los Espanoles en Chile.* By J. V. LASTARRIA. Santiago, 1844.
9. *Historia Constitucional del Medio Siglo.* By J. V. LASTARRIA. Vol. I. Valparaiso, 1853.
10. *La Constitucion Politica de Chile, comentada.* By J. V. LASTARRIA, Deputy for Copiapo and Caldora. Valparaiso, 1856.
11. *Comentarios sobre la Constitucion Politica de 1833.* By MANUEL CARRASCO ALBANO. Valparaiso, 1858.
12. *El Mercurio.* Daily Newspaper, Valparaiso.
13. *La Revista Catolica.* Santiago de Chile.
14. *El Catolicismo, en presencia de sus Disidentes.* By JOSE IGNACIO VICTOR EYZAGUIRRE, Presbitero. Two Vols. Paris, 1855.
15. *Los Intereses Catolicos en America.* By JOSE IGNACIO VICTOR EYZAGUIRRE. Two Vols. Paris, 1859.

PERHAPS no region of the world is so little known to Anglo-Saxons as the South American Continent. At the same time, there is none to whose physical characteristics so much interest attaches. Its majestic rivers, the eternal snows and flaming volcanoes of its stupendous Cordillera, the luxuriant vegetation of its tropical division, the waving plains of its Argentine provinces, the myrtle groves and smiling valleys of its Chilean Republic, present features of surpassing grandeur. Ignorant as most readers are of these, they know still less of the social condition, the moral and religious aspect, the resources and commercial capabilities of its several states.

It is well known that in the sixteenth century the bold and

chivalrous adventurers of Spain and Portugal possessed themselves of the whole of this region, as well as of Mexico, and of what is now called Central America. Portugal contented herself with Brazil, leaving the rest to Spain, her powerful neighbour and rival. The Spaniard at that time excelled all other men in enterprise and valour, and nothing was too arduous or too hazardous for him to undertake. Freedom of thought had not yet been entirely crushed under the iron hoof of tyranny; and so the days of Columbus, of Pizarro, and of Valdivia were great and glorious days for old Spain.

But we are not now to deal with the stories and legends of the Conquest, nor with the more remote history of the Spanish American dependencies. Looking back, however, for a moment through the vista of three centuries, we see these Spanish dependencies inhabited almost exclusively by the Indian races. The Spanish conquerors had begun to occupy the land in considerable numbers, and it was beginning to yield up to them its abundant stores. Its vast mineral wealth soon came to be disclosed; and we fear that, in many instances, avarice was unscrupulous in the modes of its extraction. The Indian vassals, at a very early period after the conquest, were reduced to the most abject servitude. The exactions of the hacendados, or landowners, on the Indians given them *in commendam*, and the sorrows of the poor downtrodden vassals who were drawn from the Peruvian parishes, according to a custom called *Mita*, and sent to die in the dismal mines of Potosi, must even yet awaken a feeling of commiseration. The annual setting out of fresh levies on the feast of *Corpus Christi*—many of the men with wives and children—is touchingly described by Frezier (than whom, Humboldt excepted, a more observant or accomplished traveller has never visited the coasts of South America); and a bondage, the prospect of which, he tells us, filled their dull eyes with tears, and their broken hearts with unavailing sorrow, may even yet bring the tear to our eyes. And it must be borne in mind, that although some of the Indian races of South America were barbarous and degraded, these Peruvian Indians were not so. Whoever reads Prescott's Histories of the Conquests of Peru and Mexico, will find that the Peruvians and Mexican Indians had made considerable advances in the arts, and in a rude civilization. The Indian remains found in Peru—their paintings, edifices, and household utensils—all attest this fact; and, judging from the ruins of their works of irrigation, it seems pretty clear that the extent of ground they had under cultivation at the time of the conquest, was *greater than it is at the present moment*. It seems the fate of the Indian races to pass from the face of lands they once called their own, unheeded

and forgotten. Yet the decline of the Indian population of the Spanish American provinces through conquest, and the keen sense of degradation and suffering, is a melancholy fact. At the time of the conquest, Mexico and Central America must have contained fully 7,000,000 Indian inhabitants. According to the *Mercurio Peruano*, a literary magazine published in Lima towards the close of last century, the Indian population of Peru, Santa Fe, and Buenos Ayres, by a census taken in 1551, amounted to 8,255,000. It is no doubt true that a portion of the Indian blood came to be mixed with the Spanish element, forming the progenitors of the present Mestizo races; yet, when we consider that from upwards of 15,000,000 at the conquest, the pure Indian races of Spanish America have declined to 5,500,000 (the proximate estimate at the present time), their speedy extinction seems imminent. Of these 5,500,000, there are 4,500,000 in Mexico, leaving only 1,000,000 of pure Indians for the whole of Central America and the Spanish States of South America. Humboldt estimated the Indian population of both Americas as 6,000,000 in 1803, and he placed 4,500,000 of them to account of Mexico; adding, that he had no reason to suppose it had diminished since the conquest. But according to all the accounts we have been able to examine, having any claims to correctness, it is obvious there has been a very great diminution. In the Memorials of General Miller (a brave Englishman who served some of the South American States in the wars of their independence), his biographer incidentally mentions that Humboldt was deceived in the matter of population by Padre Cisneros, who, in reference to South America, had probably given the number of men fit to carry arms at the first reckoning after the conquest, as this was a mode of telling the effective strength of the population then very frequently adopted.

Time rolled on, and the colonists themselves came at length to groan under chains of vassalage cast around their necks by the mother country. Availing themselves of the extremities to which Spain was reduced by the Napoleonic wars in the early part of this century, the colonists rose in rebellion, successfully shook off the Spanish yoke, and attained their freedom; forming themselves, in course of time, into separate States, or Republics, detached from the Spanish monarchy. With the wars of the independence we are not now to deal. The colonists maintained a noble struggle, and in the end success crowned their efforts. One fact, however, it is important not to lose sight of, in order to reconcile these revolutionary struggles with what we know of the condition of the great mass of the population at the beginning of this century. It must be borne in mind that their stand for independence was *purely aristocratic*, and that the mass of the

people were swayed and headed by the great colonial landlords. Wincing under the slights and oppression of the mother country, which would admit no colonist to any position of dignity or high trust, the colonial aristocracy determined to break off from their allegiance. In the words of the author of the *Dictadura de O'Higgins*, "the revolution in Chile" (and so it was in the other states) "was at first the work of a few citizens, and had in its origin a tendency purely aristocratic. Its promoters, its chiefs, were the heads of the great families of the country, the Larraines, the Errazurizes, the Eyzaguirres." While they planned their revolutionary movements, the rest of the inhabitants, he tells us, "were tranquil, indolent, and far from thinking of such novelties." While the conflict was going on, the colonists met with the sympathy of England, as well as of the United States. Both Englishmen and Americans fought and distinguished themselves in the ranks of the patriots during their struggles; and it is a significant fact, that while, through the efforts of eminent British statesmen, such as the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir James Mackintosh, the English Government was led to recognise the independence of these South American Republics, at that very period their spiritual Father, Pope Leo the 12th, hurled at them his famous encyclical, directed against their rebellion and their assertion of the undoubted rights of oppressed humanity. Spanish Americans are very apt to forget these facts; and it is fitting that their memories should occasionally be refreshed with them, and they themselves led to reconsider the warnings they carry with regard to the despotic assumptions of the Papacy. The sympathy of English statesmen, critics, and journalists, was none the less real, that there lay in the background sundry utilitarian calculations such as Englishmen are over-fond of making. Spain had scrupulously shut the colonies against foreign intercourse and commerce; and it was thought that the attainment of their independence would open up an almost inexhaustible field for British enterprise. A striking article in the number of the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1809, is even yet worthy of perusal; though we are bound to add, the anticipations of the sanguine reviewer have been sadly disappointed.

In the article we refer to, founded on the admirable letters of the Peruvian priest Juan Pablo Viscardodoy Guzman, addressed to his fellow-countrymen, the reviewer remarks:—

"If such immense benefits have resulted from the prosperity of the United States, how many times greater will be those which must necessarily flow from the prosperity of South America? If the population of the United States, amounting perhaps to 6,000,000 souls, afford so very extraordinary a demand for British commodities, what may not the population of South America, extending already to no

less than 16,000,000, be expected to afford? It is no doubt true, that the moral and intellectual habits of the people of South America are not so favourable to improvement as were those of North America, Their industry has been cramped, their minds have been held in ignorance by a bad government; hence they are indolent and superstitious. But remove the cause, and the effects will cease to flow. So sweet are the fruits of labour wherever the labourer enjoys them unimpaired, that the motives to it are irresistible, and his activity may be counted on with the certainty of a law of nature. With South America, then, under a free and beneficent government, we might laugh the destroyer (Napoleon) to scorn, and enjoy a prosperity which the utmost efforts of his power and his rage could never disturb."

That the expectations cherished have not been as yet fulfilled, we fear would be of too easy demonstration; and our present purpose is to indicate some of the more important obstructions which hitherto we conceive have opposed and still stand in the way of the moral and material advancement of Spanish America. With a view to this, we shall begin by stating some statistics relating to the increase and present condition of their population, and to their resources, which, as the facts are not within the reach of many, may not prove uninteresting.

We have already spoken of the Indian population. Including that element, the lowest estimate we meet with of the population of the Spanish American States at the end of last century, is 16,000,000. Viscardo estimated it at 18,000,000; and, according to the Revolutionary Commissioners who met General Miranda at Paris in 1797, it was computed by them at 20,000,000. We shall take the estimate of Viscardo, viz., 18,000,000, as the most probable. Now, at the present time, according to the most authentic data, the population, we believe, does not exceed 20,000,000. The following table we take to be as near an estimate as can be formed, and we include in it the pure Indian population:—

Mexico,	7,000,000
Guatemala, }	
Salvador, }	
Honduras, }	2,000,000
Nicaragua, }	
Costa Rica, }	
Ecuador,	750,000
Nueva Grenada,	2,000,000
Venezuela,	1,000,000
Pern,	2,000,000
Bolivia,	1,500,000
Chile,	1,450,000
Argentine Republic,	1,000,000
Paraguay,	500,000
Uruguay,	300,000

Total, 19,500,000

2 B

It thus appears that the population of the Spanish American Republics has remained almost stationary during more than half a century. Intestine wars have done their cruel work from time to time in cutting off large numbers. Want of maternal care for their offspring, on the part of the lower orders, has done the rest. With a climate so genial, the population ought to have augmented rapidly, especially as the women are more than ordinarily prolific; but whilst poor ignorant mothers look on their dead infants as "little angels," and deem them far happier removed to another world, we need not be astonished to find tables of mortality, such as the following, even in Valparaiso, one of the most enlightened cities:—

Interments in one of the Cemeteries of Valparaiso.

1856.					
April,	198,	of which	156	were children	under seven years of age.
May,	144,	"	119	"	"
June,	144,	"	88	"	"
July,	185,	"	124	"	"
August,	187,	"	134	"	"
September,	192,	"	124	"	"
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	1050		745		

So that out of 1050 deaths, 745 were children under seven years of age. The source whence we have extracted the above, supplies the following statistics of births in the parish of Salvador, Valparaiso, during the year from October 1855 to September 1856 inclusive:—

The total births during that year were	.	.	1282
Of these, there were legitimate,	.	.	920
" " illegitimate,	.	.	362
		<hr/>	1282

showing the illegitimacy to be 27 per cent. In the district of Concepcion, in the south of Chile, it is 30 per cent.; and if this be about the average for Chile, some of the other Republics are in a much worse condition. With regard to the question of deaths, the *Valparaiso Mercurio*, from which we copy the above statistics, says, that the great mortality amongst infants "arises, without doubt, from the little care and the bad system of rearing children common amongst the lower orders." The illegitimacy, no doubt, also swells the proportion of such deaths. Indeed, in a paper read before the Faculty of Medical Science at Santiago de Chile, by Dr Mackenna, and published in the *Annals of the University* in 1850, the writer says, with reference to the proportion of deaths of illegitimate children: "It is not possible for them to live under the indifference with which they are regarded, and it would seem that the authors of their lives are public executioners rather than parents." The frightful prevalence

of diseases resulting from immorality, throughout the Spanish American States, brings also its harvest of death. Dr Mackenna, in reference mainly to that fact, goes on to say: "Looking round the whole horizon (of Chile), we do not find a single spot that casts the germs of epidemic miasma towards our blue sky; nor can we find on the soil any of the venomous reptiles infesting other countries. Yet, in the midst of this bountiful land, we perceive death cutting down the tender plants of the generation, leaving only the dried limbs in whose veins flow the poisons that afflict society." A very baneful influence is also exerted throughout these countries by the existence of Foundling Hospitals. There is no question that such institutions, planted with the most humane and benevolent intentions, are a fruitful source of the very evil they are intended to alleviate; and that they tend to affect injuriously the increase of population, by offering a premium to that very illegitimacy which brings in its train so much of death. Whoever has studied the very interesting statistics of M. Quetelet on this subject, in his able work *L'Homme*, will have seen the large per centage of illegitimacy wherever Foundling Hospitals abound, and also the great proportion of deaths in such institutions. With respect to the Foundling Hospital of Santiago de Chile, Lieut. Gilliss makes the following observations, in his *Narrative of the U. S. Naval Expedition*:—

"A Foundling Hospital (*Casa de Espositos*), or rather an establishment where any one may leave an infant in open daylight as well as in the darkness, to be brought up at the expense of the public, was founded about the middle of last century. At the time it was instituted it was perhaps intended, in good faith, for orphans and those whose unnatural parents had literally thrown them on the charity of the world." . . . "But the passions of a people taught to believe that no crime is remembered by their Maker, after confession to a priest, has actually converted the *Casa de Espositos* into an institution for the encouragement of vice. Not only may the mother (or other) take her child to a revolving box, fitted into the wall, and turn it within the Asylum, tapping a farewell knock to call the porter, as its face is perhaps for ever removed from her sight, but she may also avail herself of the same institution to lie in, and be known only to the *partera* who assists her. There is no novelty in an event occurring three times every two days; and the mother may perhaps pass from the turnstile to the door, and, offering herself as a nurse, receive her child again, but now she obtains pay for the nourishment which nature had actually provided."

Such a picture, if near the truth, needs no comment. In the year 1851, according to the statistical information afforded us by Lieut. Gilliss, 531 infants entered the institution, being one for every two marriages in a city of 90,000 inhabitants, and one out of every ten births. Of these 531 infants, 260 died

during that year, being a mortality of nearly 50 per cent.,—a ratio, as M. Quetelet tells us, not uncommon in such institutions even on the continent of Europe. It is necessary for us to guard here against conveying the impression that such a state of matters exists amongst the upper classes of Chilian society. Such an impression would be entirely unfounded. We venture to affirm, that in no community are the paths of virtue more strictly followed by the unmarried ladies of the upper classes than in Chile. With comparatively few exceptions, they make faithful wives and good mothers. But the contrast between the women of the upper and lower classes of society is most marked in Chile; and we presume the same observation will, with more or less force, hold good with respect to all the other Spanish American Republics.

As intimately connected with the moral condition of a people, the state of education amongst them will naturally fall to be inquired into. We need scarcely say that popular education in Spanish America has been woefully neglected. In Chile, of late years, more has been done by the Government for diffusing the benefits of education, than by any of the other states. Probably the city of Buenos Ayres, in regard to education, occupies the highest position amongst the large towns of the Spanish American States; yet the Argentine Republic is considerably behind Chile. The statistics annually presented to Government by the Chilian Minister of Public Instruction are very complete, and reflect great credit on that Republic. In the year 1855, we learn from these returns, there were attending all schools, public and private, throughout the country, 28,900 scholars; and in the year 1858 the number had increased to about 32,000, of whom from 23,000 to 24,000 were boys, and from 8000 to 9000 were girls. As that shows only 1 in 45 at school, instead of 1 in 7, as would be the case were education sufficiently diffused, it will be seen that much has yet to be done even in the most advanced of the Spanish American Republics. Were we to estimate the proportion at school, in most of the other Republics, as 1 in 100, we are sure we would be putting their position, with regard to popular education, in the most favourable light possible. The predominant, or rather the only existing Church (the Roman Catholic), does almost nothing in the way of diffusing education, or aiding to erect and maintain schools. While utterly lethargic in these matters, she would grasp at supervision and interference; but as to planting and maintaining schools, or impressing upon the public mind the great advantage of popular education, she does not move one footstep.

It will not be surprising, after the examination of such facts as we have given with regard to the condition of the population and

the state of popular education, to hear that the Spanish American Republics have not made rapid progress in the development of their resources, and in all that tends to the refinement and material comfort of the mass of their inhabitants. But other causes, somewhat allied to the above, have also intervened, bearing unfavourably on their progress : these we propose to refer to afterwards. Suffice it here to say, these countries have come lamentably short of the ideal future depicted for them by the Reviewer of 1809. To attempt a comparison with the United States now, would only be ludicrous ; and it will be better to give a few general facts regarding the commerce and resources of Spanish America,—facts which we shall endeavour to present in as succinct a form as practicable.

MEXICO, with her vast territory and large population, without reckoning the produce of her silver mines (which yield about 25,000,000 dols. per annum), exports annually the miserable amount of about 1,500,000 dols., chiefly in cochineal and dyewoods. The silver mines at the beginning of the century yielded as much as they now do. In 1804 the yield was 28,000,000 dols. In 1827 it had fallen as low as 10,000,000 dols. ; but of late years it has increased greatly, and has nearly reached its former maximum. From Mr Ward's book on Mexico, we learn that the yield of the silver mines, for many years before 1810, averaged 24,000,000 dols. Mexico, therefore, is stationary, if it be not retrograding ; and who can look for any other result in a country so demoralized and so misgoverned ?—a country in which nearly three-fourths of the population are pure Indians, in a state even yet morally and intellectually as low as that of their ancestors of the time of the conquest ?

CENTRAL AMERICA, NUEVA GRENADA, and VENEZUELA, export annually a few millions of dollars in tobacco, dyewoods, coffee, and minor articles ; and import a similar value—the measure of progression being extremely small. Nueva Grenada extracted from her mines in the end of last century the value of 3,000,000 dols. per annum, and they now yield almost nothing, though the sources of supply are well-nigh inexhaustible. The coinage of Bogota was 2,000,000 dols. per annum, and that of the mint of Popayan (also in New Grenada) was 1,000,000 dols. early in this century. Now these mints are idle, or nearly so.

ECUADOR exports annually cacao, straw hats, tobacco, bark, timber, and minor articles, to the value of 3,000,000 dols., being nearly the same as her imports amount to. Her trade is restricted, and does not increase.

PERU, which comes next in order, has resources which come under two distinct heads :—1st, The *Government* monopoly of the article of guano, which yields annually about 8,000,000

dols., after paying the interest of her exterior debt. Her *general* exports do not exceed 8,000,000 dols. per annum, and are made up as follows :—

Silver,	2,800,000 dols.
Cochineal and cotton,	300,000 "
Nitrate of soda (55,000 tons),	2,500,000 "
Alpaca and common wool,	1,200,000 "
Sugar and rice,	1,000,000 "
Gold, copper, hides, and minor articles,	700,000 "
	<hr/>
	8,500,000 dols.

The produce of her silver mines has fallen off very materially since the end of last century. Her coinage in 1791 was 5,000,000 dols., in 1795 it was 5,590,000 dols.; and the value extracted from her silver mines in 1803 was nearly 6,000,000 dols. In 1855 the yield of her silver mines was as follows :—

Cerro Pasco—963 bars,	251,928 marcs
Hualgayoc,	45,000 "

In all, 296,928 " or 3,000,000 dols.

Since then the production has considerably diminished. It will appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the general commerce of Peru (excluding guano) has actually decreased since the year 1785. According to the *Mercurio Peruano*, we learn that the average annual imports of Peru from 1785 to 1789 were as follows :—

From Spain,	8,420,000 dols.
" Chile,	1,100,000 "
" Other Colonies in the Pacific,	800,000 "
" Potosi and River Plate Provinces,	800,000 "
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	11,120,000 dols.

Her exports being as follow :—

To Spain—chiefly silver and gold,	6,300,000 dols.
" Chile,	950,000 "
" Other Colonies in the Pacific,	600,000 "
" Potosi and River Plate Provinces,	2,000,000 "
	<hr/>
	9,850,000 dols.

We learn also from the same authority, that in 1790 Peru owned 41 ships, averaging 400 tons, and manned by 1460 seamen; and we question whether at the present moment her mercantile marine can boast of so much tonnage, or so large a number of native mariners. The far-famed riches of Peru are now like the legends of the past, and with an immoral, degenerate, and indolent population, the result is not strange.

BOLIVIA, like Paraguay, has little intercourse with foreigners. Her total exports (if we exclude a little silver which is exported, though there exists a Government prohibition) do not exceed 500,000 dols. Her once famous silver mines of Potosi, from

which it may well be said the glory has departed, now yield only about 2,000,000 dols. per annum. During the long period from 1556 to 1780, nearly 224 years, their yield, according to the royal duties paid, was 2,400,000,000 dols. ; but seeing that for a long period not above a third paid duties, it doubtless amounted to 3,000,000,000 dols., or equal to 13,000,000 dols. per annum. The yield in 1791 had fallen to 5,000,000 dols. ; and now, as we have said, it does not exceed 2,000,000 dols. per annum. Perhaps there is no modern instance of such decay in either hemisphere as Potosi presents. Its population has decreased as follows :—

According to the <i>Mercurio Peruano</i> , it had, in 1611,	160,000
According to Frezier, in 1712 it had	70,000
According to the <i>Mercurio Peruano</i> , in 1792 it had (of whom 256 were ecclesiastics.)	18,000
According to Miller's Memoirs, in 1825 it had	8,000

Whether the decrease in the yield of silver has been the cause or the effect of the diminution of population, we cannot positively assert ; but we have no doubt there are still great riches in the Cerro of Potosi, needing only energy and industry to develop them. Bolivia, with a population in which the Indian element greatly preponderates, and for whose intellectual and moral advancement scarcely anything has been done, makes no perceptible progress.

URUGUAY is one of the smallest of the South American Republics. The pastoral resources are very great, but civil wars and misrule have seriously retarded their development. Of late, however, there has been improvement ; and it is pleasing to learn that a colony of Protestant Vaudois has been recently established in Uruguay, and is now beginning to flourish—although, at first, the poor emigrants were beset with difficulties, and with persecution at the instigation of a fanatical priesthood. The exports of Uruguay consist of hides, tallow, and wool, and amount to about 6,000,000 dols. annually, which is likewise the annual value of her imports.

THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION next claims our attention, and is, perhaps, of all the Spanish American Republics, the one destined to make most progress in material wealth. It is painful to consider how so magnificent a country has been misgoverned. Either embroiled in contentions with neighbouring Republics, or disturbed by intestine feuds, this vast territory has scarcely begun to develop her resources. Her legislation is now most fortunately proceeding in a liberal, tolerant, and right direction ; and, did the prospect of peace and security exist, the stream of emigration would certainly flow towards the River Plate provinces. The exports of the Argentine Republic, like

those of Uruguay, consist of hides, tallow, wool, and a few minor articles. Their annual value is about 15,000,000 dols., and the annual value of her imports is of a like amount. In 1796, the value of the exports from Buenos Ayres was 1,320,000 dols.; a comparison of this with the present exports, will show that at least some progress has been made in material wealth by the Argentine Republic.

CHILE will complete our enumeration. Compared with nearly all the other Republics, she has made rapid progress in almost every department of national industry. For the twelve years from 1844 to 1855 inclusive, she made very great progress in the development of her resources. During the last few years her exports have not increased, owing to the great diminution in the yield of her silver mines, and to the restricted demand since 1855 for her agricultural produce. To counterbalance this falling off, the extraction and export of copper have rapidly increased, and this may now be reckoned as the staple branch of industry of the country. The following table, compiled with care from the Custom House statistics, will show the commercial movement for the years we have named:—

	Imports for Home Consumption.	Exports.
1844, . . .	8,596,000 dols.	6,087,000 dols.
1845, . . .	9,104,000 "	7,600,000 "
1846, . . .	10,149,000 "	8,115,000 "
1847, . . .	10,068,000 "	8,442,000 "
1848, . . .	8,600,000 "	8,350,000 "
1849, . . .	10,720,000 "	10,603,000 "
1850, . . .	11,780,000 "	12,426,000 "
1851, . . .	15,884,000 "	12,146,000 "
1852, . . .	15,347,000 "	14,087,000 "
1853, . . .	11,553,000 "	12,138,000 "
1854, . . .	17,428,000 "	14,627,000 "
1855, . . .	18,430,000 "	19,180,000 "

The country is possessed of great resources, both mineral and agricultural; and there is ample scope for their extensive development. Its prosperity would go on advancing were all the obstacles to immigration removed, and the internal peace of the country thoroughly established.

Having completed our view of the commerce and resources of these vast regions, let us now for a moment glance at the results. Our estimate of the aggregate commerce of the Spanish American Republics is that, in round numbers, they annually export to all quarters about L.17,000,000 sterling, and that they now annually import a similar amount. We apprehend the Edinburgh Reviewer, were he alive, would be sadly disappointed at these results of Spanish-American independence. Not to speak now of the United States, he would discover that even Australia—a

region almost unknown when he wrote—with a population at present of one million, actually imports an annual amount in sterling value equal to the total imports of the whole of the Spanish American Republics, and that she exports in a similar ratio. He would find, moreover, that the Australian exports are not now chiefly made up of gold, profusely scattered on the surface and easily collected, but of gold the produce of regularly systematized mining operations, added to the pastoral and other products of the country. With a rapidly increasing population, he would find large provision for the moral, religious, and educational necessities of the colonists. The conviction is irresistible, that where the Protestant faith prevails, with its freedom of thought and liberty of conscience, progress may be counted upon “with the certainty of a law of nature;” while commonwealths deprived of intellectual and spiritual freedom either languish and wither, or advance with a stunted and uncertain growth.

But it must not be thought that this conclusion obtains the acceptance of all classes in these settlements. On the contrary, we find in them the elements of the same antagonist parties as have long been contending in the older Catholic countries of Europe: a priestly party, jealous of all liberty, hating England with bitter hatred, magnifying and parading her social evils as the natural result of her religion, and striving to bring the community more than ever under the influence of Rome; and, on the other hand, a party struggling for freedom, giving utterance to noble sentiments, that shine the brighter for the dark firmament on which they gleam, and encouraging hope for a better day than those Republics have as yet seen.

At the head of the Church or priestly party may be ranked EYZAGUIRRE, a Chilian ecclesiastic, two of whose books we have placed in the list of works prefixed to this article. Connected with one of the old and influential families of the country, and occupying a position, both through the force of character and attainments, above the ordinarily low level of the South American priesthood, he has come to be no mean authority, both in the field of religion and of politics. He has made two journeys to Europe. In 1856 he returned to South America, after his first visit, as Papal agent, with the view of inducing its various Governments to pay more dutiful allegiance than formerly to the Roman See; to relinquish their claims of jurisdiction over the Church, and those rights of patronage which former Popes ceded or acknowledged as pertaining to the Spanish monarch, and to which the Spanish American Governments consider that they became heirs when they assumed the various powers and prerogatives of the Spanish monarchy. His mission signally failed. A few months ago, after a second visit to Europe, he again left

for Chile as Papal agent (it is said as *Cardinal*), to meet, we trust, with a measure of success not greater than that which attended his previous efforts. His last book, *Los Intereses Catolicos en America*, published in Paris, for transmission to South America, on the eve of his setting out, is meant, we presume, as a plausible introduction or apology for the mission on which he is now sent. He complains, in the most bitter terms, of all the South American Governments for keeping the Church in thralldom, and for the little sympathy with which they regard her claims of domination over the minds of men. He lays the blame of all the existing prostration and ignorance at the door of these Governments. He then proclaims the *necessity for concordats* as the only panacea for the evils which exist; and, no doubt, his utmost efforts will be exerted in Chile to arrange a concordat with that Government, on behalf of the Roman Pontiff. That South Americans would have all to lose and nothing to gain through the operation of concordats, will be sufficiently obvious to themselves. We have, therefore, no apprehensions as to the ultimate result of Eyzaguirre's efforts.

One would think that, considering the intellectual and moral state of their country, the various Governments of Spanish America, instead of exalting the Church to higher power, would be forward to arraign her, either on a charge of gross incompetency or of failure. She has exclusively enjoyed the favours and blandishments of these Governments; and now the more meekly she comports herself, the better, we conceive, would it be for her interests. But the question is not, Shall the State call the Church to account for inefficiency, and for the deplorable scandals which confessedly exist? for we have actually, in the last production of this ecclesiastic, Eyzaguirre, an arraignment of the various Spanish American Governments, at least so far as the strongest language of expostulation and of threatening can affect them. Addressing the Government of Chile, he proclaims that it "*begins the very conflicts which weaken its power*, and voluntarily brings itself to the verge of the abyss into which it must sink," unless it pays heed to his warnings, retraces its steps, seeks for a concordat, prevents the erection or use of Protestant places of worship, the education of children in schools directed by Protestants, and the circulation of the Scriptures and other religious works through Protestant agency. Whether, in the event of the Government of Chile not heeding his suggestions, he means that the clergy will lend their influence to whatever retrograde party may seek to revolutionize the country, we are not aware. His language certainly insinuates this, and the example of such men as Eyzaguirre is not without its influence. We have an illustration of this in the most recent intelligence which has come to us

from Chile. We see in the *Valparaiso Mercurio*, a daily newspaper, of the 14th April, an energetic protest against the irritating and revolutionary language of what it designates as the "religious press" of the country. That paper deemed it necessary to call public attention to an article in the *Revista Catolica* of Santiago, in the following terms:—"We hear the writers of the *Revista* proclaim the blasphemous proposition, that '*reproach and insult are always lawful when they are merited.*' Applying this shameful theory, and abusing with temerity their sacerdotal character and habit, the editors of the *Revista Catolica* of Santiago have discharged a veritable broadside, in one of its late numbers, against the writers and the Governments of South America, maintaining that the innumerable evils under which Spanish America groans '*have no other origin than the systematically hostile course they have always pursued with reference to the Catholic Church;*' and they finish by declaring that '*it does not belong to the mission of the clergy, nor is it for Catholic interests, to aid the Governments which do such things, in consolidating public peace, or to co-operate in showing respect to the public authorities.*' Never did we believe," adds the *Mercurio*, "that the so-called religious press would use such language and evince such audacity, nor that the prudent moderation of Government should be obliged to tolerate their conduct." When we see such a spirit animating the religious teachers of the people of Spanish America, their sunken and backward condition, morally as well as materially, cannot cause us much astonishment.

It is matter of great satisfaction, amidst such darkness, to discern the first faint streaks of light appearing. There are enlightened statesmen and writers amongst the South American laity, who regard the condition of these Republics in a very different light from such men as Eyzaguirre and the ultramontanists of the *Revista Catolica*. In the front ranks of these more enlightened and patriotic writers may be found a countryman of Eyzaguirre, Don J. V. LASTARRIA, an able Chilian lawyer and statesman. He is author of several works of considerable merit. In his first, entitled *Investigations on the Social Influence of the Conquest*, he seeks to set forth some of the germs of present evils. After discussing the origin and influence of human laws, he goes on to speak of the influence on the character of the colonists produced by the social and political condition of Spain itself about the time of the conquest. Deep interest attaches to the discussion, and the candour with which the question is discussed entitles M. Lastarria to a high place amongst the able and dispassionate Spanish American writers of the day. He tells us that it is quite necessary to weigh the influence of a

great antecedent event on the Spanish nation and character, before minutely investigating the effects on the colonists of the corrupt and oppressive administration of which he had traced the various lineaments. The important event forming so necessary an element in the investigation, he informs us, was *the Reformation of the sixteenth century*. At that period, when all Europe was shaken to its foundations, and when men began to breathe more freely the air of civil and religious freedom, Spain, which till then had been comparatively liberal, resolutely forbade an entrance to the reformed opinions. "The BENEFITS of the Revolution, then," says Lastarria, "did not penetrate into the land of our fathers; on the contrary, they were rejected with scorn, and the monstrous dictatorship of the throne and of the church—a mixed absolutism which, from that moment, began to work the ruin of that unhappy country—was preferred instead." . . . "Under the protection of the powerful monarch, Charles V., the monstrous tribunal of the Inquisition, persecuting and trampling under its poisonous foot everything opposed to its dictum, prostrated and rendered lethargic the once active faculties of Spain, and left only to her sons the ignorance and fanaticism needful to sustain its domination, and the power of the kings, its protectors. From this, it is easy to conceive how the Spaniard then only served God and his monarch according to the manner in which the Inquisition served them. The cause of civilisation was, according to his idea, the cause of the reprobate; his heart and his conscience were trained only to despise and to combat infidels, to persecute heretics, who were composed of all such as had any truth to proclaim not sanctioned by the holy office; and to bear the standard of fanaticism (not the cross of the Redeemer) wheresoever he was commanded. Thus his passion and the power of the throne conspired together to deceive him, and to corrupt in his heart the purity of the truths of the Gospel, inspiring him with gross superstition, and taking advantage of his implicit faith for the promotion and perpetuation of the cause of despotism." For these reasons, he adds, "I believe that when we examine the political and civil laws which shaped the existence of our colonial society, we ought to consider them as a logical result of that fanatical description of civilisation with which Spain—the fanatical and conquest-loving Spain—laid the foundation of our social edifice."

In his next work, the *Constitutional History of the Past Half-century*, we find some very interesting observations so intimately connected with what has preceded, that we are tempted to give a further brief extract. Considering that Lastarria is a Spanish American, and professedly a member of the Roman Catholic Church, a deep interest attaches to sentiments uttered so fear-

lessly under such circumstances. To us, it may be, they are not new; but there is always a satisfaction in finding that truth advances, and can take root in unlikely and unfavourable soil. "In America," he says, "at the beginning of this century, there were two races of different extraction, and different in their antecedents; two societies holding principles opposed to each other, different in their customs and in their faith. Spain had given origin to one of these races, bestowing on it, with its life, the germ of a vast corruption. England had formed the other, by the vivifying breath of her independent and regenerating spirit. One queen, Isabel the Catholic, had contributed to raise the new Spanish American society on the basis of the conquest, and of the absolute sovereignty of the monarch. A century afterwards, another queen (Elizabeth of England) granted a charter to the first colonial settlements in the northern continent, guaranteeing to them, under certain reservations, the sovereignty and the right of governing themselves. In North America, religious liberty, liberty of the individual, of the tribune, and of the press, as well as industrial and commercial freedom, were consecrated as the bases and guarantees natural to society. In the Spanish colonies, on the other hand, the life, the property, the very honour of the man, belonged to the king. The liberty of the subject had no existence. An exclusive religious belief was dogmatically imposed, without looking for support in the intelligence or the heart of the man, but only in the terror systematically maintained by the Inquisition, and by the civil authority."

It must be peculiarly galling to liberal-minded men like Lastarria, to find at this very day the political constitution of Chile (the most advanced of the South American Republics) provide as follows, in its 5th Article:—

"The religion of the state is the Roman Catholic Apostolic, and the public exercise of any other worship is excluded."

In his "Commentary on the Political Constitution of Chile," he makes the following observations on that obnoxious article: "The article under examination not only acknowledges a fact, but it also contains a legislative precept, viz., that of making it incumbent on the State to recognise only the Roman Catholic religion. The words of the article signify that the State can only protect the Roman Catholic religion. Any other form is consequently beyond the sphere of the law, and cannot expect the protection of the State. Refusing protection to any other, and thus limiting her national duties, the State imposes, under the veil of dissimulation, a strict obligation on society to have only one belief. And what matters it that the individual is not persecuted for his belief, when he is hindered from publicly

rendering his tribute of worship to the Divine Being,—an essential part of liberty? To allow a man the right to believe as he chooses, and to hinder him from manifesting what he believes, is to attack this liberty; and such a restriction is the negation of the thing conceded."

Another young Chilian lawyer, Manuel Carrasco Albano, published in 1858, *Commentaries on the Political Constitution of 1833*; and his observations on the 5th Article are to the same effect as those of Lastarria, perhaps even in advance of them. He speaks of liberty of worship as an inalienable right, and concludes by urging the entire separation of Church and State, in the following terms: "The constitution establishes an odious difference betwixt Catholic citizens and dissenting citizens or foreigners. Let us be just, let us extend the constitutional principle, and let us add that, as there is no privileged class, there ought not to be a privileged form of religion." It is a somewhat significant fact that this work had awarded to it the premium offered by the National University of Chile for the ablest production on the present political constitution of the country.¹

If it be urged that the question of progress is a question of race, and that the Spanish American being inferior to the Anglo-Saxon, the same development is not to be expected, we will not deny the important bearing of difference of race; but we cannot accept that fact as a sufficient explanation of the enormous chasm betwixt Anglo-Saxon and Spanish American national attainments. Dr Arnold, in his *Modern History*, observes, "It is a question of some interest, whether history justifies the belief of an inherent superiority in some races of men over others, or whether all such differences are only accidental and temporary; and we are to acquiesce in the judgment of King Archidamus, that one man naturally differs little from another, but that culture

¹ In Valparaiso there are now two Protestant places of worship,—yet it is undeniable they remain only on sufferance, and that their existence in Chile is contrary to the letter and spirit of the constitution, which still stands unaltered. The Archbishop of Santiago officially announced the erection of the first of them to the Government, in December 1855, and called for prompt and efficacious measures. The Minister of Public Worship replied to his Grace, that Government had sent for information, and ended his despatch in the following felicitous terms: "The Government is animated with the most ardent zeal for the preservation and propagation of the religion of the State; but it believes that the most efficacious method of preserving it from harm, are the zealous efforts of the regular and secular clergy to diffuse sound doctrines, and to combat the errors of Dissenters by means of the preaching of the Divine Word and the example of good works." We are not aware of the nature of the information obtained by the Government. All we know is, that Government has not put in force the provisions of their intolerant constitution. President Montt is said to have declared he would not make himself the laughing-stock of the civilised world by any overt act of intolerance.

and training make the distinction. There are some satisfactory examples to show that a nation must not, at any rate, assume lightly that it is superior to another; and, judging calmly, we would not surely wish that one nation should be uniformly and inevitably superior to another. I do not know what national virtue could safely be subjected to so severe a temptation. If there be, as perhaps there are, some physical and moral qualities enjoyed by some nations in a higher degree than by others (and this, so far as we can see, constitutionally), yet the superiority is not so great, but that too much presumption and carelessness on the one side, or increased activity and more careful discipline on the other, may restore the balance, or even turn it the other way."

We have indicated the untoward influences which have acted so prejudicially on the Spanish American populations—ignorance and vice superinduced and perpetuated through priestcraft, superstition, and intolerance; added to which (so far as the mass of the population is concerned), there has been the engrafting of the Spanish element on the inferior Indian race. In this amalgamation, the latter and inferior element having predominated, the result is, a people at a very low point in the social scale. In order to have reconstructed from such elements the edifice of a moral, industrious, and intelligent society, much more earnest and energetic culture and training would have been needed than have been put in exercise. The present religious system which overspreads these states, we have proved, according to the evidence which itself affords, to have failed most miserably in the construction of an enlightened or moral society. While its influence has been so powerless for good, it has always sought, and still seeks, by a monopoly of the consciences of its votaries, to exclude and prevent the exercise of such other and more healthful agencies as all modern history and all modern experience prove, are exerted with so beneficent effect throughout the nations that embraced the opinions and principles of the Reformation.

The Church of Rome might be as intolerant as the most malignant of her councils would rejoice to see, and yet not fill us with apprehension. Her dreadful power has ever been the arm of the State on which she has leaned, and which she has learned to wield with most baneful effect. Separate and distinct from the civil government, she would be powerless for evil, except so far as her own peculiar dogmas might tell prejudicially on her own special votaries. It is clear, therefore, that were the union betwixt the Romish Church and the State dis severed in all these Republics, the result would be of the greatest importance. Bolivar foresaw the difficulty and the danger of establishing the

Roman Catholic Church. His address at the inauguration of the first Constituent Assembly of Bolivia reads even yet like the declamations of a Roman senator; but we regret to say his counsels and his warnings were unheeded. "Legislators!" said he, "I will allude to one article which, according to my conscientious conviction, I have felt bound to omit. In a political constitution, a religious profession ought not to be prescribed; because, according to the best authorities on fundamental laws, these are the guarantees of civil rights; and as religion touches none of these, it is of its nature indefinable in the social order, and belongs rather to the moral and intellectual. Religion governs a man in the house, in the cabinet, within himself. It only has right to examine his inmost conscience. Laws, on the other hand, look upon the surface of things, and only govern outside of the citizen's house. Applying these considerations, can a State rule the conscience of its subjects, watch over the observance of religious laws, and give the reward or the punishment, when the tribunal is in heaven, and God Himself the Judge? The Inquisition only is fit to supplant these. Shall the Inquisition be brought back with its fiery faggots? Religion is the law of the conscience. Every law above it annuls it; for, imposing necessity instead of duty, it takes away all that is valuable from faith, which is the basis of religion."

* We think we have rendered it apparent that the Spanish American Republics have made comparatively small progress in material, moral, and social improvement; and we have endeavoured to set forth some of the causes conducing to such results. Were the Argentine provinces, where religious toleration is now accorded, to become settled, and all fear of intestine wars and commotions in the future to be removed, we would urge Anglo-Saxons desirous of emigrating, to betake themselves to the pampas, and there enrich themselves in flocks and herds. The time, however, has not arrived for rendering such counsel safe. With respect to emigration to the other Republics, which still retain intolerant constitutions, we would say that, so long as Protestant emigrants can have ample protection and toleration in our great and prosperous colonies of Australia and Canada, there is no ground for their renouncing so much as they must be prepared to give up if they should make their home in an intolerant Spanish American Republic.

- ART. V.—1. *Lectures on Logic*. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Edited by the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D., LL.D., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford, and JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics, St Andrews. 2 Vols. Edinburgh and London, 1860.
2. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation*. By JOHN STUART MILL. Fourth Edition. 2 Vols. London, 1859.
3. *Elements of Logic*. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Reprinted from the Ninth (octavo) Edition, London, 1851.
4. *Prolegomena Logica: an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes*. By the Rev. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B.D., LL.D., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford. Second Edition. London, 1860.

GREAT BRITAIN, according to Sir William Hamilton, is the country in which the nature of Logic has been most completely and generally misunderstood. Whatever may now be said about the misunderstanding, the reproach of indifference to the study, which fell with justice upon some former generations in this island, cannot with equal justice be directed against the present. The most venerable of the sciences, which for ages, as the “ars artium” and “scientia scientiarum,” held the central place in the system of human knowledge and in academical study, after a temporary decline, is renewing its claim to regulate knowledge, and afford the highest kind of mental culture. The science, at least in its full comprehension, alike of the Academy and the Lyceum,—which during the middle ages was the chief glory of the Eastern and Western Schools, when crowds were drawn to the logical lectures of Abelard, and when it educated into unparalleled acuteness successive generations of students in Bagdad and Cordova, in Paris and Oxford—the fundamental study in all the older European universities, and especially in those of Scotland, and which, in one of its branches, is the interpretation of the great modern scientific reform;—this science, after a period of decay, is, in all its branches, showing signs of returning life. A new and vigorous logical literature is rising around us in Great Britain, in which especially the names of Whately, Thomson, De Morgan, Mill, Mansel, and Hamilton

are familiar. Chairs of Logic have a conspicuous place in our new academical institutions, and are added, where formerly wanting, to our old ones,—this very year having witnessed the foundation of a logical professorship in the University of Aberdeen, by which a fourth is added to the three that have existed for generations in the other Scottish Universities. Logic is probably at present more employed as an organ and test of liberal education, and a knowledge of it is more generally required from candidates for the liberal professions, than at any period since the decline of scholastic studies in the 17th century.

The works placed at the head of this article exemplify the chief phases of Logic in Great Britain during the last thirty-five years. The restoration of the study, after an interval of comparative neglect, may be associated with the third; its subsequent development, in two different directions, is represented by the first and second; the last discusses, with more subtilty than any other British treatise, some of the philosophical principles, by means of which Logic with us is now in a course of transformation from an aggregate of traditional rules and technicalities to a consistent system. The well-known "Elements" of Archbishop Whately, published in 1825, is already in a measure superseded, through the progress of the science, to which, notwithstanding its deficiency in learning and speculative power, that work more than any other attracted even popular attention in this country and America. The numerous logical treatises published in Britain in the intervening period, have presented two forms of advance upon the doctrine of the "Elements." One of these, exemplified by the majority, culminates in the lately published "Lectures" and other logical treatises of Sir William Hamilton; the other is most conspicuously presented in the two volumes of Mr Mill, which have been before the world for nearly twenty years.

The "Lectures" of Sir William Hamilton, and the "System" of Mr Mill, are among the most notable logical treatises which Great Britain has given to the world. At first sight they appear to have hardly a conclusion or a principle in common. With Hamilton, Logic is a study of *thoughts* or *notions*, purified from their connection with things, and regarded exclusively as subject to certain necessary and formal laws of their own. With Mill, Logic is a study of *things* in the theory of their natural order, with a view to the discovery of systematic methods for bringing our thoughts into harmony with that order. With the former it is the *rationale* of the conditions under which we must think about anything; with the latter it is the *rationale* of the conditions for extracting real science from the things about which we may think. The Logic of the one is the most abstract of the sciences; it begins and ends with necessary truths, the interval

being filled by a series of demonstrations. The Logic of the other is an analysis of the general characteristics of the universe as it appears in space and time, with a view to the formation of a code of Physical Discovery; it begins and ends with what is contingent and probable. The dissent and controversy to which these opposite theories give rise serve Logic, as dissent and controversy may be expected to serve those parts of science which are in a state of growth. In the imperfection of human knowledge, it is through mutual antagonism that our partial and one-sided speculations approach towards catholic truth.

But are these two opposite tendencies in Logic absolutely in conflict? If not, under what common principle may they be reconciled? Do Hamilton and Mill represent contradictory or complementary systems? If the latter, does the complement constitute a complete logical system?

It is time for those who desire to restore the beneficial power of a study, now once more on the ascendant in our literature and in the universities, to determine the answers to these questions. Logic declined in a former generation, partly owing to the failure of attempts to form a satisfactory eclectic system, so long as the formal part of the science was confusedly blended with the physical or material. Dr Whately helped to rescue us in this country from that confusion, and his vigorous performance has, in the formal part of Logic, opened the way to the more rigidly scientific system elaborated by Dr Mansel and Sir William Hamilton. The *Prolegomena* of Dr Mansel contains a psychological theory of the formal part of Logic, which alone he recognises, with correlative Discussions (some of them contributed to this new edition) of great interest to advanced students. What we now need, is a philosophical organization of all that has hitherto been included under the name of Logic, so far as it is capable of being brought under a common regulating principle. We must try, in short, to find a basis for an eclectic comprehension of the science, or group of sciences, with which the name of Logic has been associated. In the present age, sciences hitherto separated, tend to unite, as, in a more analytical time, their tendency was to diverge. Issuing in a single stream, in the distant past of history, the waters of knowledge, parted into separate channels in their subsequent course, seem once again to draw together.

From Plato to Hegel, Logic has been (often dimly and half consciously, it is true) recognised as INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE, or, more definitely, as the SCIENCE OF SCIENCE. The successive attempts to confine it to a narrower province have invariably induced dissatisfaction and occasioned a reaction. In the dialectic

of Plato the mind is raised above the details of the different sciences, to the idea of *science as an organic whole*, and *intellectual culture for its own sake*. There the relations and methods of the parts of knowledge, with their respective functions in education, are systematically contemplated; and the lofty doctrine thus produced has, in name, if not in reality, in some of its parts, although not in its organic unity, maintained a central place in the academical education of the world. Liberal education involves systematic reflection—upon the nature of science, its necessary laws, and the conditions of its growth; and this, hitherto accomplished in parts or fragments, and by means of apparently conflicting struggles, is what we understand by logical study. Logicians are those who have engaged in investigating,—either in its fulness, or in respect to some one of its elements,—and for purposes of speculation, or for the practical direction of the understanding,—that kind of knowledge which may be called *reasoned or scientific*.

But what is science? what its elements? what the points at which it may be viewed? We cannot find a better answer to this question than one supplied by Sir William Hamilton in these Lectures:—

“A science,” he says, “is a complement of cognitions, having, in point of Form, the character of Logical Perfection; in point of Matter, the character of Real Truth. . . . The end of thought is truth—knowledge—science,—expressions which may here be regarded as convertible. Science may, therefore, be regarded as the perfection of thought. . . . But science supposes two conditions. Of these, the first has a relation to the *knowing subject*, and supposes that what is known, is known clearly and distinctly, completely and in connection. The second has a relation to the *objects known*, and supposes that what is known has a true or real existence. The former of these constitutes the Formal Perfection of Science, the latter is the Material.”—(Vol. ii., 2, 4.)

Scientific knowledge, in a word, is generalized truth—a knowledge of the many as one—knowledge through notions or (to adopt the more technical term) CONCEPTS,—the sort of knowledge that is expressed by means of Common Terms. A Science is a system of Concepts, in harmony with reality, relating to a special province of truth, and organized, by means of (deductive or inductive) reasonings, on a common principle. “The sciences” are the separate masses of knowledge, thus reasoned, which constitute the intellectual property of mankind, and which are embodied in language. This same scientific knowledge is the characteristic production of Thought or Understanding,—of our Elaborative and Regulative Faculties, applied to the material of our knowledge. It is by attention to the common relation they

bear to this distinctive formation of man's highest mental faculties, that the apparently conflicting tendencies of logicians may be seen to conspire, and that the best conception of the study is attained.

All Science—all general knowledge involves two elements, and may be viewed in two aspects—a Formal and a Real. What thinking or understanding produces, may be *formally perfect* without being *really true*. Clearness, distinctness, precision, conclusiveness, method, are some of the qualities of Formal Perfection; harmony between our thoughts and the order of things, between the ideas in the mind of man and the Divine Ideas expressed in the universe—in a word Truth—constitutes Material Perfection. Now, logicians may attempt to analyse Science in either or both these aspects of it; and they may examine each separately, or both in combination.

In the actual history of Logic, Science, sometimes at one and then again exclusively at the other of these two points of view, has been accepted as the appropriate object of analysis. Logic, in different hands, has accordingly assumed different types. Two of these, broadly distinct, are apparent in its history. The one is single and synthetical; the other broken and analytical.

I. When the two modes of viewing Science are treated as one, in obedience to the aspiration after Absolute Science, we have logical systems of the former type, in which Logic is merged in Metaphysics or Ontology. The Dialectic of Plato is one specimen, and the Logic of Hegel is another.

II. The analytical logical systems commence properly with Aristotle. They have assumed one of two phases, as the *formal* or the *material* perfection of Science has occupied the front place. (In Aristotle, Science is analysed both formally and materially,—as to its *form*, chiefly in the treatise on Enunciation, and in the Prior Analytics; as to its *matter*, chiefly in the remaining treatises of the *Organon*.)

(1.) Does the logician aim at the analysis of all or some of the elements which constitute *Formal* Perfection? The system of Pure and Verbal Logic is the result, and that system, originally developed in the Greek Analytics, has been further purified, extended, and simplified in the Lectures of Sir William Hamilton.

(2.) Is the *Material* Perfection of Science the ideal of the logician, and the exclusive or principal object of his analysis? Logic becomes the theory and art of the interpretation of Nature, when the English names of Bacon, Locke, Mill, and Whewell suggest themselves.

The "Lectures" of Sir William Hamilton constitute a treatise mainly in Pure or Formal part of Logic,—which, although the foundation of all logical science, has for two centuries been

little cultivated in Scotland. Scotland is now, for the first time, represented in this part of the literature of Logic. The Aristotelian and Ramist doctrine was indeed prominent in the instruction of our Universities in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but these Lectures are the first properly Scottish treatise of any moment in Formal Logic. Syllogistic analysis was disparaged by what is called the "Scottish School" of Philosophy, as represented by Reid, Campbell, Stewart, and Brown, and in its place we have the aspirations of Stewart after a "rational" and "philosophical" Logic.

The "Lectures," at the same time, contain expositions, avowedly only supplementary, in what Sir William Hamilton calls Modified Logic. Twenty-two lectures are devoted to Formal, and nine to Modified Logic. The definition adopted in the Lectures—the science of pure thought—is applicable exclusively to the formal part of Logic. The Appendix, which occupies almost a half of the second volume, in which the most suggestive and original part of the book may be found, and in which we may watch the Science in the process of formation in the author's mind, is almost entirely devoted to the discussion of doctrines regarding logical forms.

A conspectus of the course is given in the fourth lecture (pp. 64–68), to which we refer our readers. The following passage describes the principle on which Pure and Modified Logic are distinguished by Sir William Hamilton:—

"Pure Logic considers Thought Proper simply and in itself, and apart from the various circumstances by which it may be affected in its actual application. Human thought, it is evident, is not exerted, except by men and individual men. By men, thought is not exerted out of connection with the other constituents of their intellectual and moral character, and, in each individual, this character is variously modified by various contingent conditions of different original genius, and of different circumstances contributing to develop different faculties and habits. Now, there may be conceived a science, which considers thought not merely as determined by its necessary or universal laws, but as contingently affected by the empirical conditions under which thought is actually exerted;—which shows what these conditions are, how they impede, and in general, modify the act of thinking, and how, in fine, their influence may be counteracted. This science is Modified or Concrete Logic. . . . It can be questioned whether Modified or Concrete Logic be entitled to the dignity of an essential part of Logic in general, far less of a co-ordinate species as opposed to Pure or Abstract Logic. You are aware, from what I have previously stated under the first introductory question, that Logic, as conversant about a certain class of mental phenomena, is only a part of the general Philosophy of Mind; but that, as exclusively conversant about *what is necessary* in the phenomena of thought, that is,

the *laws* of thinking, it is contradistinguished from Empirical Psychology, or that Philosophy of Mind which is merely observant and inductive of the mental phenomena *as facts*. But if Modified or Concrete Logic be considered either as a part or as a species of General Logic, this discrimination of Logic, as the Nomology of thought, from Psychology, as the Phenomenology of Mind, will not hold. For Modified Logic, presupposing a knowledge of the general and the contingent phenomena of mind, will thus either comprise (Phenomenal) Psychology within its sphere, or be itself comprised within the sphere of Psychology. But, whichever alternative may be preferred, the two sciences are no longer distinct. It is on this ground that I hold, that, in reality, Modified Logic is neither an essential part nor an independent species of General Logic, but that it is a mere mixture of Logic and (Empirical) Psychology, and may, therefore, be called either Logical Psychology, or Psychological Logic. There is thus, in truth, only one Logic,—that is, Pure or Abstract Logic. . . . Pure Logic is the only science of Logic, Modified Logic being only a scientific accident, ambiguously belonging either to Logic or to Psychology.”—(Vol. i., 60–63.)

Whether we are so to describe Logic, as that either the object to which thought is applied, or the subject by which it is employed, shall form a part of its essence, or only its scientific accident, perhaps appears a question of arbitrary definition—a verbal question, which relates to the extension, not of the science, but of the name. But the definition of a word which signifies a science, is more than merely arbitrary. It refers to laws and phenomena which are independent of human will; and it may be advantageous or the reverse, as, on the one hand, it precisely exhausts a class of objects which in themselves invite us to associate them in the same science, or, on the other, errs either through deficiency or excess. The objects presented to us for scientific treatment have real relations to one another that are independent of our arbitrary nomenclature. These relations, and the province which they represent, demand obedience on the part of definitions, if our factitious generalizations are to interpret the realities that are presented to us.

“The meaning of a term actually in use,” says Mr Mill, “is not an arbitrary quantity to be fixed, but an unknown quantity to be sought.” And it is to be sought, partly by reference to the real relations of dependence among the objects to which it points, partly also by the usage of our predecessors in the application of the name. Do the relations of the Form, to Nature and Man—the object and efficient cause of Science—make it necessary or expedient that all the three should be investigated in turn within the same intellectual province? If so, this fact must regulate our definition of Logic. And has the term Logic hitherto been applied by all (or at least by many) logicians to the philosophical

analysis of the matter and the manufacturer, as well as of the mere form of reasoned knowledge? If it has, we are bound, in the construction of our definition, to recognise all the three, unless it can be proved that they are incapable of advantageous scientific association.

Sir William Hamilton acknowledges that "the example of most logicians" is a precedent for the introduction of Modified Logic into his course, while he protests against its recognition as a part of the science. His definition of Logic, which confines the logician exclusively to "what is necessary" in the phenomena of thought, forbids any other treatment of what is only contingent and circumstantial. The consequent anomaly of a Modified Logic is justified, not by scientific principle, but on the ground of its utility and of example. "As all sciences," he says, "are only organized for human ends, and as a general consideration of the modifying circumstances which affect the abstract laws of thought in their actual manifestations is of great practical utility, I trust I shall not be regarded as deforming the simplicity of the science, if I follow the example of most modern logicians, and add (be it under protest) to Pure or Abstract Logic, a part, or an appendix, under the name of Modified Logic" (vol. i., p. 63).

The definition of Logic which accepts *science*, and not merely *pure thought*, as within the range of logical investigation, receives Modified Logic on scientific, as well as on utilitarian grounds, while it reserves for the Theory of Logical Forms the first place in the order of investigation, and the regulating power in the organization of the whole system. This definition alone satisfies the traditional associations of the word, and the utilitarian aspirations of logicians, while it may be made the basis of a consistent intellectual structure.

But we pass on, in the meantime, to one of the parts into which the logical province is divided,—Pure or Formal Logic, in which Science is analysed merely as thought, or in reference exclusively to its *formal* perfection.

"That Logic," says Kant (and by Logic he means Pure or Formal Logic exclusively), "that Logic has proceeded in a sure course from the earliest times is manifest from this, that since Aristotle it has not needed to retrace a step, unless in the way of clearing off useless subtleties, or developing with more precision what had been previously suggested—changes which belong rather to the scientific beauty than to the certainty of its teaching. This much, however, is specially interesting in regard to Logic—*since the days of Aristotle, it has not been able to take any step in advance, and thus, to appearance, it has attained its perfect development.*"

The only considerable exception to the truth of these last words is to be found in the history of the science since they were written, and especially in its history as influenced by Kant himself. The labours of the German logical analysts of the present century have introduced a new epoch in the history of logical forms, converting what, in this country at least, had become a chaos of technical rules, into a system of unequalled symmetry and scientific beauty.

The post-Kantian reform, vigorously pursued in Germany, has attained its most advanced point in Sir William Hamilton, who, by his discoveries, has done more than any modern logician to illustrate the capacity for progress with which, notwithstanding its traditional immobility, the science of logical forms is endowed. It may be granted that this part of Philosophy has been seldomer than any other visited by men of original genius. Some of the most eminent philosophers have, in fact, been satisfied to remain in ignorance of what they have disparagingly described as "the logic of the schools," which has thus been very much consigned to the pedantry of a lower order of minds. These Lectures show how great a transformation may take place in even the most conservative regions of the intellectual globe, when they are placed under the government of a powerful intellect.

But we must offer some illustrations of the tendency to change and progress now manifested in the China of the philosophical world. Compare the Pure Logic offered in these Lectures, with the Pure Logic, for example, of Dr Whately, whose "Elements" may be taken as a specimen of the best doctrine current in Great Britain in the last generation. Coleridge speaks of his "inability to conceive how any one can, by any spinning, make out more than ten or a dozen pages about syllogistic logic," adding, that "all these absurd forms of syllogism are one-half pure sophisms, and the other half forms of rhetoric." Dr Whately does not attempt any spinning. He takes what had been done to his hands, and associates it with examples more felicitous and amusing than those of any British logician. He assumes the four logical forms of Proposition (A. E. I. O.), as given in the schools of Greece, and through these, developes, in the usual manner, the theory of Syllogism, by the help of the canons and rules, thereby deducing the nineteen Forms of Categoricals, and displaying, as he proceeds, the capacity of Propositions for *Conversion*, and of Syllogisms for *Reduction*.

While the formal science of the "Elements" is condensed within a few pages, that of the "Lectures" is expanded over a large volume. Almost for the first time since Aristotle, Formal Logic, abandoned in general to the secondary order of minds, has received the full strength of a great philosophical intellect.

By what process of "spinning" has the science been transformed? We shall try to explain very shortly the nature of the change, the means by which it has been produced, and some of its consequences.

The intellectual units of which every Science is composed may assume either of two forms, — Concepts, and Judgments or Reasonings. We think, understand, exercise our elaborative faculty, either, on the one hand, through Concepts, or, on the other, through Judgments, *i.e.*, *immediate* analyses of what is latent in conception, and Reasonings, *i.e.*, *mediate* analyses of what we conceive. The creations of understanding, when in the state of Notions or Concepts, are unanalysed. Judgments and Reasonings are analysed Concepts. Propositions and Syllogisms, in the view of Formal Logic, are simply explications of what is already latent in the meaning of the Common Terms of which they are constituted. Its judgments and reasonings are what Kant calls analytical,—in contrast to *a priori* and *a posteriori* synthetical judgments. The principle of the CONCEPT or COMMON TERM, is thus the fundamental principle of all formal analysis. The logical forms of Proposition and Syllogism are the modes in which the meanings of Common Terms may be immediately or mediately analysed, without a contradiction in terms being involved in the analysis.

Now, the ordinary British manuals of the old school, including Dr Whately's, in their treatment of Formal Logic, are chiefly occupied in the display of certain forms of Proposition and Syllogism. Notions or Concepts, which Propositions and Syllogisms immediately and mediately analyse, are almost forgotten. No previous review of the logical constituents of Concepts is made, and in consequence no estimate can be formed of the sufficiency of the formal analysis of judgments and reasonings that is offered. The syllogistic structure is reared on the basis of the four Forms of Proposition. But the question, whether these four are *all* the Forms of Proposition that are logically possible, is not asked, nor are the materials for an answer to it supplied. The materials must be gathered from a logical examination of the Concept, or intellectual result common to every act of generalization.

Again. In the older British manuals, the Axioms and Postulates of Logic are (often imperfectly) *acted on* without being *stated*. A kind of necessity is roughly recognised in fact, and as a matter of common sense, which is not expressly acknowledged in any form of words. The unity and completeness of the science is thus marred, in the same way as Geometry would be, if its Axioms and Postulates were not displayed, and the science of mathematical quantity were reduced to incoherent fragments

of its present mass, resting on no express basis of Axioms or Postulates at all.

The discovery and application of a remedy to these two defects constitutes the Hamiltonian Revolution in the formal part of Logic.

The seventh and five following lectures contain an analysis, partly psychological and partly formal, of Notions or Concepts. These lectures are perhaps the most valuable and interesting in the series. They are the key to the logical system of which they form a part. Along with Dr Mansel's *Prolegomena*, they are by far the clearest and most satisfactory exposition (with corrections and additions) that has appeared of what the German logicians, since Kant, have been struggling to express. The fifth and sixth lectures contain a statement, with copious historical and critical commentary, of the Axioms and Postulates of Logic. In the remainder of the first volume, as well as in the suggestive and curious appendix to the second, we have the scientific conclusions respecting the forms of Proposition, and of immediate and mediate Inference, which have been reached, by a more searching formal analysis of the results of our generalizing faculty, and a more consistent application to them of the conditions to which every act of Understanding must conform, than has ever been attempted in this country.

Formal Logic, by this means, is transformed, from a mass of empirical rules of reasoning, into a science of the necessary relations, not merely of reasoning in particular, but of thought in general. And it becomes a body of demonstrations like those of Mathematics. The system unfolded in these lectures, for example, might be given, after the fashion of Geometry, in a series of Theorems, mutually related, and all dependent on the Axioms and Postulates. The strictly demonstrative character of the science could be represented by a translation, more explicit than has been attempted in these Lectures, of its doctrines into this form, and by a more immediate application to them of the fundamental Axioms. Indeed, the two lectures in which the Axioms of the science are stated and explained, are, for the purpose now referred to, too much isolated from the body of the science that rests upon them. The appeal to them in the progress of the science is virtual rather than ostensible.

Pure Logic and Pure Mathematics—the two most ancient of the sciences—are both alike sciences of QUANTITY. They are both systems of demonstrations concerning the relation of Whole and Parts. Concepts are really, if not ostensibly, treated by the formal logician as quantities, which stand, in any and every science, in fixed quantitative relations to other Concepts. The elementary doctrines of Logic are the quantitative relations of

Concepts to one another, in Proposition and Syllogism, which can be deduced, by means of the Axioms, from the essential elements of the Concept or Common Term. That the Formal part of Logic is a science of quantitative relations, and that in this respect it stands in exclusive association with Mathematics, while in other respects they are mutually opposed, is well stated by Sir William Hamilton in the following passage:—

“Logic (Formal) is exclusively conversant about thought strictly so denominated, and thought proper is the cognition of one object of thought by another, *in* or *under* which it is mentally included; in other words, thought is the knowledge of a thing through a concept or general notion, or of one notion through another. In thought, all that we think about is considered either as *something containing*, or as *something contained*. In other words, every process of thought is only a cognition of the *necessary relations* of our concepts. This being the case, it need not move our wonder that Logic, within its proper sphere (*i.e.*, as pure or formal), is of such irrefragable certainty, that, in the midst of all the revolutions of philosophical doctrines, it has stood not only unshattered, but unshaken. In this respect, Logic and Mathematics stand alone among the sciences, and their peculiar certainty flows from the same source. Both are conversant about the relations of certain *a priori* forms of intelligence:—Mathematics about the necessary forms of IMAGINATION; Logic about the necessary forms of UNDERSTANDING; Mathematics about the relations of our Representations of objects as out of each other in space and time; Logic about the relations of our Concepts of objects, as in or under each other,—that is, as in different relations, respectively containing and contained. Both are thus demonstrative or absolutely certain sciences only as each developes what is given,—what is given as necessary in the mind itself.”—(i. 42, 43.)

The pages of a modern book of Formal Logic, even on a cursory glance, are seen to resemble the pages of a treatise in Algebra. Symbols and symbolic notation take the place of common words and concrete examples. This is a consequence of the essential nature, and, also in part, of the recent progress of the science. We witness the same phenomenon in the Prior Analytics of Aristotle—the earliest systematic treatise on Logical Forms. The modern progress of the formal view of the science has, however, rendered this characteristic more obtrusive. Formal Logic treats of abstractions more remote from reality than any other science does. It may employ concrete examples in its demonstrations, but in so doing it eliminates the *distinctive* meaning of each term, regarding each as significant only of *notional quantity in the abstract*. A symbolic notation is thus convenient in Logic, for the same reason that it is convenient in Algebra. In the words of ordinary language we have ready-made symbols of notional quantities; but then

they are at the same time *the symbols of a great deal more, i.e.,* of all the special meaning proper to the separate notions which they represent. But of these special meanings,—distinct from meaning as such, or as an abstract quantity,—the forms of Logic cannot render an account. In order to appreciate the science as a body of abstract and necessary truth, as well as to escape from the confusion occasioned by the introduction of words significant by usage of much more than the merely formal or quantitative relations of notions, logicians must forsake ordinary verbal signs, and betake themselves to sensuous representations, cyphers, and a notation of abstract symbols constructed for their own purposes.

Two vital points, connected with the conception and method of the science of logical forms, may here be alluded to. A distinct apprehension of them is necessary to an intelligent study of the system. We refer to the *kind* of quantity which the formal logician measures, and to the *mode* in which he may estimate it.

With regard to the former of these points, we have only to recollect the common character of all generalizations or formations of the elaborative faculty. They all involve a knowledge of the many as one. They all illustrate the power of the mind to *conceive, i.e.,* to know, by means of common attributes, the many as one—to know in concept.

Now, a conversion of the *many* into one, *by means of common attributes*, implies, in the mental product of every such conversion, *objects converted*, and the *attributes* by which the conversion is effected. Every Concept may, accordingly, be viewed either as a Class, or as a bundle of Attributes. As a class it is conceived as extending to a plurality of objects; as a collection of attributes it contains a meaning. The logician may provide formulas for measuring Concepts in respect of either or both of these two elements. Notions may be logically compared either as extensive or comprehensive,—as endowed with *extent*, and also with *content*. The earlier logicians, with few exceptions, recognised only those relations of notions which arise out of their *extent*—as classes. Sir William Hamilton puts forward, as entitled to equal logical prominence, those logical relations which emerge from the *content* of notions,—thus rendering the logical system more complete scientifically, and at the same time placing it in a relation of closer sympathy with modern science. The recognition of the twofold possible relation of the Concept—as extensive and intensive—is one of the foundations of a system which aims at an *exhaustive* development, in Proposition and Syllogism, of the formal relations that are latent in the Concept.

The application of the correlation between the *extent* and *content* of Concepts to the formal theory of judgment and reasoning, suggested by Sir William Hamilton, is one of the most remarkable features of the new analytic. It yields, in the first place, the division of propositions offered in the thirteenth, and of syllogisms in the sixteenth and seventeenth lectures. Propositions and syllogisms may be interpreted in reference either to the *extent* or to the *content* of the notions that are analysed in them. "Man is mortal," signifies, in a proposition of *extension*, "man is contained under the class mortal;" it means, "man contains (among the attributes which form the logical essence of the notion) the attribute mortality," when the proposition is read intensively, or in relation to its *content*.

The recognition, in the formulas of Logic, so far as it can be scientifically worked out, of the *content* as well as the extent of Concepts, not merely adds to the completeness of the theory of logical forms, but also adapts, as we have said, the propositional and syllogistic system better to the modern idea of science. In ancient science words were primarily significant of *classes*; in modern science they are more immediately significant of *attributes*. Aristotle, indeed, recognises both, in his rules for predication in each kind, and in the contrast between *generic* and *attributive* predication; and subsequent logicians have distinguished the *extent* and *content* of notions; but, from oversight, or because the deficiency was less felt in the ancient habit of thought, or through inability to develop the forms of thought when science is regarded as a system of correlated *attributes*, the principle has not hitherto germinated in their hands. Even in those of Sir William Hamilton it is only partially applied, and much yet remains to test its practical importance, as an organ for expressing science, on the side that is *most* cognate to the modern mind. Nevertheless, his alternative interpretation of the formulas of Logic, as significant alike of the *extent* or *content* of Concepts, while it illustrates the elasticity and expansive power of the science, has already added to the facilities it affords for testing the varieties of meaning of which the formal perfection of science is the complement.

So much for the pure intellectual material, as it were, which the logician has to measure and represent in formulas. Now for the number and arrangement of the formulas which that material requires for its measurement, in all the varieties of statement and inference which scientific knowledge does or may assume. The formulas in which we logically express *inferences* depend upon a previous determination of the formulas which are necessary for a full logical expression of the varieties of *pro-*

position. The four propositional forms of the old Logic distinguish propositions as Affirmations or Negations, relating to *subjects* which may be either Universal or Particular. On this principle any categorical proposition must, when viewed formally, be a Universal Affirmative, a Universal Negative, a Particular Affirmative, or a Particular Negative. Is this classification exhaustive? We have already found that it may be virtually extended by the capacity, latent in every proposition, for being read either extensively or intensively. But is that the only direction in which this part of Logic may be expanded?

We may suppose an addition to the number of propositional forms to be made in two ways:—by an express measurement or quantification of *both* terms, instead of the *subject* term only as in the scholastic formulas;—or by a more *detailed* measurement of our notions than the old logical language for quantification (“all,” and “some”) permits. The former of these two modes of expansion is the one proposed by Sir William Hamilton as the organ of logical reform; the latter is rejected by him as logically incompetent and cumbrous.

The second of these means for adding to and modifying the formulas of proposition—and, consequently, of syllogism—has been advocated by some eminent logicians,—especially in recent times by Mr De Morgan,—who virtually proposed to introduce the mathematical whole and mathematical measurement into Logic. Sir William Hamilton complains of the vast evolution of logical forms which must follow from the introduction of any quantification *between* the absolutely universal (all, every) and the merely particular (some) pre-designations; and objects that the inevitable complication of the system, by an express quantification of the *comparative* extension of notions, is really of little use in relation to *science*, which is conversant with perfect and not with merely approximate generalizations, while its recognition in Logic introduces a cumbrous load of propositional and syllogistic forms. Universal and Particular, or, as he terms them, Definite and Indefinite quantification, is alone recognised by him. He has, indeed, suggested some refined modifications, in the signification of the symbols of each kind of quantity, and in particular a notation of “some,” according as it is significant of “some only,” “some at most,” and “some at least” (see vol. ii., pp. 278–81).

The *express* quantification of the *Predicate*, and not the expression of *comparative* quantity, is, as is well known to students of Logic, the principle applied by Sir William Hamilton for the expansion and simplification of the logical system. To discuss that principle in its theory, to exhibit its consequences in detail, and to announce and classify the formulas of which it is the

parent, would be to write a treatise in Formal Logic. A re-organization of the whole scheme of logical forms is the natural consequence of this doctrine; a movement which has been carried out only in part by Sir William Hamilton. The next step in advance in this part of Logic is a more complete and methodical development of the New Analytic, the adjustment of doubtful forms of proposition and inference, and the arrangement of the collective mass on the most convenient principle, as the logical calculus of the Formal Perfection of all scientific knowledge, and also as the practical instrument for the analysis of the actual masses of reasoned knowledge which men are forming and storing up in language. Those volumes present a remarkable advance in the scientific beauty and symmetry of the system of logical forms. To make good that advance, the new doctrine must be worked on its practical, as well as contemplated on the speculative side. It has still to overcome the repugnance of the forms of ordinary language, when they are required to express what the new analytic has discovered in the form of thought.

The Categorical Syllogism is the one perfect formula of Reasoning or Mediate Inference. In it all the forms of immediate, tentative, and preparatory inference ought to culminate; from it all the varieties of which it is susceptible, and which, in the processes by which scientific knowledge is produced, it actually receives, should be made to emerge. The system of Logical Formulas may be evolved one by one from the principle of the Concept, under the regulation of the Axioms of Logic, in some such order as the following:—

1. Propositional Formulas; *i.e.*, possible forms of statement or proposition—hypothetical or tentative, and categorical or absolute.
2. Formulas of Immediate Inference, *i.e.*, possible forms into which the evolution of propositions without a medium from other propositions must be resolved, including all inferences (hypothetical, disjunctive, etc.) that are not categorical or absolute.
3. Formula of Mediate Inference, or the essential form of Categorical Syllogism.

4. The accidental variations of Form of which Mediate Inference or Categorical Syllogism is susceptible, and especially those which it actually receives in the reasonings and sciences of men.

The long list of Forms, under each of these heads, which may be deduced from the Concept viewed as a Quantity, when it is explicated into Propositions, Immediate Inferences, and Reasonings or Mediate Inferences with their accidental variations, constitutes Formal Logic, and may be set forth by means of the symbolic notation which the science admits. Even with the two modes of

Quantity (Definite and Indefinite) which the New Analytic offers to express, and without the introduction of mathematical quantity at all, students of Logic have sufficient scope for discovery, in finding new forms, or in reducing to greater simplicity and scientific beauty those which their calculus already possesses. In this part of Logic, too, they find a model of the formal perfection of science, worthy of being contemplated *merely as such*, and apart from any ulterior uses to which it might be put.

But what of these "ulterior uses?" Is there no other reason for recommending a diligent study of logical forms and their scientific phraseology than the intellectual exercise which it offers, and a prospect of the symmetry which they may be made to yield for the contemplation of the student? Of themselves, these reasons are good ones. We do not know an exercise more fitted to educate the idea of science and the feeling of scientific certainty, in the mind of a modern reader, than a thorough intellectual assimilation of the System of Pure Logic contained in the first volume of these Lectures.

But, apart from the aliment which it thus affords to the scientific taste, a wise study of *the forms of logical expression that are latent in the Concept* may be attended by many important advantages. Of these we have only room to indicate two:—its tendency to correct an abuse of language, and its tendency to keep before the mind a valuable general truth in human nature. A word on each.

It is impossible for any one to *think* informally. Illogical reasoning may appear in oral and written language, but it cannot be a part of our conscious experience. When the Axioms of Logic are violated, in any set of spoken or written words, the speaker or writer cannot be conscious of what the words mean, as thus related. He cannot produce in consciousness what is contradictory in terms. He must be using words, while he is not fully awake to their proposed relations to one another. A contradiction, latent in the words, is, through confusion of thought, concealed by the words from him who uses (or rather abuses) them. The essential ambiguity of language accounts for the fact that words are frequently the vehicle of contradictions which cannot be experienced in consciousness, and cannot find a place in any of those forms to which all thought that is really such must be conformed. Informal reasonings are due to the confusion induced by the imperfection of language. The logical calculus of science, if not an organ for the discovery of truth, may at least be employed in the discovery of this kind of error. It does not put meaning into words, but it helps us to discover

an inconsistent relation among words, after meaning has been put into them. The study of Language naturally culminates in the study of Logic. Grammar is an appropriate path to the forms of Dialectic. These cannot conquer for us fresh fields of knowledge, but they are a powerful and indispensable auxiliary to language in maintaining our dominion over what we have, or believe that we have, already conquered.

But the philosophical study of the formal or fundamental part of Logic, while it aids in the discovery of the informality, in our scientific or general knowledge, of which language is the cover, and thus determines for us what, *within our universe of thought or hypothesis*, we are logically bound to think, is also a standing memorandum of *the limited results which are competent to thinking*. As Locke and Kant have emphatically proclaimed, mere thinking is not, and cannot be, physical discovery; it cannot add to, and can only elaborate into new forms, by proposition and reasoning, division and definition, the matter that has been given to it to propound, reason about, divide, and define. By familiarity with the necessary forms of scientific perfection, and by a systematic application of these forms to professed specimens of science, we may decide whether our previous hypothetical knowledge must, on pain of a contradiction in terms, yield the specimens; but we cannot, by the same means, decide upon the real truth of the hypotheses themselves, nor by any logical manipulation with these hypotheses can we render them more true. Men are subject to the illusion that a merely elaborative activity may extend the area of their intellectual insight. But on the formal side of logical science we are taught, that this sort of activity, while it may improve the intellectual quality of our Concepts, cannot, in itself, promote their harmony with reality—a wholesome and much needed lesson regarding the limitation of the mere understanding.

One who has thus purified and elevated his ideal of the form of science, by a contemplation of the model which this part of Logic offers to him,—who is habitually, with its aid, eliminating confusion from his notions, as propounded and reasoned in language,—and who is deepening his conviction that no manipulation with terms, in the way of defining, dividing, and reasoning out what they mean, can possibly add to that meaning, or render it truer than it was before,—is gaining some of the most important advantages which Logic, merely as a formal science, is fitted to yield. But is he reaping all the benefits of Logic, according to the best conception of it? Must Logic, as the science of science, be confined to the analysis of the *formal* perfection of our scientific knowledge, and excluded from any effort to analyse the *matter* which may be introduced into

scientific forms, and the elements in *human consciousness* which promote or impede the formation of Real Science? Can science be treated scientifically only in the way of an analysis of the various non-contradictory forms which thought is able to offer for its reception? Must the "Logic" of our universities and public examinations be confined to a symbolical calculation of the propositional and syllogistic relations of Concepts? Does Logic merely supply the forms, in which we clearly and distinctly manifest, what was previously held obscurely or by implication? Is it only the Art of showing-forth what is already contained in Premises—of explicating what is latent in Hypotheses? Does the formal part of the science, which, according to Dr Mansel, "from the days of Kant has been gradually advancing to perfection," comprehend all that can be included in the logical system? Is the ideal of a Logical System proposed at the commencement of this article incapable of being further realized?

An affirmative answer to these questions, whether or not it is the just answer, at any rate assigns to the logician of the 19th century a narrower and less influential position, in relation to the sciences and to human life, than that occupied by his predecessors in former periods of the restored activity of the science. The prevailing modern conception of the limits of human understanding, and of the dependence of science on the successful interpretation of Nature, has attenuated the "logic of the schools," in the very act of rendering it, in the hands of Kant and Hamilton and Dr Mansel, more purely scientific and demonstrative. It has wholly removed Logic, as formal, from its ancient basis of Realism, and placed it on that of Nominalism. The Baconian revolution in the methods of scientific research has, in short, precipitated the Kantian and Hamiltonian reform, in what has now become in consequence merely the Science of Scientific Expression.

The formal unfolding of the logical consequences latent in hypotheses, and especially in the received meanings of ordinary words, was relatively of greater importance in ancient than in modern science. Ancient mediæval science was essentially a development of what is contained in vulgar premises—an explication, in definitions, divisions, and syllogisms, of what was assumed in current words and maxims. Science was then, more than it now is, an unpacking of the meanings that were circulating, under cover, in the words of ordinary language. The Categories and the Syllogistic Analytics were the two main branches of the mediæval Logic. The Categories were artificial titles under which knowledge was to be arranged. Syllogisms were forms in which the truths assumed to be contained under

the Categories were to be evolved. The whole mechanism was fitted to an age apt to look for the extension of its knowledge to a mere unfolding, in definitions, divisions, and reasonings, of Notions accepted without a previous inductive criticism of their contents. Truth was looked for through an orderly dissection of the meaning of Words, more than in the critical formation of that meaning, by a comparative examination of what happens in Nature.

It is easy to see that, in this condition of mind, forms of classification, proposition, and inference hold a place in science (and accordingly in the science of science) different from that which the modern British mind assigns to them. In a past age, they were a necessary framework, on which Truth, already latent, might be displayed,—the act of displaying them being the act of forming science. The logician was not so much the formal analyst of thought, as the creator of the only perfect apparatus for the deductive explication of what was believed to be true. From Plato to Bacon, the prevailing habit was to resolve science into Ideas, and to overlook Facts, as unworthy of the philosopher. From Bacon to Hume we mark an extreme reactionary inclination to resolve science exclusively into Facts or objects of Experience. Since the sceptical criticism of Hume has occasioned a comprehensive survey of the nature and origin of science, the prevailing tendency has been to a recognition of each element,—with a divorce of the theory of logical forms from both.

That the analysts of science are dissatisfied with the merely formal side of what is given to them, when it is given as the exclusive object of logical analysis, is plain from various symptoms. What has been called the Baconian Logic is a protest against the restraint; and Mr Mill, at the other extreme, can hardly be said to entertain Logic formally at all. Many of those who insist on the narrower view of the logical system, do not themselves keep within its bounds. Some of the most valuable parts of Dr Whately's *Elements* are, on his own view, extra-logical. Even Dr Mansel acknowledges that "the compass of Formal Logic" is "small;" and that its "contents, though clear and definite, are, taken by themselves, too meagre to be an adequate substitute for the miscellaneous reading which is at present misnamed logical." He proposes to supplement the defect by combining with the study of logical forms a study of the psychological data which they assume. Material Logic he rejects, along with some recent German analysts, on the ground that "it has no alternative between an impossible universality and an arbitrary exclusiveness, and can only be employed as a bad means of collecting desultory information on many subjects." The con-

tributions already made to the analysis of Science, as governed by physical law, while limited by the finitude of intelligence, prove that a logical theory of *what we think about* need neither be a system of universal knowledge nor a mere miscellaneous aggregate of "useful" truths.

By his example, and in some measure by his precepts, Sir William Hamilton countenances an extension of logical study beyond the Axioms and their immediate application to pure thought. Not to speak of the second, the first volume of these Lectures, which professedly is confined to Formal Logic, contains much psychological, metaphysical, and historical matter interspersed. But the following reasons are offered for at least putting in a subordinate place the theory of science on its objective side :—

"Of the two branches into which it (Logic) falls, Formal Logic, or Logic Proper, demands the principal share of our attention, and this for various reasons.

"In the *first* place, considered in reference to the quantity of their contents, Formal Logic is a far more comprehensive and complex science than Material. For, to speak first of the latter:—if we abstract from the specialities of particular objects and sciences, and consider only the rules which ought to govern our procedure in reference to the object-matter of the sciences in general—and this is all that a Universal Logic can propose—these rules are few in number, and their application simple and evident. A Material or Objective Logic (except in special subordination to the circumstances of particular sciences) is, therefore, of very narrow limits, and all that it can tell us is soon told. Of the former, on the other hand, the reverse is true. For though the highest laws of thought be few in number, and though Logic Proper be only an articulate exposition of the universal necessity of these, still the steps through which this exposition must be accomplished, are both many and multiform.

"In the *second* place, the doctrines of Material Logic are not only far fewer and simpler than those of Formal Logic, they are also less independent; for the principles of the latter, once established, those of the other are either implicitly confirmed, or the foundation laid on which they can be easily rested.

"In the *third* place, the study of Formal Logic is a more improving exercise; for, as exclusively conversant with the laws of thought, it necessitates a turning back of the intellect upon itself, which is a less easy, and therefore a more invigorating, energy, than the mere contemplation of the objects directly presented to our observation.

"In the *fourth* place, the doctrines of Formal Logic are possessed of an intrinsic and necessary evidence; they shine out by their native light, and do not require any proof or corroboration beyond that which consciousness itself supplies. They do not, therefore, require, as a preliminary condition, any apparatus of acquired knowledge.

ormal Logic is, therefore, better fitted than Material, for the purposes of academical instruction; for the latter, primarily conversant with the conditions of the external world, is in itself a less invigorating exercise, as determining the mind to a feebler and more ordinary exertion, and, at the same time, cannot adequately be understood without the previous possession of such a complement of information; it would be unreasonable to count upon, in the case of those who are only commencing their philosophical studies."—(ii., 232–33.)

Sir William Hamilton has given so large a share of his attention to the analysis of logical Forms, that the correlative analysis of logical Matter—the conditions of the *assumption of Premises*—is distinguished from the conditions of the *deduction of conclusions from Premises*—has received scanty justice at his hands. When Mixed or Material Logic is represented by an aggregate of empirical rules for the discovery of true Propositions—a useful supplement in its own way, and so far as it goes, to the demonstrative science of Syllogism—the estimate of the comparative merits of the two sides of Logic, given in the preceding passage, may be accepted. But those analysts of logical Matter who have formed the most advanced conception of this part of the science, aim at something more than a few vague and general rules. The analysis of the formal perfection of science, to which the elaborate system of logical forms is due, has been *thorough-going*, and because it has been so its doctrines are numerous. We find ourselves at work in a part of the Science of Science which is more profound, although it may be less prolific of discoveries, when we pass from the Formal to the Material part of the System—when we analyse the real world, in its relations to Proposition and Syllogism—the *objective cohesion* of natural order, and the natural means for unravelling it, instead of the *subjective cohesion* of verbal order, and the self-evident laws or its consistent expression—the *limits* of thought, and therefore of statement and reasoning, in a word, of science, regarding this same orderly universe of ours,—and, finally, *the ultimate Premises*, on which all reasoning, and therefore all science, depends. The Order of Nature, in its mediate and ultimate relations to the Understanding—the physical and metaphysical limits to our power of scientifically interpreting the orderly world that is offered to us in Space and Time—and the basis, speculative or practical, on which all our interpretations of it ultimately rest, and by which all our Premises are supported,—these are what the analyst of logical matter has to deal with, in any system of Mixed Logic which aims at a scientific analysis of the *matter*, as rigorous and penetrating as the counterpart analysis of the *form* of thought.

Take any part of this wide and difficult field of research

—the order of Nature, for example, and the method of interpreting it that must be common to all the sciences of Nature. Those who recollect the modern logical analysis of Nature, viewed as an object of scientific procedure, which pervades the philosophical writings of Bacon, Berkeley, Hume, Brown, and Mill,—the consequent modification of the old meaning of the word “experience” in the modern scientific mind,—with the many unsolved and now debated questions suggested by the relations between the observed order of nature and religious belief, may well imagine that in few parts of his science is the logician more importuned for answers which demand, on his part, the “invigorating energy” of a reflex action of the intellect. And if some of the answers sought for are beyond the reach of any human science, *the discovery, through reflection, of our inability to supply them*, is a discovery of ignorance not less precious than positive knowledge. But neither the positive answers nor the ignorance can be discovered by “a mere contemplation of the objects directly presented to our observation.”

Further. It may be granted that a scientific analysis of the *matter* of human science, with a view to ascertain the implied conditions of scientific procedure, is unable to produce a numerous body of demonstrations, akin to those which have given us the necessary forms of scientific thought and expression. This is only to acknowledge that the sphere of the probable and the contingent is not that of the demonstrative and necessary, and that the most thorough-going analysis of the former does not conduct us nearer to those necessities of pure thought, into which alone the necessities of concrete belief can never be resolved. The sphere of Material Logic, as less demonstrative, is more human than that of Pure Logic. This last, as the most abstract of the sciences, and, in its most advanced conception, more than ever a science of symbolic notation, is open to some (not all) of the objections which Sir William Hamilton has elsewhere so powerfully presented against an educational discipline that is chiefly mathematical.

Again. It is true that “Material Logic” is “less independent” than Formal Logic, in as far as material truth is subordinate to formal truth. Nothing which contradicts the axioms that constitute the *formal* perfection of science can be really true; but, on the other hand, whatever conforms to these axioms is not, *for that reason alone*, true in reality. Formal Logic, as the most abstract, is the most independent part of science. But, in this sense, the special sciences are less independent than either Formal or Material Logic, because (philosophically) dependent on both. The dependence of the logical analysis of the material which is presented for admission into scientific forms, upon a previous analysis of the forms themselves, is one among several

reasons for placing the material analysis second in order, in the development of the science of science, and for regulating Logic as mixed or material, by a reference to Logic as formal, not the latter by reference to the former. But it is not a reason for giving a monopoly of attention to Formal Logic.

Material or Mixed Logic, as understood by us, is, in short, Cosmology and Ontology, introduced into Logic—so far as is necessary for determining the nature of the real relations which connect together the things thought about, in the propositions and reasonings of which science is made up,—the limits of the propoundable,—what must ultimately be propounded,—and the rules for the legitimate assumption of Premises.

We regret, on philosophical as well as on educational grounds, that Mr Mill, in his attempt to found a system of Material Logic on the observed order of nature, has evaded what he calls the “metaphysical” questions which pervade the whole tissue of his argument. With all our admiration of his general talent, and his liberal and eclectic spirit, we regard him as in that respect ministering to the partial and one-sided “cultivation of the powers of Observation to the neglect of the higher faculties” with which, in the following passage, Sir William Hamilton charges the exclusive votaries of physical science at the present day :—

“In this department of knowledge there is chiefly demanded a patient habit of attention to details, in order to detect phenomena ; and, these discovered, their generalization is usually so easy that there is little exercise offered to the higher faculties of Judgment and Reasoning. It was Bacon's boast that Induction, as applied to nature, would equalize all talents, and leave little to be done by the force of individual intellect. This boast has been fulfilled ; Science has, by the Inductive Process, been brought down to minds, who previously have been incompetent for its cultivation, and physical knowledge now usefully occupies many who would otherwise have been without any rational pursuit. But the exclusive devotion to such studies, if not combined with higher or graver speculations, tends to wean the student from the more vigorous efforts of mind, which, though unamusing and even irksome at the commencement, tend, however, to invigorate his nobler powers, and to prepare him for the final fruition of the highest happiness of his intellectual nature.”—(Vol. ii., 138.)

The physical interpretation of Nature is founded on our conception of PHYSICAL ORDER, and on our faith in its permanence. The modern scientific habit may readily render this the exclusive and dominant conception of the mind, which then converts the final meaning of the universe and of life with the laws of the natural system, absorbing all in a narrow and rigid scientific Fatalism. But we find, when we turn from Science in its rela-

tions to Nature, to Science in its relations to Man in the fulness of his being, that the trust in Cosmical Order, of which Physical Logic is the theory, is not the *only* fundamental belief,—that it must be interpreted by a reference to deeper faiths, and to an Order more comprehensive and absolute than its own. We thus correct the partial sciolism of those who are blind to all that cannot be resolved into cosmological proof, by pointing to modifying Beliefs which are found, in the light of consciousness and of the whole history of man, to be not less worthy of trust and reverence than those which are formed by an inductive generalization of the events of the universe presented to us in space and time.

It is the comparative imperfection of what may be called the Cosmological and Ontological part of Logic, at least in a being of limited faculties like man, which demands, in a comprehensive logical system, an analysis of Science in its relations to Humanity, as well as in its relations to Thought and to Nature. In this, which we may term the Psychological and Historical part of Logic, the constitution of man in its catholic integrity, as revealed in consciousness and in history, the human occasions of error, and the human foundations of science, are sought for. The investigation embraces the influences, proceeding from man, by which the understanding is modified, and either carried away from Truth, or conducted to an insight which mere physical interpretation cannot give. The logician learns to correct and expand his previous theory, by the familiarity which he here gains with faith, and with the facts of MORAL, as well as those of Physical causation and order.

May we not anticipate in the Logic of the Future a further advance in the analysis of Science, as formal and also as physical,—conjoined with a more philosophical apprehension of the relation of each to the other, of the nature and limits of physical science in the finite mind, and of the many occasions of error to which man is exposed in his endeavours to form it. A system of Logic, founded on the results of the separate analysis in the past of the Formal and Material Elements of Science, will thus naturally occupy three points of view. As the science of science, it may attempt to analyse its object,—

1. In respect to its Formal Perfection.
2. In respect to the Theory of its Physical or Cosmological Development, as the interpretation of cosmical order.
3. In respect to the forces in Man, by which thought is or may be affected, in its efforts to elaborate true Science from the material that is offered to it in Nature.

Logic, when working at the first of these points of view, may be called Pure, Formal, and Verbal; at the second, Physical,

Cosmological, and Ontological; at the third, Modified, Psychological, and Historical.¹

In a final definition, we may, accordingly, describe Logic* as "the science of *human science*," and the three parts into which its teaching is in consequence resolved may be thus exhibited :—

I. Pure or Formal Logic.

II. Mixed or Material Logic {
 1. Physical, Cosmological, and
 Ontological, conducting to
 2. Modified, Psychological,
 and Historical.

This ideal thus summons the logical student to three departments of labour, of three degrees of difficulty, each related to the other, and all casting a reflex light on Science, by disclosing the formal laws of its formation, the physical and metaphysical limits within which it is possible, and its dependence on the human being by whom it is formed.

This is not the occasion for illustrating the past influence upon the progress of the sciences, and also as a principal organ in liberal education, of the occasional and more systematic efforts which have been made to analyse logically the Form and Matter of Science. The marvellous power of intellectual digestion manifested in the philosophy and theology of the middle ages must be referred to the medicinal properties of the formal Analytic of the Schools; the gradual purification and rectification of the modern code of physical discovery cannot be separated from the growth of juster logical views regarding physical causation, the order of nature, and the natural limits to our power of interpreting, either physically or metaphysically, the mysterious universe which is presented to us in space and time. These are two among many examples of the past and possible future

¹ We have just lighted upon a passage in the Appendix to his Lectures (p. 243) in which a threefold division of Logic, somewhat similar in principle, as it seems, to that implied throughout this article, is thus hinted at by Sir William Hamilton :—

"Perhaps, 1st, Formal Logic (from the laws of thought proper) should be distinguished from, 2d, Abstract Logic (material, but of abstract general matter); and then, 3d, A Psychological Logic might be added as a third part, considering how Reasoning, etc., is affected by the constitution of our minds."

² Metaphysics, on the view given above of the Logical System, is partly involved in that system; but it may also be treated at an independent point of view. In the current meaning of the term, Metaphysics is vaguely convertible with the Philosophy of Mind, or Psychology; in its stricter meaning it corresponds to Ontology, or the science which pretends to treat of Substance and Cause, apart from their manifestations in experience. As Ontology in particular, or Psychology in general, it may be approached (1) through Formal Logic,—when it becomes part of Logic, or (2) irrespectively of Logic,—either on its own account, or (*e.g.*) through Ethics, and for purposes of Ethical Science—in relation to the theory of Duty and the Good, instead of the theory of Science and the True.

influence of a study, which, more than any other, appeals to the higher mental faculties, and which has never, in any of its three phases, received the breath of human life, without reacting upon life in many direct and indirect ways.

The present article is purposely confined to some of those discussions regarding the Province of Logic, which arise when a science so comprehensive in its idea, and embracing elements which in the past have often been conflicting instead of conspiring, is recovering its prominence. We do not enter on the details of logical doctrine which the books before us present or suggest. We are, moreover, reluctantly compelled to keep back weighty passages contained in the Lectures which we had marked for quotation, including illustrations of the extracts from books far out of the reach of common readers, of which these volumes must always be regarded as an invaluable repertory. But they are of course in the hands of all students of philosophy, who will find several of the most interesting extracts to which we have now referred in the Lectures on the nature and occasions of error. They will also turn to the closing Lecture, on "Books as a means of Intellectual Improvement," by one whose personal intercourse with books, as the organ of information and speculative excitement, was probably more exclusive and intense than that of any other among his fellow-countrymen.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that these "Lectures" are, in their present form, a model of editorial ability. We may infer this from the deserved reputation of the editors for speculative acuteness and accuracy. Oxford and the Scottish Universities have been centres of logical study in Great Britain; and the most important British treatise in Formal Logic is appropriately introduced into the world by a representative of each. Dr Mansel is everywhere known as one of the foremost among living psychologists and logicians; and in the recent appointment of Mr Veitch to the Chair of Logic at St Andrews, the Universities of Scotland have an additional security for the transmission of their characteristic glory as lights of mental science in Europe.

ART. VI.—*Lord Macaulay's Place in English Literature.*

ALL the writings of Lord Macaulay, which, in his own judgment and in the judgment of his friends, seem worthy of a permanent place in English literature, have now been given to the world. His whole literary career, from an epitaph on Henry Martyn, written at the age of twelve, to the biography of William Pitt, the work of mature fifty-nine, is before us. Unfortunately we have nothing more to look for. It is well known that but little of the History has been left in a state which will allow of its publication; and Lord Macaulay's place in the world of letters must therefore be determined by what we already possess. His "Biography," it is true, has yet to be written. From that source, however, we can hope to hear nothing more of the writer; and it may even be doubted whether any very valuable addition will thereby be made to our knowledge of the man. The lives of most public men reveal their characters, and this was, in an especial degree, true of Lord Macaulay. Without being in any sense an egotist, he yet felt so warmly on public affairs, that in writing and speaking on them he unconsciously revealed himself. No one can handle themes of which his heart is full, without affording glimpses of his real nature. Lord Macaulay never wrote or spoke except on themes of which his heart was full; and hence in his writings and speeches the character of the man is more truly, because less intentionally, portrayed than in the writings of professed egotists like Byron or Rousseau. Nor should it be forgotten, that in political life, although the highest offices were denied him, he played no undistinguished part. He shared in the great Reform battles, in the storms which preceded the fall of the Melbourne Ministry, and in the bitterness of the opposition which arrayed itself against Peel. In these contests, and in the results which they entailed, ample opportunities were afforded for displaying all the qualities which dignify or discredit the career of a politician. No portraiture has yet been given to the public of Lord Macaulay's social and domestic characteristics, and on these, therefore, a stranger must be silent. But we know enough to enable us to assign him his place in the republic of letters, and to ascertain how far, in the great game of politics, his opinions were worthy to be accepted, and his example to be followed.

It is not, we confess, without hesitation that we attempt this subject. Lord Macaulay's death is still so recent, his loss is so irreparable to that most important branch of literature, the historical literature of our country, that we find it no easy matter

to discharge, with fitting composure, the duty of a critic. It is hard to be impartial in the midst of regret. When the feeling is strong upon us that the place which has been left vacant can never be supplied—that the task which has been left unaccomplished will never be completed—we are hardly able to be coldly impartial. So much, too, has been written on Macaulay, that it is impossible to write anything better than has been written already. But it is possible to write something more. His works have been reviewed as they variously appeared; but, until the present time, all his writings have never been brought together. It is now in our power to regard his labours as a whole, to notice the gradual development of style, to remark the growth of his ideas, and to admire the stability of his convictions. Such a study cannot be unimportant or uninteresting; and we shall endeavour to pursue it with as much impartiality as our fervent admiration for the great historian whom we have lately lost will allow.

When Lord Macaulay's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* first appeared in a collected form, the popularity which they obtained was quite unprecedented; nor has it been approached since by any of the compilations of a similar nature which have become so common. Sydney Smith's articles alone, from the humour, the sound sense, and the knowledge of the world which they display, are worthy to be placed beside them. But Lord Macaulay took a wider sweep than the accomplished churchman, and lent to a more varied range of subject the charm of a more brilliant style. Any detailed criticism of these essays now-a-days would be absurd. Everybody has read them, and the verdict of public opinion has been definitely pronounced. They are a perfect mine of information. We have criticism on poetry, on essay writing, and on novel writing, in the articles on Byron, on Addison, and on Madame D'Arblay. We have elaborate portraits of the greatest English statesmen—of Burleigh, of Walpole, and of Chatham. We have solutions of the most vexed questions of English history, as in the article on Sir William Temple. We have the great difficulty of Church and State connection discussed upon rational principles. And, above all, we have the magnificent Indian disquisitions. It is not too much to say, that an effect equal to the effect produced by "Lord Clive," and "Warren Hastings," was never produced by any two articles since article-writing began. In the paper on Clive, surprise was expressed at the general ignorance of Indian affairs, even among educated Englishmen. The publication of these two essays went far to dispel that ignorance. They could not, indeed, narrate the whole. Yet, any one who studies them attentively will at least have laid a good foundation for further in-

quiry. He will find that he has acquired not a little knowledge of the rise of our Indian empire, and of what may be called the Constitutional History of our rule in the East. And, what is of greater importance, he will find excited within him a very strong desire to learn more. India has been unhappy in her historians; but to these essays belongs the triumph that, in spite of the heaviness of Mill, the prolixity of Orme, and the common-placeness of Elphinstone, Englishmen are at last beginning to know something of the "annals of that marvellous empire which valour without parallel has annexed to the throne of the Isles."

But Lord Macaulay, great though he was as an essayist, has won for himself a more enduring title to fame. His genius was essentially historical. His first essays were historical; his best essays were historical; and, last of all, we have the History itself by which his reputation will be finally determined.

All of us remember the manner in which the first two volumes of the History were received. No book, not even the best of the Waverley series, ever experienced such popularity. The *Times* devoted not only articles, but leaders, to its praise. Every Review in the country went into ecstasies. One notorious exception indeed there was; but that exception only sufficed to bring out more forcibly the otherwise universal concord. Such harmony was too beautiful to last. Gradually faint murmurs of disapprobation made themselves heard. As years went on, these increased in number and deepened in tone, until the reaction reached a height on the appearance of volumes III. and IV. The greeting accorded to them differed markedly from that which had welcomed their more fortunate predecessors. Faults before unnoticed were pointed out; blemishes before hinted at were enlarged upon; beauties before brought into strong relief, were passed over or denied. The whirligig of time brought round revenges which might have satisfied even the soul of Mr Croker. The *Edinburgh Review* itself, bound to render all suit and service to its great contributor, began to falter in its allegiance. This was no more than might have been expected. Such changes from one extreme of opinion to the opposite extreme, are as common in literature as in anything else. But the reactionary spirit leads into as great error as the original enthusiasm. Every part of Lord Macaulay's history possesses peculiar and appropriate merits; but were a choice forced upon us, we should give the preference to the third and fourth volumes over the other two. The first part of the work, indeed, possessed the charm of novelty. All the more prominent characters were brought on the stage; and the celebrated second chapter, from the nature of its subject, stands alone. The brilliant circle which surrounded Charles II. is painted with the pencil of

Watteau, in colours rendered brighter by contrast with the sombre court of his successor. The fall of James from the height of almost absolute power to the long exile at St Germain, is traced in a manner hardly less dramatic than that in which Thucydides traces the fate of the Sicilian expedition from the bright midsummer morning on which it sailed, to its end in the quarries of Syracuse. Yet it is not too much to say that the varied powers of the historian are more displayed in the latter portion of his narrative. The siege of Derry is the most exciting thing in the book. The battle of Landen will bear a comparison even with the battle-pieces of Sir William Napier. The passage of the Boyne is finer than the rout of Sedgemoor. In these volumes, too, we have evidence of an ability, for the exercise of which the earlier volumes afforded no scope—we mean, the power of carrying on, without confusion, a complex story. From the beginning of the work down to the abdication of James we are seldom out of Britain, and the action is simple and continuous. After the accession of William, the plot deepens and widens. The subject changes, the scene shifts, and yet every transition is managed without effort and without abruptness. The historian passes easily from the campaigns in Ireland to the intrigues of St James', from the battle-fields of the Low Countries to the mountains of Scotland,—never confusing his readers—never unequal to his theme. Few qualities are rarer than this, and none is more important. Students of the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr Froude's history will best appreciate its value, by having had most occasion to lament its absence. That gentleman's guidance is like the magic carpet in the *Arabian Nights*. It whisks us about from country to country, over sea and over land, with a rapidity which takes our breath away, and disturbs all our ideas of space and time. Above all, the last part of Lord Macaulay's work is valuable, as telling us so much which it behoves us to know. Less picturesque it may be than what went before; but we are certain that it is more instructive. Volumes I. and II. tell of an overthrow; volumes III. and IV. tell of a reconstruction—a work far greater in itself, immeasurably greater, in that it has been enduring.

In the progress of its development, the political constitution of England has been exposed to two great shocks, arising out of two great convulsions in the minds of the people: one, the change of the national faith at the Reformation; the other, the long struggle of the Commons against the Crown. When William of Orange appeared on the stage, both convulsions—the change of religion and the struggle for liberty—had left deep scars. The empire was torn with religious dissensions; all constitutional forms were unsettled. From this chaos William had to evoke

order; those scars it was his to heal. His reign was the new birth of our constitution—the real beginning of the modern history of England. How he accomplished his arduous task, how, under his wise guidance, the constitution recovered the shocks it had undergone, and, renewing its youth, gave promise of a strong and lasting existence,—this is the theme, than which no theme can be nobler, of the concluding volumes of Lord Macaulay's History. The position and influence of the monarchy were defined by the Bill for Settling the Coronation Oath, and the Bills for Settling the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. The clergy and the Tories retained sufficient power to defeat the Comprehension Bill, and to maintain the test. But by the Toleration Act, religious differences were, in part at least, composed; and Dissenters experienced the strange freedom of being allowed to follow, without molestation, the dictates of their consciences. The ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland was fixed, and fixed upon such principles, that, had it not been wantonly altered by the advisers of Anne, it would have been spared the shock of so many secessions. The Bank of England was founded; the national debt began; the whole financial system of the country had its origin. English politics acquired the characteristics which they retain to the present day, by the formation of the first regular Ministry under Sunderland. Party warfare lost the violence and cruelty which had before disgraced it, and became animated by a comparative moderation of spirit ever after that Act of Grace, the granting of which constitutes one of William's purest titles to fame. The scandal of our State trials was swept away by the law which secured to the judges their seats during life or good behaviour, and by the law for regulating trials in cases of treason; and, above all, the liberty of the press was established.

All these great changes—changes which made the England of 1697 hardly recognisable by the statesmen of 1687—are narrated in the historian's best manner. They are the topics of which Lord Macaulay is most thoroughly master, and in the handling of which he is most perfectly at home. Brilliant as are his pictures of courts, stirring as are his scenes of battle, it is in describing social ameliorations and parliamentary struggles that his genius has achieved its most signal triumphs.

Yet, in spite of all this, these volumes never enjoyed the popularity of their forerunners. Enemies soon found this out. The mere caprice of reaction had dictated the general judgment, but hostile critics readily set themselves to justify that judgment. At first they had, for the most part, been frightened into silence; but now they took heart of grace and spoke. To a certain extent this is a compliment—*qui n'a pas de lecteurs, n'a pas*

d'adversaires—but it has gone on too long. Even death put no period to detraction. Especially vehement have been the assaults contained in a series of articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, commencing with praises of Presbyterianism in August 1856, and ending with praises of Dundee in September 1860. The ruling motive of these articles has not been to vindicate the reputation of the departed great, but to diminish the just fame of the historian. To accomplish this end, positions the most contradictory have been taken up, pleas the most inconsistent have been urged. Covenanters and Claverhouse, Highlanders and Western Hillmen, Marlborough and Penn, are all to be defended with equal zeal, if so only Lord Macaulay may be abused. Foolish jesting does not deserve, random assertion does not admit of, a reply. Such opponents are, like the opponents of Gibbon, "men over whom victory was a sufficient humiliation."

The defence of Penn, however, has been differently conducted. Mr Hepworth Dixon first took up the case; his arguments were condensed by a Mr Paget; and their joint advocacy has been so plausible, that on one or two points Lord Macaulay has seen fit to answer. He has reiterated his belief, that it was the Quaker himself, and not a lowly namesake, who negotiated that scandalous business of the little girls of Taunton for the maids of honour, and he has given his reasons for that belief. He has justified the language he employed with regard to Penn's advances to Alderman Kiffin; and he has maintained the correctness of his account of Penn's conduct in the affair of Magdalen College. Those answers, in our judgment altogether convincing, appear only in the small seven volume edition of 1858. This is not as it should be. The notes containing those replies should be incorporated in every future edition of the History. The publishers will culpably neglect the duty which they owe to Lord Macaulay's reputation unless they look to this. On no point, however trivial, can it be unimportant to establish his accuracy.¹ It would be out of place to transcribe here Lord Macaulay's arguments; and, indeed, our space prevents us from entering into the depths of the Penn controversy. The more fully this is done, the more will the trustworthiness of the historian be brought out; but to accomplish the task thoroughly, would in itself afford material for an article, and that not a very short one.

The most hostile critics have failed, in our opinion, to con-

¹ As a matter of fact, the majority of readers have never seen the small edition. One of the latest critics, for example, calmly assumes, as a matter beyond dispute, the confusion between William Penn and George Penne in the Taunton business, and exultingly refers to it as an instance of Macaulay's inaccuracy. The critic, when he wrote, had evidently never seen Macaulay's arguments in support of his original statement.

vict Lord Macaulay of misinterpreting his authorities. But some assailants have occupied a different ground, and have accused him of a different fault,—the fault of carelessness in selecting his authorities. This is an error to which French historians are especially prone. M. Thierry, for example, is a conspicuous offender. With him, one authority—so that it be quotable—is as good as another. Nothing tends so much to mislead. The reader is thrown off his guard. An imposing array of names, formally cited, allays any suspicion. He never thinks of inquiring further. He is lulled into a false sense of security, and accepts the assertions of the historian as all resting upon equally good foundations. This charge has been particularly urged against the description of the social position of the clergy, in the celebrated second chapter of the *History*. Now it can be easily shown—indeed, Macaulay's assailants have themselves succeeded in showing—that his sketch is true to his authorities,—that it is, in every particular, corroborated by the literature of the period. But then the question remains, What was that literature, and who were those authorities? Mr Churchill Babington, in his “Character of the Clergy, etc., Considered,” exults greatly in the fact that one of them—Oldham—was an Atheist; and another—T. Wood—was a Deist. The inference that both were on that account liars, is, perhaps, rather rapid. And even if we ascribe to them an irresistible tendency to falsehood, we must not forget that, like Captain Absolute's invaluable servant, they were bound to lie so as to be believed. The question simply is, how far the satirical and popular literature of the day may be relied upon as being true? Now the first object of a satirist is to be read, the next is to produce an effect; but in order that he may do either, it is requisite that he keep within the bounds of probability. A gross caricature can never be a powerful satire. While, therefore, the satirist must exaggerate in order to attract, he must yet, in all his exaggeration, preserve a certain measure of truth. If satirists represent a class of the community as being exclusively composed of men of low origin, we may safely assume that high birth among that class is rare. If the comedians of a whole century agree in making the members of a certain profession invariably marry servants, we may conclude that the alliances contracted by that profession were not, as a general rule, exalted.¹ Take the literature of our

¹ Lord Macaulay has given deep offence by his remarks on this subject. That those remarks are unpleasant, however, is more obvious than that they are unfounded. A century later, a novelist, who had no dislike to the Church, describes his most perfect heroine as allowing a marriage between her waiting-maid and a “young Levite” attached to her establishment. And, considering that she belonged to the household of the virtuous Pamelas, Miss Polly Barlow had been very near those frailties which, according to Swift, make it prudential

own day. *Punch* is our professed satirist; the *Times* habitually indulges in exaggerated writing. Yet we suspect that a discerning historian could draw a very fair picture of the manners and customs of the period from the pages of these two periodicals. Any one, however, who attempts such a task has a reasonable claim upon our indulgence; for it is only by the greatest industry and the most unerring tact that success can be approached. At best there will always be many who refuse to accept the results. Such refusal, however, should be courteously conveyed. In the case we are supposing, the author should not hastily be reproached with carelessness or with wilful inaccuracy. He may, indeed, have blundered. He may have trusted too much to one satirist; he may have mistaken the spirit of another. But if past conditions of society are to be reproduced at all, this risk must be run. Lord Macaulay has faced it, and has been bitterly abused in consequence. He is able, indeed, to quote authorities more imposing than those to whom we have referred. The Grand Duke Cosmo, Lord Clarendon, and even the Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth, corroborate, in various minute points, the view he has taken. But, as a whole, the case is undoubtedly rested on the representations of satirists and popular writers. The matter is not one which admits of being definitely settled by argument. It is of no avail to be true to your authorities, when the value of those authorities is denied. And as no more valid authorities than those rejected satirists can be cited, the question must be left to every man to determine for himself, or to leave alone, as he likes best.

Lord Macaulay's account of the Highlands and of the Highlanders is very much in the same position as his sketch of the clergy. Here also, it is urged contemptuously, his chief authorities are satirists and Cockneys. Now it is perfectly true that the opinions expressed by the satirists and entertained by the Cockneys of that day, with regard to Highlanders or anything else, are of historical value, and well worthy to be preserved. For though it be the fashion to sneer at Cockneys now, at that time the inhabitants of London were, in wealth, power, and intelligence, greatly in advance of any other part of the kingdom. But the fact that such opinions were entertained is one thing; the truth of such opinions is a very different thing. The difficulty of presenting a fair picture of the Highlanders of 1689 is indeed extreme. At that date they were absurdly caricatured; in our own day they have been not less absurdly exalted into heroes of romance.

to give up hopes of the steward, and fall back upon the chaplain. A waiting-maid of uncertain virtue, even though the waiting-maid of a Pamela, would hardly be considered a very appropriate alliance for a clergyman now-a-days.

"Thus it has chanced," says the historian, "that the old Gaelic institutions and manners have never been exhibited in the simple light of truth. Up to the middle of the last century they were seen through one false medium; they have since been seen through another. Once they loomed dimly through an obscuring and distorting haze of prejudice; and no sooner had that fog dispersed, than they appeared bright with all the richest tints of poetry. The time when a perfectly fair picture could have been painted has now passed away. The original has long disappeared; no authentic effigy exists; and all that is possible is to produce an imperfect likeness by the help of two portraits, one of which is a coarse caricature, and the other a masterpiece of flattery."

The "imperfect likeness" thus produced is not a very attractive one.¹ It mightily offended all the victims of that Celtic mania, which, for some years past, has been making Scotland ridiculous. Foolish men who like to wear kilts, foolish young ladies who cry over ballads about Prince Charlie, and foolish writers who affect a sentimental and unreal Jacobitism in order to move such tears, cannot endure that their fond delusions should be swept away. Loudly, therefore, has Lord Macaulay been accused of cherishing a bitter hatred towards Scotland. This absurd cry has been echoed by many who bear no love to the Celts, but who think that the historian has borne too hardly on Scottish statesmen. Both grounds of accusation are equally unfounded. Lord Macaulay, it is true, has invested the Highlanders with no false romantic attractions; and he has spoken of men like Perth and Melfort in no very gentle terms. But he did not, therefore, undervalue the Scottish character, or fail to appreciate duly the true glories of Scottish history. He only judged more wisely than his critics where these glories are to be found. He would not seek them in the annals of an aristocracy, at their best never very faithful to the cause of their country's freedom; and, at the times of which he wrote, hopelessly degraded into a tribe of unprincipled place-hunters. Nor would he seek them in the exploits of half-naked savages, whose love of independence was but an impatience of law, whose loyalty was but a longing to quarrel and a lust to plunder. It is among the middle classes of the Lowlands that the best characteristics of Scotchmen have ever been displayed. Those characteristics—love of freedom, zeal for religion, attachment to order—are virtues of which any nation may be justly proud; and they are virtues which Lord Macaulay was the last man to esteem lightly. A more eulogistic estimate of the Scotch

¹ Its untruthfulness, however, is not so clear. Among other arguments in its favour, it recommends itself to our acceptance by agreeing, in all essentials, with the picture drawn by an historian so unprejudiced and so painstaking as Mr Burton.

character is nowhere to be found than in the article on Burleigh and his Times.

The inaccuracy of the history, therefore, often as it has been asserted, has not been satisfactorily proved.¹ Perhaps no history has ever been exposed to such searching criticism. Some few mistakes have been detected, which the author has not been slow to correct. Considering the extent of the work, and the details upon which it enters, it is astonishing that those mistakes have been so few, and upon matters so unimportant. And, on the other hand, the severe scrutiny to which the book has been subjected, fairly entitles us to assume that no inaccuracies have escaped notice. Guizot tells us that he read the "Decline and Fall" carefully three times over. After the first reading, he thought the historian superficial and untrue. A second perusal modified this hasty judgment; and, at the close of the third, the belief was forced upon him, that Gibbon's trustworthiness and research were alike admirable. Candid readers who do the same justice to Lord Macaulay, will arrive, we think, at the same conclusion.

The charge of *partiality* has been urged with not less vehemence than the charge of inaccuracy. Now, whatever may be thought of his delineations of individual character, it must, we should imagine, be conceded that this historic vice is not apparent in his treatment of parties. He does not, indeed, conceal which of the opposing interests commands his sympathies. It would have been impossible to have done so; it would have been foolish to have made the attempt; for, in truth, it was no vulgar conflict which then raged, and on the event depended no slight or ignoble issues. In the struggle of the Great Rebellion we can imagine doubts as to where the right was to be found—fears that the triumph of neither party would be attended with unmixed good. In the political strifes subsequent to 1688, principles less important have been involved; Oromasdes and Arimanes have hardly entered the lists. But, at the Revolution, we can conceive no doubts as to the merits of the dispute: we can sympa-

¹ A late critic in the *Saturday Review* (August 4, 1860) allows himself such license of expression as to talk of "Macaulay's perversions and inventions," and "his violations of nature and distortions of history." Stronger language cannot well be imagined. It would require some modification if applied to Mitford's Greece. Now, it will hardly be believed that this condemnation is totally unsupported by facts. Throughout the article in which it appears, not a single instance is given even of inaccuracy—there is no attempt made to bring one forward. We take no exception to the strength of the language, had it been justified. First prove that an historian perverts and invents, and then condemn him as severely as you please. But to pronounce sentence with this violence, without proof, or any attempt at proof—thus to sneer down the work of a lifetime—thus to prejudice readers without once appealing to their reason, admits of no excuse.

thize with no fears for the result of William's victory over James; and the stake was the future destiny of England. Freedom and Protestantism against tyranny and Popery—"the side of loyalty, prerogative, church, and king, against the side of right, truth, civil and religious freedom"—that was the contest which then fell to be determined, and the result of such a contest no man can deem a matter of small account. But while Macaulay makes no pretence of an unreal and undesirable indifference, he is not therefore unjust. He rejoices that victory rested where she did; he appreciates the efforts and the sacrifices by which she was won; but he does not the less see clearly and condemn strongly the errors and the crimes by which victory was stained. The excesses of contending factions are visited with rigid justice. An even balance is held between them; we have the one weight and the one measure. The unscrupulousness of the Whigs during the madness of the Popish Plot and the Exclusion Bill; the unscrupulousness of the Tories when reaction and prudent tactics had brought round the day of their revenge, are denounced with equal severity. The murder of Stafford meets with no milder sentence than the murders of Russell or of Sidney. The boots and thumbscrews which delighted James in the torture-chamber at Edinburgh, are not allowed to gain a forgiveness for the assassination of Sharpe or the rabbling of the western clergy. To few passages that we know of in history would we point, as animated by a spirit of more perfect fairness, than the sketch of the origin and characteristics of the two great parties which have so long struggled for ascendancy in the State.

But with individuals the case is said to be different. Here, it is alleged, the historian indulges whims and fancies, forms likings and dislikings without ground, and expresses them without moderation. Now, impartiality in history assumes various forms. Among the possessors of this virtue many would unhesitatingly assign to Thucydides the foremost place. But a little reflection will convince us that, in the proper sense of the term, he does not possess it at all. He seems impartial because he never judges. Nothing is more extraordinary in literature than the calmness¹—amounting to indifference—with which he contemplates the extremes of wickedness and the extremes of goodness. The most exalted patriotism never warms him into admiration; the blackest treason calls forth no censure. On two occasions alone, so far as we can remember, are his feelings with regard to his characters permitted to appear: one, when the mention of

¹ This peculiarity is well brought out in a very able and interesting article on "the Characteristics of Thucydides," by Professor Sellar of St Andrews, which appeared in the last volume of the series of Oxford Essays.

Cleon excites his personal animosity ; the other when he wastes his sympathy over the incompetent respectability of Nicias. It is easy to trace in this unnatural calmness of the moral nature the sceptical influences of the Sophists, and the confusing influences of the state of warfare into which the Greece of his day was thrown. In another age, similar causes, in an exaggerated form, produced kindred though worse results. In mediæval Italy, the moral indifference of Thucydides deepened into the moral obliquity of Machiavelli. Some French writers—as Mignet and M. Comte—share in this quality of the great Grecian, deriving it possibly from similar causes. Such writers cannot be properly called impartial, because the plan which they adopt affords no scope for the exercise of the virtue. Of English historians, the most impartial, perhaps, is Gibbon. In him this arises from a sarcastic disregard of the whole matter ; his narrative sweeps along far beyond the reach of agitation from the struggles and passions of which it treats. Of a different stamp, again, is the impartiality of Mr Hallam, which consists in abusing everybody ; and different from any is the impartiality of Sir James Mackintosh, which consists in abusing nobody.

Now, properly speaking, none of these tendencies constitutes true impartiality. An historian is not bound to abstain either from forming opinions or from expressing them. He is under no obligation either to relinquish his right of judgment or to preserve silence as to what his judgments are. On the contrary, it is his duty to form an estimate of the characters whose actions he records, and to present that estimate to his readers. If he neglects to do this, he fails in the chief part of his undertaking. For, after all, the real use of studying the annals of past times is to acquire a knowledge of the men of past times. History, in its best aspect, is but biography on a large scale. The old idea of the past interpreting the future—of philosophy teaching by examples—is very much exploded. It sounds imposing ; yet it contains little real meaning. Events so seldom repeat themselves, that the experience is at best of doubtful utility ; and the philosophy is but the chance reflections of the writer. The philosophy of history in the hands of Sir A. Alison is but a sorry affair. History, like metaphysics, is daily becoming more esteemed for its true advantages,—the light which it throws on human nature—showing how powerfully it is modified by circumstances—what there is in it which no circumstances have strength to alter,—in a word, for the assistance which it lends to “the proper study of mankind.” But in order to afford us this light, in order to teach us how to distinguish what is transitory from what is permanent in morality, historians must state their views

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of character, and display impartiality, not by concealing these views, but in forming them. Silence is not required, but caution before speaking. The charge of impartiality can then only be justly brought, when, from a knowledge of the principles professed by any statesman, we can certainly foretell what will be the estimate formed of that statesman's character. A writer who always favours Whigs; a writer who always favours Tories; a writer who never has a good word for a Catholic; a writer who never shows a generous appreciation of Protestants;—all these are equally partial and misleading narrators of past events. But such leanings must be shown uniformly and deliberately. An historian may be keenly alive to demerits in some instances; he may be too blind to faults in others; he may sometimes even take up false conceptions altogether; but unless he can be proved to do so wilfully and on wrong grounds, he is not fairly open to the reproach of impartiality.

If we adopt this test, to call Macaulay partial is absurd. With him, no man's politics are a protection or a cause of offence. If he speaks in language justly severe of Tories like Lauderdale and Sunderland, does he use language at all milder when he speaks of Whigs like Marlborough or Breadalbane? Are the Church and State virtues of Hyde less commended than the democratic virtues of Sidney? An unruly prater like Sir Patrick Hume, or a wild fanatic like Ferguson, meet with no more mercy than the apostate Melfort or the savage L'Estrange. Can it be maintained that he bears too hardly on the mixed character of Danby, or fails to mark the faults which marred the gentle nature of Shrewsbury? The accomplishments of Somers move him to no warmer admiration than the integrity of Nottingham; and he speaks in language of unfeigned reverence of the almost ideal perfection of Ken. The list might be indefinitely extended. In truth, had he been less partial, he would have been less blamed. The vehemence of his assailants, and the opposite quarters from which the assaults have come, afford the strongest proof that he has exposed the misrepresentations and offended the prejudices of all parties alike. Had he taken a side, writers on that side would have supported him. As it is, the zealots of every faction have been hot against him, while no passions have been roused in his defence. From the first he has been hated by the extremes of all sects, and this, in our opinion, constitutes his best claim upon our confidence. One innocent critic cannot get over his condemnation of the Whig Marlborough. We would suggest a very simple explanation. It is merely that he does not apportion his praise or blame according to political considerations.

Undoubtedly it behoved Lord Macaulay to form his views of

character with fairness and with care, for he has not been slack in impressing those views on his readers. They are reiterated with a persistency and a strength of language only to be justified by a profound conviction of their truth. Marlborough can't be robbed at St Albans, without our hearing how long and how bitterly he regretted his lost money; Edward Seymour never steps on the stage without his pride, his licentiousness, and his meanness being made present to our minds. All this we are free to think not merely defensible, but a necessary result of the life which Lord Macaulay has given to his narrative. His characters are not allegories of the virtues or the vices, but beings of flesh and blood, who act in a manner deserving of praise or blame, and who must be praised or blamed accordingly, if we are to breathe the atmosphere of a moral world at all. In the severity of his judgments we can find no good ground of complaint. The statesmen of the Revolution deserve no gentle handling. People are fond of crying out, in a sort of feeble wonderment, Can the men to whom England owes her freedom have really been such a set of knaves? Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit, etc.? Somewhat in the same way, Mr Froude assumes that all the known virtues adorned Henry VIII., because the Reformation was hurried on by the matrimonial proceedings of that prince: an ingenious style of argument, according to the principle of which, wise commercial legislation will suffice to canonize Richard III., and the Edict of Nantes prove incontestably the ascetic morality of Henri Quatre.

The fact is that the men of that time were not good men,—in a sense, evil trees *did* bring forth good fruit. The task of governing England in the middle of the 17th century was the very thing which imparted to them a peculiar stamp. They were bred in times of trouble, their public life was a series of dark and dangerous intrigues, in which men shared at the risk of their necks. Statesmen who spend their existence in sudden and violent political changes, ending with a revolution and the overthrow of a dynasty, do not escape unmarked with the scars of battle. They will rarely be men of high principle and steadfast adherence to truth; but they will be subtle in counsel, prompt in action, regardless of pledges, skilful in deceit, keen-sighted to discern the signs of change, swift to avert its consequences by a timely treason. Such men were the statesmen of the times of the later Stuarts. Lord Macaulay has himself compared them to the French statesmen of the last generation, when the "same man was a servant of the Republic, of Bonaparte, of Louis XVIII., of Bonaparte again after his return from Elba, of Louis again after his return from Ghent." Lord Wharton, an old Puritan, in the debate on the Abjuration Bill, declared with amusing simplicity, that he had

spent his political life in taking oaths which he had not kept, and that he would not be a party to laying any more such snares for the consciences of his neighbours. Human nature is always the same. In times far distant, the same causes produced the same mental phenomena among the statesmen of the Grecian Republics. The prescience and the treacheries of Themistocles may be compared to the prescience and the treacheries of Shaftesbury; Alcibiades, under whom the Athenians were never defeated by sea or land, and who so cruelly betrayed his country to her bitterest foe, presents a striking parallel to Marlborough, always victorious and never faithful.

How great soever may be the obligations which we owe to men of this stamp, to forgive them everything on that account is surely to forget a very old rule of morality. But, in truth, our debt to most of the leading statesmen of that period is very small. What they did was to serve James until James's tyranny began to reach themselves, to squabble for places under William when William ascended the throne, and as soon as they had got those places to commence intriguing with St Germain. The lump was indeed leavened with material of a different sort. We owe the perfected success of the Revolution not to these men, but to the few conscientious Whigs who opposed James from the first, and the few upright Tories who served William faithfully when the kingly power had been transferred. We owe it to the zeal of such men as Burnet, to the integrity of such men as Nottingham, to the ability of Somers, to the serene intellect of Halifax. Above all, we owe it to the steadiness of the bulk of the people hating Popery and despotism, to the sagacity and tolerance of the Prince who won, to the bigotry, folly, and obstinacy of the Prince who lost. We owe little to a body of unscrupulous though experienced statesmen, who served and deserted both princes with an edifying impartiality, who condescended occasionally to guide the fortunes of the Revolution, and who did not betray the cause of the Revolution more than half a dozen times. It is not services like these which can win the gratitude of posterity for looser principles and not greater abilities than those of Fouché or Talleyrand. History has another duty to discharge than to whine over such offenders a plaintive "surely they can't have been so very bad." There is nothing praiseworthy in that affected amiability which persists in devising excuses for what is inexcusable, which shrinks from an expression of honest indignation. It has its origin in mere cowardice,—in a reluctance to look at things as they really are. In every-day life nothing is more irritating or more tiresome; and it is too bad that the same folly should be imported into history. We greatly prefer the severity of Mr Hallam to the overstrained lenity of Sir James Mackintosh.

We have mentioned Marlborough. Upon what grounds the manifold perfidies of this man have been defended, we are wholly at a loss to conceive. We would not try him by a high standard. We would give him the full benefit of the principle, that men are to be judged according to the sentiments of their own time. We think, indeed, that this principle is at present carrying us rather too far. In general, it is doubtless sound; but its indefinite extension may be dangerous. Circumstances produce an almost boundless effect upon opinion; but there is something permanent in morality over which circumstances have no effect. It is not good that the power of circumstance should be strengthened—that the changeful element in morality should be magnified, and the abiding element overlooked—that historians should suffer right and wrong to melt into each other, as if no real distinction could be maintained. The present style of “making allowance” savours too much of the easy indifference of Lucio. It tends to excuse all vice, and to obscure all virtue,—degrading the latter into an accident, exalting the former into a discreet, almost an unavoidable conformity to the spirit of the age. It is the duty of history to oppose that morality which forgives everything which contemporaries did not condemn, which would palliate the crimes of *Cæsar Borgia*, which can see nothing very revolting in the atrocities of the *Black Prince* at *Limoges*. But even if we strain this principle to the utmost, it cannot avail Marlborough. To him was assigned by his contemporaries an easy pre-eminence in treason over all the traitors who surrounded the last Stuart. In the bitterest extremity of despair, James declared that Churchill could never be forgiven. When he sought forgiveness by acts as base as those by which he had incurred hatred, even the desperate Jacobites would not trust him. In their greatest extremity they gave up the most feasible plot ever formed against William, simply because it had been suggested and was to be carried out by Marlborough. Yet the men who thus judged him did not know his worst. Among his compeers his character alone was darkened with military dishonour, as well as by political treason. Even Russell fought honestly at *La Hogue*. “Understand this,” said he to Lloyd, “if I meet them I fight them; ay, even if his Majesty were on board.” Marlborough fought too, when it was for his own interest, and he never failed to fight successfully. But when he wanted to “hedge” politically, he was restrained by no professional feeling. He was faithless to his colours as readily as to his promises. Desertion was as easy to him as lying. Even this was not all. Few soldiers, however depraved, will wish to bring about the defeat and death of their fellow-soldiers. Marlborough, without a pang, betrayed Talmash and eleven hundred Englishmen

to destruction. The infamy of having revealed to James the intended attack on Brest exceeds, to our thinking, almost any infamy recorded in history. Lord Macaulay's estimate of Marlborough is much the same as that formed by a great writer of our day, who, though not a professed historian, is, we suspect, as shrewd a judge of the men of the past, as he has shown himself to be of the men of the present. So, too, with regard to Claverhouse, the similarity between the portraiture drawn by Macaulay and the portraiture drawn by Scott is very striking. The judgments passed upon the character are widely different; but the representations given of the character are very much the same. The historian considers no amount of courage and ability should win forgiveness for wilful oppression, for utter contempt for the rights, and utter callousness to the sufferings of others. The novelist, less judicial and more imaginative, forgets the bad citizen and the cruel oppressor in the distinguished soldier, and the faithful adherent to a fallen dynasty. Yet, as the historian admits the professional ability, so the novelist does not conceal the hardness of heart. Claverhouse paints his own character in a conversation with Morton during the celebrated ride from Drumshinnel to Edinburgh. The total want of conscience and the absolute indifference to human life which he there avows, is more than sufficient to justify any condemnation.

Every reader remembers the Marlborough of *Esmond*; but some may have forgotten the following passage in the lecture on the first George:—

“ We are not the historic muse, but her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer, valet de chambre—for whom no man is a hero; and as yonder one steps from his carriage to the next handy conveyance, we take the number of the hack; we look all over his stars, ribbons, embroidery; we think within ourselves, O you unfathomable schemer! O you warrior invincible! O you beautiful smiling Judas! What master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the spikes on yonder gate, ere hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?”

What have we to set against all this? That he was a man of surpassing ability, and very fond of his wife. As to the latter plea, we can only say that nothing else was to be expected from his singular prudence. It was even more important to be on good terms with his imperious spouse, than with the Dutch deputies. But, though his wife may have been beholden to him for his love and obedience, we cannot see that his country was. Let us cheerfully award him all praise as a complaisant husband. Yet meditations on the domestic happiness of Duchess Sarah would have afforded but insufficient consolation to the dying Talmash. This plea is simply childish, but the former opens

up a wide subject. As an administrator, Marlborough might have rivalled Richelieu; as a warrior, he excelled Condé. Are all his crimes to be, on that account, forgiven? Is history thus to make intellect her god? The question is not unworthy of a little attention.

Our most popular living historian has announced the doctrine, that force of character covers all sins. Completed success requires unreserved honour; the energy which deserves, though it may fail to command success, obtains respectful admiration. A man who achieved the heights of Cromwell can have committed no fault; our sympathies are asked even for the imperfect career of Mirabeau. The greatest work of this new philosophy has been the glorification of Frederic Wilhelm. When that amiable monarch deserts his allies in a peculiarly blackguard manner, he is described as "advancing in circuits spirally, with his own reasonable private aim sun-clear to him all the time." When he shoots the companion of his son's flight, and is hardly restrained, by the outcry of all Europe, from shooting his son, we are told that we are not yet sufficiently enlightened to pass a judgment on the proceeding. So, too, when Cromwell sullies his fame by the butcheries of Wexford and Drogheda, he is "precipitated out of eternities," and "bathed in eternal splendours;" and we are ordered to suspend our opinion of Mirabeau until some new moralities have been revealed to us, those which we have at present being insufficient for the purpose. Among Mr Carlyle's imitations, this tendency assumes shapes yet more fantastic. It lowers history into advocacy in the hands of Mr Froude; it elevates the use of red paint by Queen Elizabeth into the dignity of a duty in the hands of Mr Kingsley; it drives Mr Motley into unworthy sophistry in the attempt to extenuate the equivocations by which William the Silent dimmed his uprightness, that he might win the daughter of the Elector Maurice. This is not merely ridiculous, it is positively pernicious. It deprives us of any standard whereby to judge human actions. It is of no great moment what opinions we may form of historical characters; but it is of the greatest moment that our ideas of right and wrong should not be confused. As the new moralities necessary to justify Mr Carlyle's strange enthusiasms are not likely to be speedily made manifest, we may as well have the old moralities, which have so long served us, left undisturbed. To this Lord Macaulay's method presents a marked contrast. He never, indeed, fails to make due allowance for men endowed with dangerous gifts, or tried by severe temptations. He never bears harshly on crimes committed, not from sordid or unworthy motives, but in pursuit of a great public end, and under the influence of extreme or ill-regulated zeal for the public interests.

No writer has done more to win for Cromwell his proper place in the regards of Englishmen. Carlyle, in his "Hero-worship," declares that "Cromwell is yet on the gibbet, and finds no hearty apologist anywhere." A "hearty apologist," in the Carlylian sense, he certainly had not found. But twenty years before Carlyle's lecture was delivered, Macaulay had sketched a flattering portrait of Cromwell, in the dialogue between Cowley and Milton; and eight years later, in his essay on Hallam, he filled up this sketch into the most brilliant and most truthful likeness of the great usurper which can be found in the language. But, on the other hand, he does not disregard the plain rules of morality which are understood by plain men. Rigid moralists will pronounce him even too generous in his estimate of Machiavelli; too much inclined to what he calls the doctrine of set-off in his accounts of Clive and Hastings. Yet he never supports the teaching of "the Prince," because the author of the Prince suffered exile, torture, and degradation, for the cause of his country's freedom; he does not palliate forgery, because forgery was committed by the conqueror of Bengal; he does not excuse cruelty and robbery, because there was no extreme of the one or the other which Hastings was not prepared to perpetrate for the sake of the Indian revenue. We verily believe, that had Mr Carlyle written the history of India, he would have made out that for a British soldier to be guilty of the crime which deceived Omichund, was merely "to advance spirally with his own aim sun-clear in view;" that the horrors of Rohilcund, and the spoliation of the princesses of Oude were but measures of energetic administration, easily to be justified by the principles of the new morality. Such indiscreet advocacy is twice mischievous—evil in its effect upon readers, unjust towards those whom it endeavours to defend. It excites a spirit of antagonism. A determination on the part of a writer to see no evil will produce a tendency on the part of readers to see evils which do not really exist. We feel justly irritated when Mr Carlyle denies that we can worthily admire Cromwell, so long as we condemn the execution of Charles; it is hard that Mr Froude should forbid us to feel akin with the gay and gallant youth of Henry, unless we also sympathize with his cruel and imperious old age. Not even in defence of William is Macaulay thus indiscriminating. He does not excuse the massacre of Glencoe on the ground which would certainly have been occupied by the author of the Latter-day pamphlets, that the Macdonalds were a pack of unruly thieves. He argues that William was kept in ignorance of the real design: that is a question of fact, as to which he may or may not be mistaken. But he never falters with right or wrong in the attempt to blind us as to the

nature of the deed ; he does not hesitate to denounce as a grave crime the forgiveness which William, upon this as on another great occasion, extended to his guilty servants. It is thus that history should be written, if history is to instruct and to elevate.

Among the many excellencies which have combined to render Lord Macaulay, on the whole, the most popular writer of the day, his style is not the least deserving of attention. It is curious to remark how soon that style was formed, and how little it ever changed. His early writings, indeed, are, as he himself admits, overlaid with a gaudy ornament which his mature taste rejected. The ornate essay on Milton contrasts strangely with the purity of the essay on Pitt. But the marked characteristics of the style—the short sentences, the absence of pronouns, the use of antitheses—remained always the same. The last of these peculiarities has been blamed, as tending to mislead. We question very much whether, in the hands of Macaulay, it ever misled anybody. Antitheses are pernicious, either when they are so forced as to throw no light on the subject, or when they are so broadly expressed as to convey an erroneous view. As employed by Macaulay, they are guarded from both evils. He never employs them vaguely, from a mere love of balancing sentences ; and he never fails so to limit them as to remove all danger of their carrying the reader too far. They are useful as stimulants. By the powerful flow of his narrative, readers are apt to be borne along unthinkingly. An antithesis occasionally introduced, breaks the fascination, and rouses the attention which had been charmed into luxurious rest. They are to him what uncouth phraseologies and strange constructions are to Carlyle. The use of them is undoubtedly an artifice ; but it is a very agreeable artifice, and can only mislead those who are determined to be misled in order to be censorious. But many, even among warm admirers, feel that the style is pitched in too high a key. Majestic as it is, it wants repose. The finest passages, they say, lose much from a want of relief. To a certain extent the objection is true. In varying beauty, Lord Macaulay's style is not equal to that of Mr Froude, while it is far short of the magic with which Mr Newman's language rises and falls, seemingly without effort, as if in necessary harmony with the changing theme. But in this Mr Newman is, so far as we know, absolutely unrivalled ; and Mr Froude has followed, though at a distance, the steps of the master. Like the goblin page in the Minstrel's Lay, he has had one hasty glance into the mystic book, and learned some imperfect knowledge of the spell. On the other hand, if we compare Macaulay with Gibbon, the result is different. A volume of Gibbon positively fatigues the reader ; while it would take a good many volumes of Macaulay to com-

municate any feeling of weariness. In this particular, Macaulay is to Gibbon as Thucydides is to Tacitus. The historian of Greece, and the historian of England, are perhaps deficient in the art of telling a simple story in simple words; but both have far more of this art than the historian of the Empire, or the historian of the Decline and Fall.

Beyond doubt, one of the greatest merits of Lord Macaulay's style was its clearness. It has all the lucidity of Paley, with a brilliancy which Paley never reached. He can give expression to exact thinking, or conduct subtle argument in a manner as easy to follow as the simplest narrative. In his disquisition on the nature of the Papacy in the review of Ranke, in his refutation of Mr Gladstone's Church and State crotchets, and in the papers on the Utilitarian Theory, there is not a sentence hard to be understood. Some very profound people object to this, but we confess to a weakness for comprehending what we read. There is a great distinction between thought, and the expression of thought. It is not desirable that the thought should always be obvious and easy, but it is impossible that the expression of it can be too clear. There must be no obscurity in the medium. The matter of the sentence may be difficult, but that is no reason why the form should be slovenly. No one, we suppose, would call Berkeley a shallow thinker; and yet no thinker ever conveyed his thoughts more distinctly to his readers. When any writer's language becomes cloudy, the reason simply is, that the ideas of which it is the vehicle are vague. To attain this clearness, Lord Macaulay does not discard ornament, and content himself with inelegant simplicity. On the contrary, "brilliant" is the epithet which rises to the lips of every one in speaking of his style. He presents a strange contrast to the historian of the middle ages. His lucid narrative contrasts with Mr Hallam's trick of hinting at a fact of implying what he should have clearly told; his eloquence contrasts with Mr Hallam's abrupt and austere judgments; his fervour contrasts with Mr Hallam's total want of enthusiasm. In a question of popularity, he is to Mr Hallam what Mr Hallam is to Brady or Carte. His writings cannot fail to recall the common remark, that history is like oratory. That poetic faculty which is the highest reach of the imagination he wanted. Even the vigorous and stirring "Lays" do not establish a claim to rank as a poet. But the imagination of the orator—a thing quite distinct from the knack of the debater, and which may be manifested in writing as well as in speaking—was his in large measure. A like power, and a greater deficiency, may be remarked in Mr Gladstone. That gentleman's want of poetic feeling, indeed, is so extreme as to excite astonishment. It seems impossible in any man of ordinary culti-

vation. Macaulay, on the other hand, approached the heights of poetry. He could never have written those wonderful volumes in which Homer is almost made prosaic, could never have compared Athene to the electric telegraph. But the oratorical fervour of the great speaker often reminds us of the oratorical fervour of the great writer. No man ever possessed to a greater degree than Lord Macaulay the real secret of an orator,—the power to enter into, and to arouse at will, the emotions which sway masses of mankind. Rhetorical, in the proper sense of the word, he was not. The distinction is not easy to give exactly; but perhaps we may find it in this, that the strength of the orator lies in power and sincerity; while the rhetorician is an artist only, bent on temporary success, with or without convictions, as the case may be. By the former spirit Macaulay was always actuated; to the latter he was always a stranger. Some wonderful critics have indeed declared, that, wanting heart himself, he never reached the hearts of others—that he coloured his characters from a mere love of effective contrasts, heedless of the truth of his portraits. Astonished silence is the only answer to such criticism as this. The heart of the man, even in the cool judgment of Mr Thackeray, beats in every sentence he has written. He is persuaded, some may think too firmly persuaded, of the rectitude of his views. His strong beliefs, and his warm, almost passionate expression of them, have done not a little towards his unparalleled popularity. It is by the power of his enthusiasm alone that rises almost into the regions of poetry when he tells of Cromwell's charge at Naseby, or the fury of the Huguenots who followed the white plume at Ivry.

We have already compared Macaulay to Thucydides. He resembles the Greek in yet another point—his knowledge of what he somewhere calls the laws of historical perspective. No historian can be exhaustive. He cannot tell the whole truth,—he must content himself with conveying an impression of it. "The perfect historian," says the essay on History, "is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature." But to accomplish this requires the utmost discretion in selecting leading points, and in rejecting what is incidental. Thucydides had this gift in perfection, and Macaulay does not fall short of him. Both writers are sometimes minute, and sometimes general. Many things they narrate in the fullest detail, for many others a cursory notice is sufficient; yet they are never prolix, and never jejune. It is this power, together with a faculty of orderly arrangement, which makes Lord Macaulay's narrative take such a hold on the mind. His changes of scene are managed with such method, that we are never confused; and he

assigns to each part so exactly its due share of consideration, that we cannot fail to apprehend distinctly the proportions of the whole. All the innumerable touches which give reality never bewilder, never obscure the clearness and consecutiveness of the record.

An historian, to be really great, must possess some of the qualities of a great dramatist. The highest condition of genius—the creative faculty—may be wanting. But although he need not create, he must be endowed with that secondary power of the imagination, which disposes and arranges existing materials so as to animate them with life. "It would be a great thing," wrote Niebuhr, "if I could make the Romans stand before my readers, distinct, intelligible, familiar as contemporaries, living and moving." What Niebuhr longed to do, Macaulay has been able to accomplish. His characters live and move before us. His earliest writings show a constant endeavour to realize and to represent the scenes and the actors of other times. In the fragment of a Roman tale, and the dialogue between Milton and Cowley, we have the first glimpses of that power which drew the vivid picture of the "club" in the essay on Johnson, and which has given to these four volumes of history an interest surpassing all but the most perfect triumphs of dramatic art. Not a few worthy people, indeed, regard this interest with a vague alarm. They consider it, as Plato long ago considered the fact, "as something sweet, and wonderful, and divine;" but they accord it no hearty welcome; they had rather crown it with a crown of doubtful honour, and send it away into another country. They don't understand how a history can be as entertaining as a novel. The phenomenon is strange: it frightens them; and, not without some irritation, they reject it as an imposture. In their judgment, the historian, like the philosopher, must have "the dry light, unmingled with any tincture of the affections." He must be a passionless machine, and his production must have the unexciting merits of an Almanack. As, in social intercourse, many persons get credit for sincerity by being disagreeable, so, according to this canon, history must win a reputation for trustworthiness by being dull. It is impossible to convince any who hold this belief—whose requisition from an historian is, *surtout point de zèle*. We can only wonder at the peculiarity of their taste, and leave them, without argument, to their preference of the frigid virtues of Rollin over characters drawn with the accuracy of Clarendon, and sustained with a force and consistency not unworthy of Scott. In this respect Macaulay has rivalled Tacitus. The portrait of William is deserving to be placed beside the portrait of Tiberius. These historians possessed the power of giving individuality to their characters in a manner only surpassed by the greatest masters of fiction.

It has been urged with more plausibility, that this attraction is obtained by violations of human nature,—that, in order to secure it, contrasts are worked out with a sharpness which results in the delineations not of possible human beings, but of grotesque and unnatural monsters. It is difficult to determine what inconsistencies in men's characters transcend belief. Sir Walter Scott has been accused of exceeding probability in his attempt to reproduce in Buckingham the original of Zimri. But has Macaulay exceeded it in the instances most commonly brought against him—Bacon and Marlborough? The grounds of the charge are curious. Because Marlborough married a woman without money, therefore he was not avaricious; because he always loved his wife, therefore he was not cold-hearted. As if conflict of passions was a thing unknown; as if calm and unimpassionable natures were not the chosen abiding-places of one enduring emotion. Again, because a knot of young gentlemen at Cambridge, never much exposed to the seductions of place and power, have found intellectual culture strengthen their unassailed virtue, therefore Bacon, in his eager quest after the world's prizes, could never have deserted Essex or fawned on Buckingham. As if the long history of human frailty had never been written,—as if temptation had never lured men from rectitude,—as if intellect had never stooped to sin.

Such criticism refuses to see any incongruities, will not allow of their existence. It prefers writers like the later classical historians, whose characters are impersonations of the virtues and the vices, acting always after their kind. It argues after the fashion of the gentle Cowper, who never would believe that Hastings had hanged Nuncomar, because Hastings had been a good-natured boy at Westminster. But, in truth, it is founded on a total mistake. We cannot arrive, as it were, at the centres of men's dispositions, from which all their thoughts and actions will radiate naturally. Characters are not circles. It is not thus that the great masters have portrayed human nature. Shakspeare's men and women do not act in unvarying obedience to any ruling passion; they abound in inconsistencies, such as the existence of a love for Ophelia in the heart of the depraved and guilty Queen. If this be true in the world of fiction, it is much more true in the world of reality. For the best artists obey a canon of propriety which forbids them to run into extremes. Inconsistencies and incongruities they indeed give us; but lest they shock by a too great improbability, they soften what they know to exist. They wisely avoid what is so extraordinary as to seem unnatural, though they may be persuaded of its truth, as the discreet painter does not seek to represent startling and uncommon effects of sea or sky, even such as he may have

himself beheld. No such privilege is accorded to the historian. He may not select or tone down. He is but a copyist, and must represent faithfully whatever nature brings before him. It is not his business to make nature natural—to reconcile what is with our ideas of what ought to be. Hence his representations are often strange and inexplicable. After all that has been written, even by such a thinker as Carlyle, can any one say that he comprehends men like Mahomet or Cromwell? The inconsistencies and contradictions of their lives lie before us; but we cannot, save by an arbitrary exercise of fancy, ascribe them to a common origin. They are to us enigmas; probably they were enigmas to themselves. To go no further than the pages before us, can anything be conceived more unaccountable than the proceedings of Rochester in the intrigue which dismissed Catherine Sedley from the palace? We have a statesman who, in addition to the vices of drinking and swearing, approves himself an adept in the part of a procurer, and who employs the agency of his own wife in order to divert the jealousy of the Queen in the direction of an innocent lady. Yet this very man, in the midst of such an intrigue, retires to his closet and composes a religious meditation so fervent and so devout that it would not have misbecome the lips of Ken. Hypocrisy cannot be imputed, for his prayers and his penitence were offered up in secret, and were known to no man till the grave had closed over him for more than a century. The historian may well add, "So much is history stranger than fiction; and so true it is, that nature has caprices which art dares not imitate." Attempts to explain such things are vain. Man's analysis, like the syllogism, is all unequal to the subtlety of nature.

A strong dramatic tendency has one danger,—it leads to exaggeration. The persons of the drama are so grouped, their actions are so narrated, their expressions so introduced, as to bring out peculiarities in the strongest light. Great as is the attraction bestowed by this style of writing, it may give to some traits of character an undue prominence over others. Yet it may be doubted whether this leads to essential error. The misrepresentation is in form rather than in fact. Macaulay has supplied a half-defence of the method in his essay on Machiavelli: "The best portraits," he says, "are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature; and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy; but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected; but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind for ever." The theory is rather a dangerous one, but we suspect it is right in the main. Attention is arrested by

art in disposition, fertility of illustration, and force of language. Taken literally, these may express more than the real state of matters, but a slight effort of reason will make the truth apparent. The question of accuracy, however, has been already discussed. We would only now ask those who complain of Macaulay's deceptive art this one question: Have they themselves been ever really misled by it, or have they represented it as misleading merely because such a charge seemed a plausible objection to an historian whose principles they disliked? If the charm employed has been in truth so potent and so subtle, it is somewhat odd that so many should have escaped its action. As to the question of effect there can be no dispute. We know his characters, as we know the men and women with whom we live. Danby, Halifax, Shaftesbury, Marlborough, William, can never be forgotten. The features of even his secondary personages are "impressed on the mind for ever."

If, going beyond the four volumes of the History, we take the series of Historical Essays into consideration, we shall find ourselves justified in calling Lord Macaulay an historian of England in a very wide sense. Of the feudal days, indeed, he tells us little; but in his half-dozen essays he has so illustrated critical periods of our history as to convey general views of surprising accuracy. Any diligent student of those papers, and of the History, will have no slight acquaintance with at least the later acts of that great drama, the growth of the English Constitution. He will be able to give no superficial answer to the question, What has made England what England is? how comes it that her destinies have been so immeasurably happier than those of nations whose political condition she at no very distant date nearly resembled? how has it been her lot alone to "combine, beyond all example and all hope, the blessings of liberty with the blessings of order," escaping monarchical tyranny on the one hand, and the not less oppressive tyranny of democracy on the other? Such an inquiry must be interesting to students of all countries, and assuredly none can be more worthy the attention of Englishmen. There are many now-a-days who, imagining themselves wiser than their neighbours, deem such matters of small account, and look down on them as surface questions. To such shallow thinkers the invigorating influences of an honest patriotism must be ever unknown. They affect to despise the noble science of patriotism; they merely show that they cannot understand it. If they would use their eyes and look on what the nations are even now enduring all around them, they might learn to appreciate more justly what we owe to the founders of English liberty. "Laws themselves," says Carlyle truly enough, "political institutions, are not our life; but only the house in

which our life is led ; nay, but the bare walls of the house." Yet surely the house is somewhat ; and we do well to take good heed that the walls be strong. If the tenement is insecure, the life which it shelters will be uncertain and full of danger. A free constitution is not valuable for itself alone, but for the security, the peace, the justice, and the individual happiness which only a free constitution can guarantee ; and for the knowledge, the industry, and the elegant cultivation which a free constitution can best foster. To learn how this priceless possession has been acquired, is the surest way to learn how it may be preserved. "To us," says the historian, "nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Domesday Book, the England of the Curfew and the Forest laws, the England of crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade. . . . The history of England is the history of this great change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the inhabitants of our own island." We never could understand how the author who could thus feel and thus write should have been so bitterly disliked by Conservatives. Surely no history, as a whole, was ever conceived in a more truly Conservative spirit. We would put Macaulay into the hands of every one whom we desired to educate in a healthy pride of race. No writer ever taught more plainly that important though hard lesson, the rational and equitable relation of the various classes of society towards each other ; ever inculcated more strongly an intelligent love of country, an enlightened understanding of the political privileges we enjoy. No man ever obeyed better the injunction of the poet—

"Love thou thy land with love far brought
From out the storied past."

"He loved England as an Athenian loved the city of the violet crown, as a Roman loved the city of the seven hills." He seems to cherish the devotion of a soldier for the emblem of his country's greatness—

"The glorious SEMPER PARVUM ; the banner of our pride."

His heart is stirred when he but alludes to the grand or pathetic scenes in English story—Elizabeth at Tilbury, the agony and relief of Derry ; the dying prayer of Sidney, Russell's last parting from his wife ; and we, do not we thrill with a proud emotion as we read ? If Englishmen would have their patriotism deeply rooted ; if they would be made assured that the history of their own land is rich in nobler associations, and bright with the light of purer virtue, than the vaunted records of

Greece or Rome; if they would learn reverence for the laws which have been handed down, would acquire firmness to preserve, or "patient force" to change them, let them study every fragment which has been left by the most fervent annalist of England. And, as he gloried in his country's past, so he was pleased with her present, and hopeful of her future. The tendency of our popular writers is rather the other way. There are among us many prophets of evil, of whom the foremost is Mr Carlyle. To him, as to Heinrich Heine, "everything seems pushed uneven." His eyes are sick for the sight which they see. When he looks abroad, he beholds not a prosperous and happy nation; but everywhere folly, mammon worship, and misery—an aristocracy which cannot lead, a grubbing middle-class, a depressed and degraded people under all. Lesser lights cant like their leader, though in feebler tones.

In a late number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr Maurice tells his readers to discard the cheerfulness of Macaulay, exhorting them "not to affect content with all around them, for they feel discontent." Surely this is to be sad from mere wantonness. It is true, of course, that

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

But is this more true of us than it would have been of all generations of men who have passed away, than it will be of all generations of men who are to come? The admonition to "clear the mind of cant" might be well retorted. A close companion to this mourning over the present is a habit of triumphing in some fancied past, which the *Times* has happily called "the high-flying style of writing history." Certain writers have a favourite period during which all men were of a loftier stature than common, or, to use the approved expression, "walked in the light of an idea." Spanish galleons were plundered only from hatred of the Spanish religion; Elizabeth was approached with a servility and adulation which would have revolted Louis XIV., solely because she is the bulwark of the Protestant faith; and, accordingly, the pious sailors and courtiers are duly exalted above the men of our degenerate days. Lord Macaulay has avoided these kindred errors. He can appreciate past times without disparaging his own. He can reverence Hampden and Somers without sneering at Fox or Grey; he does not see that the nobles who deserted Caroline of Brunswick at the bidding of George IV. were more servile than the nobles who found Anne Boleyn guilty, and who voted for cutting off Cromwell's head without a trial, at the bidding of Henry; nor can he understand how men who were half-way between Protestant and Papist

under Henry, good Catholics under Mary, and good Protestants under Elizabeth, were more actuated by zeal for religion than a generation which has sent missionaries over all the world, and which has raised self-supporting churches in greater numbers than the numbers of the Establishment. Thinking thus of his own day, he contemplated the future with a rational hope. He had passed through times which were not always times of pleasantness; he had shared in struggles which were no child's play; yet he never lost faith in the destinies of England. He has told us the grounds of this faith in his noble address at Glasgow: "Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country, I have been seeing nothing but growth, and hearing of nothing but decay." In the annals of England he read a long story of advance and improvement, and he never discovered any reason to believe that the advance would be soon arrested,—that the improvement would speedily cease. The New Zealander may come at last; but his celebrated sketch will not be taken at an early date. We prefer, we own, the hopeful creed. Indeed, we confess to regarding with peculiar aversion these unexplained denunciations of our present condition. They owe, too frequently, their warmth, if not their origin, to an agreeable feeling in the mind of the denunciator, that his deeper insight proves him wiser and better than his fellows. They can do no possible good, for they are never so definite as to instruct. If we must rail at the world, let us do so, with Jacques, in good set terms—in language which can be understood. Till these dwellers in gloom tell us distinctly what is wrong and how to mend it, we shall take leave to consider cheerful confidence quite as rational as vague alarm, and a great deal more pleasant.

As a writer of history, Lord Macaulay possessed a great advantage in the fact that he had lived history. Familiarity with the conduct of affairs imparts a great power in the narration of them. Macaulay, indeed, never scaled the topmost heights of Olympus; and it is sad to think that the claims of a second-rate Cabinet office should have hindered the completion of the work of his life. But, though we may regret the years devoted to such duties as the duties of Paymaster of the Forces, we cannot regret any time spent in Parliament, or in intercourse with leading statesmen. The greatest historians of antiquity were conversant with the political world. The most brilliant historians of France owe much of their attractiveness to the same cause. The want of this advantage gives a deadness to the most profound historians of Germany. Gibbon tells us that the "eight years he sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian." In the fragments of Fox and Sir James Mackintosh, questions of state policy are handled with

an ease and freedom for which we look vainly in the pages of Lingard or Hume. Mr Grote's unsuccessful endeavours to bestow the ballot on the people of England brought him a valuable if indirect return when he came to discuss the reforms of Cleisthenes. It is not good that men who aspire to treat themes of great concernment should live apart from the spheres in it. Such themes are agitated, estranged within a little circle of admirers. Some acquaintance with public life might have shaken Mr Carlyle's preference for despotic rule; a little experience in drawing up statutes might have disturbed Mr Froude's belief in the reliability of preambles as historical authorities.

It is worthy of remark how little Lord Macaulay's opinions varied throughout life. Even his judgments of character remained unaltered. The Bunyan and the Johnson of 1830 reappear without change in the *Encyclopædia Essays* of 1854-56. On disputed points of English history, on great questions of government, the same uniformity is preserved. As youth did not hurry him into extremes, so age did not frighten him into reaction. In the dialogue between Milton and Cowley we have the same estimate of the Great Rebellion, and the actors in it, as in the introductory chapter of the *History*. The solution of the franchise difficulty proposed in the review of Mitford's *Greece* is maintained in the articles on the Utilitarian Controversy, and was expressed at the very last in the celebrated letter on the character of Jefferson. Nor can it be said that his opinions, though formed early, show any traces of being formed hastily. The right of the people to the franchise has of late been much debated; but we have improved nothing upon the doctrine, that the government of a community should be entrusted only to the educated and enlightened portion of it. From that doctrine may our statesmen never swerve, either from a restless craving for self-advancement, or from an abject deference to the passions of the crowd. That great party to which Macaulay on his entrance into life elected to belong, commanded his adherence till the close. If there be any prudence in moderation, if there be any wisdom in timely reform, if veneration for the past has any beauty, if a true understanding of the present affords any safety, if, in a word, there be any glory in Whiggery, Macaulay was the man to set it forth. His historical mind was naturally attached to that political creed which alone can trace its historical development, which alone can boast great historical associations. He was, in the best sense of the word, a thorough party-man. He understood, what now-a-days so few appear to understand, that a member of a representative body must often yield on some point to the opinions of the majority of those with whom he generally agrees, if government is to be carried

on at all. He never consented to sacrifice what he considered a vital question; but, on the other hand, he knew that capricious isolation is not statesmanship. His life was a protest, and his writings abound in warnings against that vain love of independent action which afflicts a country with a succession of feeble administrations, and which brings about a state of confusion and weakness such as no lover of representative institutions can contemplate without anxiety. He was the last of a long series of eminent Englishmen, including such names as the names of Addison, Burke, and Mackintosh, whose allegiance has been the chiefest honour of the Whig party, who have served their country in public life, but have rendered to their country, and to mankind, services far more valuable and more enduring by the labours of their retirement.

It has been often remarked that no great power of humour, or play of irony, can be discovered in Macaulay's writings. His wit, on the other hand, is brilliant; and of the sarcastic tone he was a master. There is considerable fun in the remarks on Dr Nares' Life of Burleigh, and in the allusions to "the Sweet Queen" in the article on Madame D'Arblay. The reviews of Montgomery's Poems, and of Croker's edition of Johnson, could hardly have been more biting; and for a combination of sarcasm and crushing invective, we hardly know where the Sketch of Barere can find a parallel. But he was not a humorist. On this subject a great deal of cant is talked now-a-days. "A man's humour," says the author of *Friends in Council*, "is the deepest part of his nature." This saying, like most sayings which strive to be very fine, may be true or false according as it is explained. If it mean that the humour of a character shows much of the real nature of that character,—that a universal play of "any man in his own humour" would tell us not a little of men's dispositions, then it may be true. But, if it mean that a man of humours is a deeper or a clearer thinker than a man without them, then we suspect it is false. A humorist sees, perhaps, more than other people, but he does not see with greater distinctness or greater truth. Humour is like the ointment of the dervise in the Eastern tale: if partially applied, it reveals many hidden treasures; but if it cover both eyes, the whole mental vision is darkened. Men ardent in the search of truth are impatient of its whims and vagaries. With regard to irony the case is much the same. As an intellectual art, irony is a sort of yielding in order to gain at last,—valuable as a weapon of controversy, of no avail in the discovery of truth. Even as wielded by its greatest master, it affords a victory over an opponent, but it does not advance an investigation. In those dialogues in which Socrates employs it most, nothing strikes the

reader so forcibly as the reflection that no progress is ever made. And it is precisely when Socrates desires to make progress, to teach something real, to inculcate some great lesson, that the ironical tone disappears. It then gives place to earnest reasonings, or to the sublimity of his gorgeous myths. As a habit of the moral nature, irony is even more questionable. It is often an affectation; and even when unconscious and sincere, it repels the generality. Plain men regard it as an impertinence; zealous men regard it as an unwarrantable concealment, or as a cowardly reluctance to meet questions fairly. For an historian, especially, in whom simplicity of view is essential, humour and irony alike are dangerous and misleading gifts. They may impart a charm, but it is a charm which will lure astray. An ingenious critic in the *Saturday Review* has summed up Lord Macaulay's imperfections by saying, that he wanted "the fitful, reserved, and haughty temperament which characterizes the highest order of genius." A more absurd sentence was never written. Every one of the qualities here so placidly ascribed to the highest natures is a weakness. Fitfulness marks a want of strength and a want of balance; reserve arises from a fear lest frankness should betray deficiencies; and haughtiness is a sign simply of a very unamiable feeling of superiority to others, often cherished by merely clever men, but to which genius is uniformly a stranger. We can readily believe that these unpleasant qualities characterize the highest as well as the lowest order of *Saturday Reviewers*; but we shall be slow to think that they existed in "my gentle Shakspeare," or that they marred the manliness of Sir Walter Scott. They are to be found only in second-rate men who wish to be esteemed geniuses, and when so found, are very heartily and very justly disliked by all mortals.

Some historians, aware that great things have been done in their own day, write of what they have seen and known. Among the historians of the past, some write because they are possessed by an idea which they long to enforce, as Hume by his love for the Stuarts, Thierry by his theories of race. Others, again, conscious of literary power, devote that power to history because history is a popular study, and elect to write of a period because that period seems picturesque, to celebrate a character because that character seems imposing. Possibly the period they determine upon may be unsuited to their powers; the character they would exalt may be unworthy; but their choice is made, and by that choice they must abide. Possibly experience may show that they have no aptitude for historical investigation, no faculty of discerning character, no power of weighing evidence; but the discovery comes too late, and these defects are supplied by wayward opinions and arbitrary judg-

ments. To such an origin we may, without unfairness, ascribe the "historic fancies" of Mr Carlyle and Mr Froude. But the true historian of past times is he who selects some epoch because long familiarity has made that epoch present to him as his own. He does not read that he may write; he writes because he has read. So only will he be able to rival the excellencies of an historian who writes of his own times. Study will have given almost as intimate an acquaintance with his subject; and his narrative will therefore be almost as vivid and as truthful. It was in this way that knowledge forced authorship on Gibbon. He had been long conversant with his great theme before. "At Rome, on the 15th. of October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." So too the history of England was no novel subject to Macaulay. It had been his favourite study from boyhood. The torment devised for him by Sydney Smith was, that he should constantly hear people making false statements about the reign of Queen Anne, without being able to set them right. Much as he knew about many things, he knew most, and cared most, about the annals of his country. We may learn some day when the idea of writing them first took possession of his mind. Unhappily, though we may have a companion to the scene at Rome, we shall never have a companion to that passage in which Gibbon describes a yet happier moment of his life, when, "on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden." The "establishment of fame" has been indeed accomplished even by the fragment; but we have had a painful illustration of the truth of the reflection which spread "a sober melancholy" over the mind of Gibbon—the reflection that "whatsoever might be the future date of the history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

In spite of the incompleteness of his work, the name of Macaulay will have no lowly place even in the long roll of English worthies. His labours in literature have done more to spread abroad a true understanding of English history than those of any English writer, and his conduct in political life need not fear comparison with the most upright of English statesmen. It is perhaps too much to hope that another such historian will appear to tell of the past greatness of England; but we may surely entertain the expectation, that the men to whom England's future may be confided in times of trouble will have something of the masculine sense, the lofty love of truth, the unswerving adherence to principle, which ennobled the nature of Lord Macaulay.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Biglow Papers*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. London: Trübner. 1859.
2. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Edinburgh: Strahan. 1859.
3. *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Edinburgh: Strahan. 1859.
4. *Mosses from an Old Manse*. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. London: Routledge. 1856.
5. *Poems*. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Munroe and Co. 1847.
6. *Dred*. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. London: Low and Son. 1856.
7. *The Minister's Wooing*. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. London: Low and Son. 1859.
8. *Nature and Human Nature*. By the Author of "Sam Slick." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1859.
9. *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*. By the Author of "Sam Slick." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1859.
10. *The Old Judge, etc.* By the Author of "Sam Slick." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1859.
11. *The Season Ticket*. London: Bentley. 1859.
12. *Fisher's River Scenes and Characters*. By "SKIT, who was raised thar." London: Low and Son. 1859.
13. *Tales from the Norse*. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1859.

THE influence of healthy Wit and Humour is a benign one, if it comes to us at times, and kindly makes us forget sad thoughts and cankering cares; makes the oldest feel young and fresh, and turns the wrinkles of our sorrow into ripples of laughter. There have been great and wise men who have so felt the sins and sorrows of their kind as an individual burthen—Dante, for example, whose lips were seldom seen to smile—and so they have walked our world very sadly, with no eye for the "gayest, happiest attitude of things," no heart to rejoice in it. But not all great and good men have been mirthless. Shakspeare, who mirrored our whole humanity, did not leave the laugh out of its reflected face. He tells us "your merry heart goes all the day," and he knew how much the merry heart may have to carry. "We may well be refreshed," says Jeremy Taylor, "by a clean and brisk discourse, as by the air of Campanian wines, and our faces and our heads may well be anointed and look pleasant with wit, as with the fat of the Balsam tree." One man will be struck with the difference between things as they are, and as

they ought to be, or might be. It fills his spirit with sadness. Another cannot help laughing at many of their incongruities. But the man who can laugh as well as weep is most a man. The greatest humorists have often been also the most serious seers, and men of most earnest heart. Hence their humour passes into pathos at their will. And all those who have manifested the finest perfection of spiritual health have enjoyed the merry sunshine of life, and wrought their work with a spirit of blithe bravery.

Humour has a much earlier origin than Wit, as we moderns interpret that word. Humour begins with the practical joke. It is supposed that the first perception of humour among savages must have occurred to the conquerors when they were torturing and slowly murdering their captured enemies, whose writhings and grimaces furnished them with fun that was fine, if the humour was coarse. The humour of the court fools and jesters consisted mostly of the practical joke. It is the same with the humour of boys. Humour not only has an earlier beginning than Wit, but it has also a far wider range. It will reach the uneducated as well as the educated; and among the former may often be found very unctuous humorists. In the earlier history of nations and literatures, when life is strong and thought is unperplexed, we get writers full enough in force, and direct enough in expression, to touch nature at most points. Hence the earlier great writers reach the depths of tragedy, and the breadths of humour. In their times they see the full play of strong passions; the outward actions in which life expresses itself, when it lives up to its limits; and all those striking contrasts of life, those broad lights and bold shadows of character which, as they cross and recross in the world's web, make rare and splendid patterns for the tragic poet and humorist. By-and-bye we find less embodied strength in the outer life, and more subtlety and refinement of the inner life. Our writers cannot reach the boundaries of the master minds, and so are compelled to work more and more within the wide limits, circle within circle, and, the more limited the circle, the more they still try to be innermost, and make up in fineness of point and subtlety of touch for what they have lost in larger sweep, broader handling, and simpler strength. This, we think, is the literary tendency that leads, among other things, to our modern wit, instead of the old English humour. It would have been perfectly impossible for the wit of *Punch* to have been produced in any other time than ours, or in any other place and societary conditions, than those of London. No past time could have given us Thomas Hood, who may here stand for "Wit;" and the present time has lost the secret of old Chaucer's humour.

We cannot pretend to "split the difference" betwixt Wit and

Humour. It would demand the most piercing keenness and delicate discrimination, to analyse the workings of the mind, and allot the relative portions contributed by the various powers in producing wit or humour, and to subtly and amply show their differences. We can only here broadly state a few distinctions.

Wit deals more with thoughts, and Humour with outward things. Wit only reaches characteristics, and therefore it finds more food in a later time and more complex state of society. Humour deals with character. The more robust and striking the character, the better for humour: hence the earlier times, being more fruitful in peculiar character, are most fruitful in humour. Wit is more artificial, and a thing of culture; humour lies nearer to nature. Wit is oftenest shown in the quality of the thought; humour by the nature of the action. With wit, two opposite and combustible qualities of thought are brought into contact, and they explode in the ludicrous. Humour shows us two opposite personal characters which mingle, and dissimilitude is dovetailed in the laughable. Wit may get the two persons, as in the instance of Butler's *Hudibras*, but it fails to make the most of them; it deals with the two characters in thought. It is for the great humorist, like Shakspeare or Cervantes, to show us the two opposite characters in action.

Wit, in its way of working, is akin to Fancy. The greatest wits in poetry are as remarkable for their facility of fancy. But Humour is allied to the greatness and oneness of Imagination. Wit, like Fancy, is a mosaic-worker. It loves sudden contrasts and striking combinations; it will make the slightest link of analogy sufficient to hold together its images and ornaments. It will leap from point to point, like the squirrel from bough to bough, bending them down for its purpose. Humour, like Imagination, pours itself out, strong and splendid as flowing gold, with oneness and continuity. Wit twinkles and corruscates, gleams and glances about the subject. Humour lightens right to the heart of the matter at once, without byplay. Wit will show you the live sparks rushing red-rustling from the chimney, and prettily dancing away in the dark, a "moment bright, then gone for ever." But Humour shall give you a pleasanter peep through the lighted window, and show you the fire glowing and ruddy—the smiling heart of home—shining in the dear faces of those you love, who are waiting to overflow in one warm embracing wave of love the moment the door is opened for your coming. Wit teases, tickles, and titillates. But Humour floods you to the brim with measureful content. Wit sends you a sharp, sudden, electric shock, that leaves you tingling from without. Humour operates from within, with its slow and prolonged excitation of your risible soul. Wit gives you a

quick, bright nod, and is off. "What's going on?" said a bore to Douglas Jerrold. "I am," said he. That is just what Wit does. You must be sharp, too, in taking the hit, or you may find yourself in a similar situation to the poor fly that turns about after its head is off to find it out. One of Wit's greatest elements of success is surprise. Indeed, sometimes when your surprise is over, you find nothing else; you have been cheated upon false pretences. Not so with Humour. He is in no hurry. He is for "keeping it up." He don't move in straight lines, but flows in circles. He carries you irresistibly along with him. With Wit you are on the "qui vive;" with Humour you grow glorious. If brevity be the soul of wit, the soul of humour is longevity. Wit loves to dress neatly, and is very fastidious as to a proper fit. It will inform you that Robert Boyle was the "father of chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork." Humour is not particular respecting its clothes, so long as they are large enough. It don't care about making ends meet so precisely. It will tell you a tale about seeing bees as big as bulldogs, and yet their hives were only of the usual size; and if you ask how they managed to get in and out, "Oh," says Humour, "let *them* look to that." Wit dwarfs its subject to a Lilliputian size, and holds it up for laughter because of its littleness. Humour makes as much of its subject as possible. It revels in exaggeration; it reigns in Brobdignag. Wit is thinner; it has a subtler spark of light in its eye, and a less carnal gush of jollity in its laugh. It is, as we often say, very dry. But Humour rejoices in ample physical health; it has a strong ruddy nature, a glow and glory of sensuous life, a playful overflow of animal spirits. As the word indicates, Humour has more moisture of the bodily temperament. Its words drop fatness, its face oozes with unctuousness, its eyes swim with dew of mirth. As stout people often make the best dancers and swimmers, so Humour relies on size. It must have "body," like good old wine. We may get Wit in the person of poor, thin, diaphanous Hood, and irritable, little, pale Pope; but for Humour we require the splendid *physique* of Shakspeare, the ruddy health of Chaucer, the *aplomb* of Rabelais, or the portly nature of Christopher North. Humour has more common human feeling than Wit; it is wealthiest, wisest, kindest. Lord Dudley, the eccentric, said pleasantly to Sydney Smith, "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years, and yet, in all that time, you have never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid."

After all our attempts to define the differences between wit and humour in the abstract, there yet remain a hundred differences in kind and in character, both individual and national.

Chaucer's humour is the bright overflow of a merry heart's sunshine. The wit of Hood is often the flash of a sad heart's sunshine. That smile on the fond, fatherly face of the old English poet is like sunlight sleeping there. And into what genial humour and bright wisdom it wakes! His humour is broad as all out of doors; liberal and kind as the summer light. Hood's wit is often the heat-lightning that frolics about the gathering gloom of a coming night. Betwixt these two representatives of humour and wit, who stand nearly five centuries apart, there lies a wide world of wit and humour, running through all the grades of difference; from the bitterness of Swift, to the sweetness of Goldsmith; the diamond-like point of Pope, to the sublime grotesque of Burns; the pungency of Thackeray, to the ringing mirth of Sydney Smith's working-day humour—Humour stripped to the shirt-sleeves, and toiling away at its purpose with the jollity of Mark Tapley; from the quaint, shy, and sly humour of Lamb,—who in his own nature seemed to unite the two opposites necessary to humour and wit, and to make them one at will, with the oddest twist in the world,—to the caustic wit of Jerrold, “steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkling like salt in fire.” Shakspeare himself might supply us with illustrations through all this range, if necessary; for he includes both Chaucer and Hood, and fills those five centuries between.

Then there are many differences betwixt the wit and humour of different nations. German humour generally goes ponderously upon all fours. French *esprit* is intangible to the English mind. Irish humour is often so natural that its accidents look intentional. The Scotch have been said not to understand a joke. Undoubtedly they have not the Cockney quickness necessary to catch some kinds of word-wit. But where will you find richer, pawkier humour? Take, for example, that book of Dean Ramsay's, on Scottish life and character, which keeps overflowing from one edition into another, because its humour is uncontrollable, uncontrollable.

The most obvious characteristic of American humour is its power of “pitching it strong,” and drawing the long bow. It is the humour of exaggeration. This consists of fattening up a joke until it is rotund and rubicund, unctuous, and irresistible as Falstaff himself, who was created by Shakspeare, and fed fat, so as to become for all time the very impersonation of Humour in a state of corpulence. That place in the geography of United States called “Down East” has been most prolific in the monstrosities of mirth. Only there would a tree'd coon have cried to the marksman with his gun pointed, “Don't fire, Colonel, I'll come down.” Only in that region do they travel at such speed

that the iron rails get hot enough to serve the carriages with heat instead of hot-water bottles, and sometimes so hot, that on looking back you see the irons writhing about like live snakes trying to wriggle off to the water to cool themselves. Only there do they travel so fast that the signal-whistle is of no use for their engines, because, on one occasion at least, the train was in, and smashed in a collision, long before the sound of the whistle got there! Only there can a blow be struck so "slick" as to take an animal's ear off with such ease, that the animal does not know he is one ear short until he puts his forefoot up to scratch it. Only there, surely, are the thieves so 'cute that they drew a walnut log right out of its bark, and left five sleepy watchers all nodding as they sat astride a tunnel of walnut-wood rind. North Carolina, we suppose, cannot be "Down East," else some of the stories that "Skit" tells in his "Fisher's River Scenes and Characters" have the old family features as like as two peas. Charles Lamb's idea of the worst possible inconvenience of being in a world of total darkness was, that, after making a pun, you would have to put out your hand and grope over the listener's face, to feel if he was enjoying it. It would require a broad grin to be felt. Some of these stories are of the sort to produce a broad grin which might be felt in total darkness. One is of a man named "Oliver Stanley," who was taken prisoner by wild "Injins." After some consideration, they put him into an empty oil barrel, and headed him up, leaving the bung-hole open, that he might be longer in dying. They were of the savage kind of humorists before-mentioned, but did not require to see the victim's grimaces; belonging to modern times, they could chuckle over the joke "subjectively." The prisoner relates a portion of his experience:—

"I detarmined to git out'n that, ur bust the trace; and so I jist pounded away with my fist, till I beat it nairly into a jelly, at the eend uv the bar'l; but it were no go. Then I butted a spell with my noggin', but I had no purchase like old rams have when they butt; fur, you know, they back ever so fur when they take a tilt. So I caved in, made my last will and testement, and vartually gin up the ghost. It wur a mighty serious time with me fur sure. While I were lying thar, balancin' accounts with tother world, and afore I had all my figgers made out to see how things 'ud stand, I hearn suthin' scram-bulatin' in the leaves, and snortin' uvery whip-stitch, like he smelt suthin' he didn't adzactly like. I lay as still as a salamander, and thought, maybe there's a chance fur Stanley yit. So the crittur, whatever it mout be, kep' moseyin' round the bar'l. Last he come to the bung-hole, put his nose in, smelt mighty pertic'ler, and gin a monstrous loud snort. I holt what little breath I had, to keep the crittur from smellin' the intarnuls uv the bar'l. I soon seen it was a

bar—the big king bar of the woods, who had lived thar from time immortal. Thinks I, old feller, look out ; old Oliver ain't dade yit. Jist then he put his big black paw in jist as fur as he could, and scrabbled about to make some 'scovery. The fust thought I had was to nab at his paw, as 'a drowndin' man will ketch at a straw ;' bnt I soon seen that wouldn't do, fur, you see, he couldn't then travel. So I jist waited a spell, with great flutterbation of mind. His next move was to put his tail in at the bung-hole uv the bar'l to test its innards. I seen that were my time to make my Jack ; so I seized holt, and shouted at the top uv my voice,

'Charge, Chester ! charge !
On, Stanley, on !'

And the bar he put, and I knowed tail holt were better than no holt ; and so on we went, bar'l and all, the bar at full speed. Now *my hope were* that the bar would *jump over some presserpiss*, break the bar'l all to shiverations, and liberate me from my nasty, stinkin', ily prison. And, sure 'nuff, the bar at full speed leaped over a catterack *fifty foot high*. Down we went together in a pile, *cowhollop*, on a big rock, bustin' the bar'l and nairly shockin' my gizzard out'n me. I let go my tail holt—*had no more use fur it*—and away went the bar like a whirlygust uv woodpeckers were arter it. I've nuther seen nur hearn from that bar since, but he has my best wishes for his present and future welfare."

A good deal of our old friend Sam Slick's mother-wit may be fathered "Down East." He is a great master of the humour of exaggeration ; a brobdignagian of brag, more successful in splitting sides than in splitting hairs. What the shepherd in the Noctes calls "bammering," that is Samuel's great glory. He is rich in his own proverbial philosophy, and peculiar quaint character. Half Yankee, half Englishman, but all himself, as he would say, "he's all thar." Without any poetry, he can be sufficiently rich and droll. We said that humour began with the practical joke. This is the beginning of much of Sam Slick's humour. We find by his latest book that, in his own way, he is delightful and incorrigible as ever. Here is a sample from the "Season Ticket." Mr Peabody, an unmitigated Down-Easter, is describing the quality of some land in British North America, and he gives a forcible illustration of the natural richness of the soil :

"I took a handful of guano, that ere elixir of vegetation, and I sowed a few cucumber seeds in it. Well, Sir, I was considerable tired when I had done it, and so I just took a stretch for it under a great pine-tree, and took a nap. Stranger ! as true as I am talking to you this here blessed minute, when I woke up, I was bound as tight as a sheep going to market on a butcher's cart, and tied fast to the tree. I thought I should never get out of that scrape, the cucumber vines had so grown and twisted round and round me and my legs while I was asleep ! Fortunately, one arm was free ; so I got out my

jack-knife, opened it with my teeth, and cut myself out, and off for Victoria again, hot-foot. When I came into the town, says our Captain to me, 'Peabody, what in natur' is that ere great yaller thing that's a stickin' out of your pocket?' Nothin', sais I, lookin' as mazed as a puppy nine days old, when he first opens his eyes, and takes his first stare. Well, I put in my hand to feel; and I pulled out a great big ripe cucumber, a foot long, that had ripened and gone to seed there."

Sam Slick does not, however, try to make people grin, till they get the lockjaw, merely for the pleasure of seeing them "fixed up." Nor does he open their eyes to the widest, to show them nothing. His great object has been to wake up the Britishers to a true sense of the value of those great possessions of ours in North America. He has given us many a poke in the ribs, and hearty thump on the back, by way of enlightening us in matters of great importance, which we have ignorantly neglected. His exaggerations have often given weight to the blows which he has struck as with Thor's sledge-hammer. Mentioning Thor's hammer reminds us, also, that this humour of exaggeration, this vociferant laugh from "Down East," is a far new-world echo of the old Norse humour. There really seems to be nothing new under the sun. In the Negro melodies imported from America we recognise the familiar tones that hint at an old-world pre-existence. Many Americans would be surprised to find that even their favourite word "slick," which is considered a Yankee "institution," is a good old English word. They may discover it in the Second Book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Iliad*. And this broad and boundless Yankee humour, which overflows in illimitable exaggerations, will be found to have its original springs in the broad humour of the blythe old Norsemen. Race, says Emerson, works immortally to keep its own. And this humour, having once got into the Anglo-Saxon blood, keeps flashing out in many unexpected ways and places. As one type of an idea which runs and reappears again and again through all this kind of humour, take that story told of Thor and his companions on one of their expeditions to Utgard. One night, when weary, they look round and see a house wide open, and so they enter. The house has one large hall and a little closet. In the morning they find this house is only the glove of a giant. The door was the glove-wrist, the little closet was the place for the thumb. Now, this type of an idea, as we call it, has been printed from a thousand times for humorous purposes. Sailors and soldiers, in telling their wonderful stories, still use it with as much effect as ever.

We shall give one more illustration of our meaning from the "Norse Tales," translated with such tender beauty, and robust vigour, by Mr Dasent. In this story, the stretching of it, the

piling of it up, the going in for it, and resolute thoroughness, are altogether "Down East" in character and keeping.

"Once on a time there was a king who had a daughter, and she was such a dreadful story-teller, that the like of her was not to be found far or near. So the king gave out, that if any one could tell such a string of lies as would get her to say 'That's a story,' he should have her to wife, and half the kingdom besides. Well, many came, as you may fancy, to try their luck; for every one would have been very glad to have the princess, to say nothing of the kingdom. But they all cut a sorry figure; for the princess was so given to story-telling, that all their lies went in at one ear and out of the other. Among the rest came three brothers to try their luck, and the two elder went first; but they fared no better than those who had gone before them. Last of all, the third, Boots, set off, and found the princess in the farmyard.

"'Good morning,' he said, 'and thank you for nothing.'

"'Good morning,' said she, 'and the same to you.' Then she went on—

"'You haven't such a fine farmyard as ours, I'll be bound; for when two shepherds stand one at each end of it, and blow their ram's horns, the one can't hear the other!'

"'Haven't we, though?' answered Boots. 'Ours is far bigger; for when a cow begins to go with calf at one end of it, she don't get to the other before her time is come.'

"'I dare say,' said the princess. 'Well, but you haven't such a big ox, after all, as ours yonder; for when two men sit one on each horn, they can't touch each other with a twenty-foot rule.'

"'Stuff!' said Boots; 'is that all? Why, we have an ox who is so big, that when two men sit one on each horn, and each blows his great mountain-trumpet, they can't hear one another.'

"'I dare say,' said the princess; 'but you haven't so much milk as we, I'll be bound; for we milk our kine into great pails, and carry them indoors, and empty them into great tubs, and so we make great, great cheeses!'

"'Oh! you do, do you?' said Boots. 'Well, we milk ours into great tubs, and then we put them into carts and drive them indoors, and then we turn them out into great brewing-vats; and so we make cheeses as big as houses. We had, too, a dun mare to tread the cheese well together, when it was making; but once she tumbled down into the cheese, and we lost her; and after we had eaten at this cheese seven years, we came upon a great dun mare, alive and kicking. Well, once after that, I was going to drive this mare to the mill, and her backbone snapped in two. But I wasn't put out, not I; for I took a spruce sapling, and put it into her for a backbone, and she had no other backbone all the while we had her. But the sapling took root, and grew up into such a tall tree, that I climbed right up to heaven by it; and when I got there, I saw the Virgin Mary sitting and spinning the foam of the sea into pig's-bristle ropes; but just then the spruce fir broke short off, and I couldn't get down again; and so the

Virgin Mary let me down by one of the ropes; and down I slipped straight into a fox's hole; and who should sit there but my mother and your father cobbling shoes! and just as I stepped in, my mother gave your father such a box on the ear, it made his whiskers curl.'

"*'That's a story!'*" said the princess; "my father never did any such thing in all his born days!"

"So Boots got the princess to wife, and half the kingdom besides."

This extract will not only serve to show the kinship between Norse and Yankee humour, it also shows how such astounding audacity may reach its success through a knowledge of human nature's weak points. There is no doubt but what Boots might have gone on lying for ever, in the abstract, without producing the desired effect on the princess. He slyly throws her off guard by that suggestion of royalty cobbling shoes. Her Majesty is touched. That does it. This kind of audacity is a large element in humour, especially if we get some small and weaker body, with a fine audacity of self-assertiveness, that we can patronize in its contest with a much larger opponent. A little fable of Emerson's is a case in point. Moreover, we again see the two opposite personal characters here mingling in the laughable, which we specified as necessary for the production of humour.

"The Mountain and the Squirrel
 Had a quarrel;
 And the Mountain called the Squirrel 'Little Prig.'
 Bun replied,
 You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together,
 To make up a year
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I!
 And not half so spry.
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track;
 Talents differ; all is wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

It is not always that humour asks our sympathy for the weaker vessel. It often delights in the triumph of the strongest, and makes us enjoy it in spite of ourselves. Therefore we are inclined to make the most of a chance like this. In the first place, what right had the great big Mountain to call the Squirrel

a "Prig!" He commits himself, and forfeits all our sympathy at the beginning. After that, size goes for nothing in his favour; it only serves to heighten our sense of the ludicrous. Bun replied—as the celebrated Manager did to *Mr Punch*—His frisky philosophy corruscates with humour. There is the proper twinkle in his eye; the archest of turns in the curling tail. His faith in himself is enough to move a mountain.

"If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I."

That puts things in a different light to what the Mountain has been accustomed to. As some one said to Sydney Smith, "You have such a way of *putting* things." Then, while the Mountain ponders slowly in silence, there follows that clenching

"And not half so spry."

And before the total unanswerability of that is half seen through, Bun walks over the old fellow, and scratches his head for him with a grave satiric grace—

"I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track."

The conclusion is absolutely annihilating to all gross size and substance:—

"If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

We do not propose to include Washington Irving's works in this sketch of American humour. They were appraised, and have taken their place, long ago. They possess humour of the genial Addisonian kind, an airy grace, and fine-old-English-gentlemanliness, which will always delight. But America has produced four other genuine and genial humorists in Hawthorne, Mrs Stowe, Holmes, and Lowell. These have given to American literature a better right of challenging a comparison with other literatures, in the department of humour, than perhaps in any other. The humour of Hawthorne is a singular flower to find on American soil. As Lowell sings of him—

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare,
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there:
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet.
'Tis as if a rough oak, that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled, bony branches, like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone trembly and rathe."

He is a humorist for the fastidious few, not for the multitude.

As a satirist, his weapon does not make great gaping flesh-wounds; it is too ethereal in temper. Nor does he mockingly offer the sponge dipped in gall and vinegar. He is a kindly, smiling satirist. But his smile often goes deeper than loud laughter. He is one of the tenderest-hearted men that ever made humour more piquant with the pungency of satire. There is a side of sombre shadow to his nature which sets forth the bright felicities of subtle insight with a more shining richness. He has a weird imagination, which at will can visit the borderland of flesh and spirit, whence breathe the creeping airs that thrill with fearful fascination. His mirth is grave with sweet thoughts; the very poetry of humour is to be found in his pages, with an aroma fine as the sweet-briar's fragrance. How rare and delicate is his satire, may be seen in the "Celestial Railroad" of the "Mosses from an Old Manse." A modern application of "Pilgrim's Progress," showing how we have altered all that now-a-days. Where the little wicket-gate once stood, is a station-house. No more need to carry the burthen like poor Christian: that goes in the luggage-van. The Slough of Despond is bridged over. Instead of the antique roll of parchment given by Evangelist, you procure a much more convenient small square ticket. The old feud and dispute between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the wicket-gate have been amicably arranged on the principle of mutual compromise. The Hill Difficulty has been tunnelled through, and the materials dug out of it have served to fill up the Valley of Humiliation. And, most delightful and satisfactory transformation of all, Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, instead of meeting poor pilgrims in mortal conflict, is now liberally and laudably engaged to drive the engine. The only drawbacks to this new and improved safe and speedy passage to the Celestial City is, that somehow few ever get beyond Vanity Fair; and those that do, sink down in death's deadly cold river, with no shining ones to help them from the other side.

The deepest humour and pathos will often be found in twin relationship. They are the two sides of the same mental coin. There is a humour that touches us into tears; and great grief will have its gaiety of expression. Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh on the scaffold will make their cheerful jest. We know that Cowper wrote his *Johnny Gilpin* when in one of his melancholy moods. So, often, with the rarest humour, you are reading or listening with an eager delight and expectancy of laughter, and, while the last smile has not yet done rippling over the face, it seems as though the humorist had by mistake struck the wrong chord; the tears are in the eyes at a touch like that long thrilling note of the nightingale's which comes

piercing through the midst of her merry ecstasy, with such a heart-cry of yearning pathos, you are saddened in a moment; although the sadness is a richer pleasure than the mirth. Thackeray at times produces this effect very artfully. Only, when he has produced it, he seems to mock at your changed mood, as though he should say, "You were laughing just now; pray proceed; don't let *me* interrupt your merriment."

Mrs Stowe, in a simpler way, has reached to this depth of humour where it passes into pathos. Nowhere more remarkably than in that scene in "Dred," with "Tiff" and his dying mistress, where the faithful old fellow sits at the bed-side with the big pair of spectacles on his large up-turned nose, the red handkerchief pinned round his shoulders; he busily darning a stocking, rocking a cradle with one foot, singing to himself, and talking to a little one, all at one time.

"I shall give up," moans the poor dying woman. "Bress de Lord, no, Missis," says the cheery old soul, taking all the fault on himself, as though he were the cause of her hopelessness. "We'll be all right agin in a few days. Work has been kinder pressin' lately; and chil'n's clothes an't quite so 'spectable; but den I's doin' heaps o' mendin'. See dat ar," said he, holding up a slip of red flannel, resplendent with a black patch; "dat ar hole wont go no funder; and it does well enough for Teddy to wear, rollin' round de do', and such like times, to save de bettermost,"—honest fellow, he carefully ignores the fact that the child has no bettermost,—"and de way I's put de yarn in dese yar stockins' an't slow. Den I's laid out to take a stitch in Teddy's shoes; and dat ar hole in de kiverlet, dat ar'll be stopped afore mornin'. O, let me alone, he! he! he!—ye didn't keep Tiff for nothin', Missis, ho! ho! ho!" and the black face became unctuous with the oil of gladness as Tiff proceeded with his work of consolation.

There are few comic creations more touching than this ugly, faithful, self-sacrificing dear old Tiff, left as father and mother to the poor children. Tenderly as a hen he gathers them under his old wings of shelter, and nurses and protects them. Mindful of the old dignity, and anxious for the family honour, he tells Miss Fanny to order him round well "afore folks." "Let folks hear ye; 'cause what's de use of havin' a Nigger, and nobody knowin' it?" "Keep a good look-out how Miss Nina walks, and how she holds her pocket-handkerchief, and, when she sits down, she gives a little flirt to her clothes, so dey all sit round her like ruffles. Dese yer little ways ladies have." With what a blithesome, never-failing cheerfulness, he meets and conquers all difficulties! He has eyes that will make a bright side to things with their own shining. When his old rickety vehicle breaks

down on a journey, it has "broke in a strordinary good place this time." The bag of corn bursts; and as "dat ar de last bag we's got," why, he is ready to burst also with laughter at the "curocity." His fire goes out as soon as lighted; upon which he exults thus—"Bress de Lord! *got all de wood left, anyway.*" Great wisdom often smiles through his humour. Here we have him philosophizing in a contemplative attitude: "I thought de Lord made room in every beast's head for some sense; but 'pears like hens an't got de leastest grain. Puts me out seein' them crawling and crawling on one leg, 'cause dey an't sense enough to know where to sit down with tother. Dey never has no idea what dey goin' to do, I believe; but den dar folks dat's just like 'em, dat de Lord *has* gin brains to, and dey wont use 'em. Dey's always settin' round, but *dey never lays no eggs*—so hens an't de worst critturs after all." Most touching is old Tiff's solicitude about getting the children into Canaan, fighting his way through the thorniest paths of this world—inquiring of everything and everybody the shortest way to Canaan. He's bound to that place, and the "chil'en" must be with old Tiff; couldn't do without him nohow. He hears the solemn sound of the pines at night, as they keep "whisper, whisper, never tellin' anybody what dey wants to know."

"What I's studdin' on lately is, how to get dese yer chil'en to Canaan; and I hars fus with one ear, and den with t'oder, but 'pears like a'nt clar 'bout it, yet. Dere's a heap about 'most everything else, and it's all very good; but 'pears like an't clar arter all about dat ar. Dey says, 'Come to Christ;' and I says, 'Whar is He, any how?' Bress you, I *want* to come! Dey talks 'bout going in de gate, and knocking at de do', and 'bout marching on de road, and 'bout fighting and being soldiers of de cross; and de Lord knows, now, I'd be glad to get de chil'en through any gate; and I could take 'em on my back and travel all day, if dere was any road; and if dere was a do', bress me if dey wouldn't hear old Tiff a rappin'! I 'spects de Lord would have fur to open it—would so. But, arter all, when de preaching is done, dere don't 'pear to be nothing to it. Dere an't no gate, dere an't no do', nor no way; and dere an't no fighting, 'cept when Ben Dakin and Jim Stokes get jawing about der dogs; and everybody comes back eating der dinner quite comf'table, and 'pears like dere want no such thing dey's been preaching 'bout. Dat ar troubles me—does so—'cause I wants fur to get dese yer chil'en in de kingdom, some way or other."

Tiff does not consider that he has got hold of much religion, nor can he read much in the Bible; he is "mazin' slow at dat ar; but den I'se larned all de *best words*—like Christ, and Lord, and God, and dem ar." "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," says the poet; and poor old, black, un-gainly Tiff has a hundred such touches.

It is noticeable that Mrs Stowe's richest and most affecting humour should be Negro humour. Is this intentional—her wilier way of pleading their cause? or is it a confession that the dark people have lighter hearts and merrier natures, in spite of slavery, than her Yankee white friends have, with all their freedom? We consider her power of *differentiating* the Negro character, by means of the individual humour, to be one of her most remarkable gifts as a novelist. The humour of "Candace," in the "Minister's Wooing," is very different from that of Tiff, and sufficient, of itself, to outline the character. Hers has a more "keeking" shrewdness. That is an immortalizing observation of hers—"Dogs knows a heap more than they likes to tell." Of course, their difficulty is to get a publisher. 'Tis not often that such an interpreter as Burns comes to read their look; although many of us must have felt that they often needed one. This, again, is very keen—"Some folks say," said Candace, "that dreaming about white horses is a certain sign. Jinny Styles is very strong about that." Now, she came down one morning crying, 'cause she had been dreaming about white horses, and she was sure she should hear some friend was dead. And sure enough a man came in that day, and told her that her son was drowned out in the harbour. And Jinny said, 'There, she was sure that sign never would fail.' But then, ye see, that night he came home. Jinny wasn't *really disappointed*; but she always insisted he *was as good as drowned any way, 'cause he sank three times.*"

The speciality of old Hundred's humour, again, is different, as Topsy is from Tiff. He has been making all sorts of excuses to his mistress to prevent the horses going out.

"'Now, an't you ashamed of yourself, you mean old Nigger?' said Aunt Rose, the wife of Old Hundred, who had been listening to the conversation, 'talking about de creek, and de mud, and de critturs, and lor knows what all, when we all know its nothing but your laziness?'"

"'Well,' said Old Hundred, 'and what would come o' the critturs if I wasn't lazy, I want to know? Laziness! it's the bery best thing for the critturs, can be. Where'd dem hosses a been now, if I had been one of your highfelutin' sort, always drivin' round? Who wants to see hosses all skin and bone? Lord! if I had been like some o' de coachmen, de buzzards would have had de pickin' of dem critturs long ago.'

"'I rally believe that you've told dem dar lies till you begin to believe 'em yourself,' said Rose. 'Tellin' our dear, sweet young lady about your bein' up with Peter all night, when de Lord knows you laid here snorin', fit to tar de roof off.'

"'Well, must say something! Folks must be 'spectful to de ladies. Course I couldn't tell her I *wouldn't* take de critturs out; so I just trots out 'scuse. Ah, lots o' dem 'scuses I keeps. I tell you, now,

'scuses is excellent things! Why, 'scuses is like dis yer grease dat keeps de wheels from screaming. Lord bless you, de whole world turns on 'scuses. Whar de world be, if everybody was such fools to tell de raal reason for everything they are gwine for to do, or an't gwine for to do?'"

Oliver Wendell Holmes has been long known in this country as the author of some poems, written in stately classic verse, abounding in happy thoughts, and bright bird-peeps of fancy, such as this, for example,—

"The punchbowl's sounding depths were stirred,
Its silver cherubs smiling as they heard."

And this first glint of spring—

"The spendthrift Crocus, bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold."

He is also known as the writer of many pieces which wear a serious look until they break out into a laugh at the end, perhaps in the last line, as with those on "Lending a Punch Bowl"—a cunning way of the writer's; just as the knot is tied in the whipcord at the end of the lash, to enhance the smack. But neither of these kinds of verse prepared us for anything so good, so sustained, so national, and yet so akin to our finest humorists, as is the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" a very delightful book—a handy book for the breakfast table. A book to conjure up a cozy winter picture of a ruddy fire, and singing kettle, soft hearth-rug, warm slippers, and easy chair; a musical chime of cups and saucers, fragrance of tea and toast within, and those flowers of frost fading on the windows without, as though old Winter just looked in, but his cold breath was melted, and so he passed by. A book to possess two copies of; one to be read and marked, thumbed and dog-eared; and one to stand up in its pride of place with the rest on the shelves, all ranged in shining rows, as dear old friends, and not merely as nodding acquaintances. Not at all like that ponderous and overbearing autocrat, Dr Johnson, is our Yankee friend. He has more of Goldsmith's sweetness and loveability. He is as true a lover of elegance and high-bred grace, dainty fancies and all pleasurable things, as was Leigh Hunt; he has more worldly sense without the moral languor; but there is the same boy-heart, beating in a manly breast, beneath the poet's singing robe. For he is a poet as well as a humorist. Indeed, although this book is written in prose, it is full of poetry, with the "beaded bubbles" of humour dancing up through the true hippocrene, and "winking at the brim" with a winning look of invitation shining in their merry eyes.

The humour and the poetry of the book do not lie in tangible

nuggets for extraction, but they are there; they pervade it from beginning to end. We cannot spoon out the sparkles of sunshine as they shimmer on the wavelets of water; but they are there, moving in all their golden life, and evanescent grace.

Holmes may not be so recognisably national as Lowell; his prominent characteristics are not so exceptionably Yankee; the traits are not so peculiar as those delineated in the *Biglow Papers*. But he is national. One of the most hopeful literary signs of this book is its quiet nationality. The writer has made no straining and gasping efforts after that which is striking and peculiar; which has always been the bane of youth, whether in nations or individuals. He has been content to take the common, home-spun, everyday humanity that he found ready to hand—people who do congregate around the breakfast table of an American boarding-house; and out of this material he has wrought with a vivid touch and truth of portraiture, and won the most legitimate triumph of a genuine book. We presume it to be a pleasant fiction of the author's that Americans ever talk at all at such a time. But, perhaps, the Autocrat's example may be of service, and ultimately a chatty meal may take the place of a most voracious silence. If so, that may conduce to a jucier, ruddier, plumper humanity than exists in the States at present.

Holmes has the pleasantest possible way of saying things that many people don't like to hear. His tonics are bitter and bland. He does not spare the various foibles and vices of his countrymen and women. But it is done so good-naturedly, or with a sly puff of diamond-dust in the eyes of the victims, who don't see the joke which is so apparent to us. As good old Isaac Walton advises respecting the worm, he impales them tenderly, as though he loved them. As we said, we can't spoon out the sparkles. It is more difficult to catch a smile than a tear. But we shall try to extract a few samples:—

"The company agreed that the last illustration was of superior excellence, or, in the phrase used by them, 'Fustrate.' I acknowledged the compliment, but rebuked the expression. 'Fustrate,' 'prime,' 'a handsome garment,' 'a gent in a flowered vest'—all such expressions are final. They blast the lineage of him or her who utters them, for generations up and down."

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

"Give me the luxuries of life, and I will dispense with its necessities."

"Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather, it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage;

which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him, and the wave in which he dips."

"Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtaken. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself. Stupidity often saves a man from going mad. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such and such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view, if he does not. I am very much ashamed of some people for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *non-compotes* at once."

"What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eye than such a one to our minds. There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called the *jerky* minds. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

"Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is over? We rather think we do. They want to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your room, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which, being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost, into their native element of out-of-doors."

Lucky dog! to have hit upon such an invention! Sad dog! not to have communicated it!

We are not so sure that the "Professor" is equal to the "Autocrat," but are not as familiar with him yet. If the first be a book of the class in which we place it, it could not be repeated with the same success. The first "sprightly runnings" always have an aroma that comes no more. It is very readable, however, and full of good things. Some of the old boarders reappear in these pages. The "young man called John," individualized with homely humour, is one of these. With all his external roughness, this "young man John" has a refinement of feeling; such, we think, as seldom troubles boarders:—

"It a'n't the feed,—said the young man John,—it's the old woman's looks when a fellah lays it in too strong. The feed's well enough. After geese have got tough, 'n' turkeys have got strong, 'n' lamb's got old, 'n' veal's pretty nigh beef, 'n' sparragrass's growin' tall 'n' sliim 'n' scattery about the head, 'n' green peas are gettin' so big 'n'

hard they'd be dangerous if you fired 'em out of a revolver, we get hold of all them delicacies of the season. But it's too much like feedin' on live folks and devourin' widdah's substance, to lay yourself out in the eatin' way, when a fellah's as hungry as the chap that said a turkey was too much for one 'n' not enough for two. I can't help lookin' at the old woman. Corned-beef-days she's tolerable calm. Roastin'-days she worries some, 'n' keeps a sharp eye on the chap that carves. But when there's anything in the poultry line, it seems to hurt her feelins so to see the knife goin' into the breast, and joints comin' to pieces, that there's no comfort in eatin.' When I cut up an old fowl and help the boarders, I always feel as if I ought to say, Won't you have a slice of Widdah?—instead of chicken."

The greatest of all American humorists is James Russell Lowell; and greatest of all American books of humour is the "Biglow Papers." If Holmes can match the Queen Anne men in their genial way, with a pleasant tincture of Montaigne, Lowell reminds us more of the lusty strength and boundless humour of that great Elizabethan literature. Not that he imitates them, or follows in their footsteps; for if there be an American book that might have existed as an indigenous growth, independently of an European literature, we feel that book to be the "Biglow Papers." The author might have been one of the men who met and made merry at the "Mermaid," because of his thoroughly original genius, his mountain-mirth, his glorious fulness of life, his pith and power. The humour of the "Biglow Papers" is "audible, and full of vent," racy in hilarious hyperbole, and it has that infusion of poetry necessary to the richest and deepest humour. The book is a national birth, and it possesses that element of nationality which has been the most enduring part of all the best and greatest births in literature and art. In the instance of all the greatest poets and painters, they are the most enduring and universal who have drawn most on the national life. The life of art, poetry, humour, must be found at home or nowhere. And the crowning quality of Lowell's book is, that it was found at home. It could not have been written in any other country than America. The setting is admirable, and most provocative to the sense of humour. Good old Parson Wilbur—half Puritan, half Vicar of Wakefield, mixed in America—with his pleasant verbosity, his smiling superiority, supplies a capital background to the broad and homely humour, the novel and startling views, the quaint rustic expression of his talented young parishioner. We know how it enhances the effect in art when the means chosen are of the simplest kind. We know also how much more galling satire may be when it comes from those we have looked down upon as illiterate. This is the great success—and sting in it—of Hosea

Biglow's humour. Here is an uneducated Yankee provincial, smelling of the soil, speaking in a local dialect, pitching into humbugs, literary and political, with the most amazing confidence; striking blows with his sinewy strength and gaunt arms like the passing sails of a windmill. He does not fight as a cultivated gentleman, with revolver and bowie knife even, but lays it on in vulgar fistic fashion, stripped to the naked nature, with such vigour that the humbugs are "nowhere" before they know where. The result is indeed most laughable!

At the time when the Biglow Papers were written, the Northern States of America by no means stood in that free and fighting attitude against slavery which they have since attained. Thus Hosea satirises them:—

"Aint it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains
All to get the devil's thankee,
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
We begin to think its natur
To take sarse an' not be riled;
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?"

Hosea went dead against popular feeling on the subject of the Mexican war. On seeing a recruiting sergeant he grows glorious in his riotous way of poking fun:—

"Jest go home and ax our Nancy
Wether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess she'd fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose?
She wants me for home consumption;
Let alone the hay's to mow,—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe."

We honour the heroic courage of the man who, when it was dangerous to do so, gave brave utterance to many unpalatable truths. To quote his own words,—

"We honour the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think.
And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak:
Caring nought for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower."

And this is just what Lowell has done. But we must return to our friend Hosea, who will tell us, among other things, "What Mr Robinson thinks."

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swallow-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum and a fife,
To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes :
But John P.
Robinson, he

Sez they *didn't know everythin' down in Judee.*"

Hosea's report of the remarks made by Increase D. O'Phace, Esq. (*i.e.*, Dough-face), at an extrumperry caucus, contains some sly hits at the stump orators who appeal to the mob for their suffrages. As for example :—

" A marcful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller."

And—

" I'm willin' a mau should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
Because its a crime no one never committed :
But we musn't be hard on particklar sins,
Coz then we'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

The broadest grins, and most uproarious laughter, will be provoked by the amusing letters of "Birdofredum Sawin,"—a lazy, cheerful rascal who enlists, thinking to make his fortune in the Mexican war. He describes the difference between his expectations and the reality he has found since he "wuz fool enuff to goe a trottin' inter Miss Chiff arter a drum and a fife" as Hosea says,—

" Its glory,—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.
But when it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell ye I felt streaked
The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked."

In another letter he describes the result of "goin' whar glory waits ye" in his own particular case. He has lost one leg. Still there is comfort in the thought that the liquor won't get into the new wooden one; so it will save drink, and he will always have one "sober peg :"—

" I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss its easy to supply
Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet is all my eye;
And one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay fer losin' it."
" Ware's my left hand? O darn it, yes, I recollect wut's come on it;
I haint no left arm but my right, an' thet's gut jest a thumb on it."

However, dilapidated as he is, and good for nothing else, he thinks he may do as candidate for the Presidency. And cer-
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tainly he shows great knowledge of American human nature in his instructions for issuing an address, and tact in cavassing:—

“Ef wile you’re lectionearin’ round, some curus chaps should beg
 To know my views o’ state affairs, jest answer *wooden leg!*
 Ef they aint satisfied with thet, an’ kin’ o’ pry an’ doubt,
 An’ ax fer suthin’ deffynit, jest say *one eye put out!*
 Then you can call me ‘Timbertoes’—thet’s wut the people likes;
 Suthin’ combinin’ morril truth, with phrases sech ez strikes.
 Its a good tangible idee, a suthin’ to embody
 Thet valooable class of men who look thro’ brandy toddy.”

He’s all right on the slavery question, as he once found by special experience that niggers are not fit to be trusted. We regret not being able to give it, for it is one of the best things in the book, but are anxious to quote this charming little poem, which is perfect as a Dutch interior, and has a richer human glow:—

THE COURTIN’.

“Zekle crep up, quite unbeknown,
 An’ peeked in thru the winder,
 An’ there sot Huldy all alone,
 ’ith no one nigh to hender.
 Agin’ the chimbly crooknecks hung,
 An’ in amongst ’em rusted
 The ole queen’s arm that gran’ther Young
 Fetched back frum Concord busted.
 The wannut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An’ leetle fires danced all about
 The chiney on the dresser.
 The very room, coz she wuz in,
 Looked warm frum floor to ceilin’,
 An’ she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she wuz peelin’.
 She heerd a foot and knowed it, tu,
 Araspin’ on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.
 He kin’ o’ l’itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o’ the seekle;
 His heart kep’ goin’ pitypat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.”

We learn from the Parson that he was “not backward to re-

cognise in the verses a certain wild, puckery, acidulous flavour, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit." And we find a delicious bit of simple worldly-wisdom in the dear old fellow's way of ushering them into the world. As it is the custom to attach "Notices of the Press" to the second edition of a work, he conceived it would be of more service to prepare such notices and print them with the first edition; for, as he very justly remarks, "to delay attaching the *bobs* until the second attempt at flying the kite, would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art." We could have wished that a portrait of "Hosea Biglow" had been attached to the book, but, as it is not, this graphic etching by his father is of all the more interest. It is a remarkable glimpse of his remarkable son's remarkable mode of composing his poetry. "Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I hearn Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosea's gut the chollery or suthin anuther, ses she, dont you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery, ses I, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and sure enuf, cum mornin, Hosity he cum down stares full drizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot right of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur, bineby he cum back and sed the parson wuz drefle tickled with 'em as I hoop you will Be, and sed they wuz True grit." It is too bad, we think, that while there have been so many editions of Longfellow's works in this country, there has never been a collected edition of Lowell's Poems. We thank the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" for his hearty preface to the "Biglow Papers," and hope that the success of this volume will lead to his editing a perfect collection of Lowell's Poems.

Having cursorily passed through various phases of American humour, we are not about to make comparisons which might be differently "odorous" on different sides of the Atlantic. The Americans themselves are all too fond of measuring stature with European prototypes. We consider their literature to have passed through a most interesting condition, and to be doing quite as well as might have been expected. If its rootage in our literature was so much in its favour, there are also disadvantages when we come to estimate results. It has now gone through the initiative phases, we take it, and is very fertile in promise for the future. Homers, Dantes, and Shaksperes, the greatest poets and humorists, cannot be fairly expected in the first century of a literature. The beauty and grandeur of external nature alone will never inspire the highest and deepest writings; but human life, with its manifold experiences, its glooms and glories, sorrows

and rejoicings, pains, pleasures, and aspirations. Nothing but a future full of promise can compensate American writers for the lack of that rich humanized soil of the past which belongs to us ! Down into this soil the tree of our national life grasps with its thousand fibry fingers of rootage ; and from this soil, made of the dust of our noble dead, it draws up a sap of strength, and lifts it up toward heaven in the leaves and blossoms with which it still laughs out exultantly atop.

As Holmes tells us—

“ One half our soil has walked the rest,
In Poets, Heroes, Martyrs, Sages.”

With us every foot of ground grows food for Imagination, and is hallowed by memorable associations ; it has been ploughed and harrowed by some struggle for national life and liberty ; ennobled by long toiling ; and watered by sweat, and tears, and blood. We have streams that run singing their lyrical melodies ; mountains that lift up their great epics of freedom ; valleys full of traditionary tales ; mossy moors over which the wind wails o' nights like a sighing memory of “ old unhappy things and battles long ago ; ” and pastoral dales over which there broods a refreshing mist of legendary breathings. In a soil like this, we may look for poetry to strike its deepest roots, humour to flower with its lustiest luxuriance, and generous humilities to spring from such a proud possession. But America has no such humanized soil of the historic past, which has for ages been enriched by the ripe droppings of a fertile national life, that fall and quicken the present, to bring forth new fruit in season. There is a noticeable leanness in American life, a “ cuteness ” of manners, that tell plainly enough of this lack in the kindlier nurture. It wants the fatness and the flavour of the old-world humanities. Their literature is bearing fruit ; but there has not been time for the vintage to ripen down in the cellar, and acquire the mellow spirit that sits i' the centre, and the surrounding crust of richness that comes with maturity, which are to be met with in some of the old-world wines. So much may be set off to the want of a past. Then follow the adverse influences of the present, some of which are peculiarly hurtful in the States. We are acquainted with educated Americans who are glad to come to England whenever they can, just to realize all the meaning we find in “ Home ; ” all the rich heritage that we have in our “ Freedom ; ” and to live a little unconscious life, where the evil eye of publicity cannot penetrate. Life with them has not sufficient privacy, and is wanting in that repose which is necessary for the richer deposits of mind to settle in. How can the grapes ripen for the vintage if you

pluck away the large green-sheltering leaves that shield the fruit, with their dewy coolness, from too much sun? More sanctity of the inner life is what American literature needs. The healing springs will be found to rise in solitude, and secret haunts. That restless, outward-hurrying, feverish, political life, is greatly against the quiet operation of the creative mind which needs a still resting-place, and long, lonely broodings, to bring forth its offspring of "glorious great intent." The political life leads to the development of aggressive force, instead of that assimilative force requisite to feed a noble literature. It makes a thousand appeals to self-consciousness; this brings a train of adverse influences in a sensitiveness which is always thinking the world's eyes are on it; a defiance of opinion which it fears, and a self-love which is most illiberal to others. A love of privacy has been one of the most distinguishing characteristics of the English nature. Out of all the proud and loving thoughts that fill our minds at the name of Shakspeare, there is none more endearing than that which reminds us of his true English love of the old place where he was born and bred, and of his desire to get back there, and own his house and bit of land amid the scenes of his boyhood. Though his domestic ties had been none of the nearest, and some of his home-memories were far from flattering, yet his heart was there; and back to it he went, from all the allurements and triumphs of his London life, to have his wish and die. The bane of American life and literature is the love of publicity. With small national capital as stock in trade, the individual wealth requires all the more hiving and hoarding. Long, slow ripening is necessary, instead of a sudden and continual rushing into print, for this inevitably fritters away the power of growth.

However, these unhelpful and hindering conditions that we have adverted to are mainly the result of surrounding circumstances, or such as belong naturally to the youth of a nation. They will be conquered in time. Life must precede literature; and a noble, unconscious life will produce a great and fruitful literature. In that aspect of which we have been speaking, as well as in others which speak for themselves, our American brethren are certainly not poor. They have our hearty thanks for what they have already accomplished, and our best wishes for the future.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Nettleton and his Labours*. By BENNET TYLER, D.D. Remodelled by Rev. A. A. BONAR. 2d Edition. Edinburgh, 1860.
2. *Historical Collections relating to Remarkable Periods of the Success of the Gospel, and Eminent Instruments employed in promoting it*. By REV. JOHN GILLIES. Glasgow, 1754.
 3. *Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God in Northampton; and Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England*. By JONATHAN EDWARDS, A.M. Reprinted at London, 1839.
 4. *Revivals of Religion in the British Isles, especially in Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1836.
 5. *Theological Essays reprinted from the Princeton Review*. Edinburgh, 1856.
 6. *Lectures on Revivals of Religion*. By W. B. SPRAGUE, D.D. Reprinted, Glasgow, 1832.
 7. *Power of Prayer*. By S. I. PRIME, D.D. London and Edinburgh, 1860.
 8. *The Great American Revival*. By JOHN G. LORIMER, D.D. Glasgow, 1859.
 9. *The Year of Grace*. By the Rev. WILLIAM GIBSON, Professor of Christian Ethics at Belfast. Edinburgh, 1860.
 10. *Authentic Records of Revival now in Progress*. London, 1860.
 11. *The Ulster Revival a Strictly Natural and Strictly Spiritual Work of God*. By STEPHEN GWYNN, Jun., A.B. Coleraine, 1859.
 12. *Evidences of the Work of the Holy Spirit*. By GEORGE SALMON, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin, 1859.
 13. *The Work and the Counterwork*. By EDWARD A. STOPFORD, Archdeacon of Meath. Dublin, 1859.
 14. *The History, Character, and Consequences of Revivalism in Ireland*. By P. W. PERFITT, Ph.D. London, N.D.
 15. *The Welsh Revival*. By the Rev. THOMAS PHILLIPS. London, 1860.
 16. *An Account of the Work of God at Ferryden*. By Rev. W. NIXON, Montrose. London, 1860.
 17. *Revival Lessons*. By JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D., of New York. Edinburgh, 1859.
 18. *Hecker's Epidemics of the Middle Ages*. Translated by B. G. BABINGTON. Sydenham Society. London, 1844.
 19. *The Pastor of Kilsyth*. By Rev. ISLAY BURNS. Edinburgh, 1860.

WE have placed at the head of this article the titles of a few, and only a few, of the publications called forth by recent religious

movements, and of a few works of a similar kind of older date. The publications named are a very bare representation of a literature of considerable extent, eminently deserving to be sifted and studied more impartially than it has yet been. We propose in the present article to direct attention to some of the leading points on which a fair consideration of "Revivals" depends. It is no disadvantage to the object we have in view, that the commotion of opinions and articles occasioned by the Irish movement has quieted down. Many of our contemporaries, quarterly and monthly, have already sketched, from various points of view, the leading features of that movement, and have given judgment upon it, certainly in a sufficiently discordant manner. In consequence, we may hold ourselves relieved from the obligation to occupy much space with the scenery and historic details of the revivals to which we shall refer; and we may thus find more room to discuss some of those principles, applicable to the subject of Revivals, which are requisite to a fair appreciation of such movements, and which are often misapprehended. It is the more desirable that attention should be fixed on this part of the subject, because it is highly probable, judging from various indications, that we shall see more revivals in this country; and, however this prospect may be regarded, it is well, at all events, that the principles which bear upon the subject should be frankly discussed, and definitely apprehended.

The word "Revival" is a vague one, and requires to have its meaning fixed. In the present article we shall be forced, unfortunately, to use it in a narrow and technical sense, in order to confine our remarks to a sufficiently manageable topic. Some explanation is therefore necessary. Revival may properly enough express the *awakening or rekindling of religious feeling* in a community; and such revivals have occurred in various countries, and under various forms of religion, heathen as well as Christian. Speaking only of the Christian religion, Revival will denote the quickened influence of Christian truth and Christian motives on the minds and hearts of a community, as manifested in their devotions and their conduct. More particularly, however, and as used now in the evangelical churches, the word expresses that state of things in which the divine life appears to be deepened and made more energetic in believers, and in which the Church gains over to repentance a notable number of those who have been careless or hostile. As everything spiritually good in man is ascribed, in evangelical churches, to the Holy Spirit, the word Revival, as used in them, carries a reference to His agency.

Let it be observed that, as thus explained, the word applies with full propriety to every really advancing condition of the

Christian Church, as properly when that spiritual advance is spread over a generation, as when it is or seems to be concentrated into the space of a month. Usually, no doubt, the term is applied distinctively to religious movements of a concentrated kind, in which a strong influence seems to operate at once on a whole community, and to produce definite results within a short time. But great injustice is done to the views of those who think well of revivals, by this popular restriction of the term. It is never to be forgotten that *they* maintain that every revival, regarded by them as genuine, is in all substantial qualities similar to the more gradual advances (if *these* are genuine) which are also so important to the well-being of the Church. The differences, it is maintained, are merely circumstantial,—dependent on the greater concentration of feeling, and more rapid development of results. Every substantial quality for which they value the one, they find also in the other. And intermediate instances of religious revival, of every order, from the most gradual to the most instantaneous and concentrated, can be cited to complete the proof that there is no difference of kind or of principle, but merely of accessories and circumstantials.

It is therefore an unreasonable disadvantage under which those who take a favourable view of revivals are laid, when the discussion is confined to the more stirring movements of this kind, on the assumption that they are generically peculiar. In the present article we are compelled to lay ourselves not only under this, but under a still greater disadvantage. In order to confine our remarks to a manageable topic, revivals will be considered mainly as they are alleged to be characterized by the conversion of men heretofore living in formalism or in sin. This is only half of what ought to be adverted to in speaking of revivals; indeed it is conceivable, though not likely, that there might be a real revival without any conversions at all. The alleged fact of remarkable and rapid conversions has, however, naturally been the leading idea associated with the name, and has been the topic usually discussed in connection with it. And our remarks shall be mainly confined to revivals in this reference.

It will be obvious that, when the term is narrowed by the various restrictions now adverted to, the range of facts to which it is applicable must be correspondingly abridged. There have been many and various important revivals in the Church; but *such* revivals as are now commonly referred to under that generic name, may be expected to occur, for the most part, in some particular circumstances which more naturally give occasion to them. Such revivals will occur only in some churches, not in all. They may occur in any church in which, according to the

prevailing teaching, the inherent sinfulness of men is strongly proclaimed; in which the salvation of men is represented as turning on their personal faith and repentance—on their coming, adhering, trusting to the Saviour; and in which this union to Christ is represented as initiating all holiness of life, as well as securing actual forgiveness. Let a general impression be produced in negligent minds with reference to these truths, and their own concern in them, and the materials of a revival may be said to be provided. On the other hand, in churches where the sacramental theory prevails, revivals are not to be expected. In them, the elements of divine life are represented as sacramentally communicated, antecedently to consciousness; and the improvement of them is regarded as taking place by slow endeavours, and the continual ministration of fresh sacramental grace. The people in such churches must reject the creed they have been taught, and receive another, before revivals such as we are now discussing can have place among them. Other kinds of revival, however, there may be in such churches, as may be seen from the effects of missions conducted by the Romish predicant orders. The nature and worth of these, it does not belong to our present subject to consider.

In accordance with these views, we find that revivals, more or less frequent, and more or less satisfactory, have occurred in all churches in which they were to be expected; that is, in all the churches in which men have been plainly taught their lost condition, and have had faith in Christ and repentance towards God pressed upon them.

Unfortunately, the record of these religious awakenings is often very defective—too much so to be of much service to an inquirer who wishes to discriminate. Still, there does exist a very interesting body of materials, quite capable of supplying to the Church the results of a long and various experience. Many of the narratives which compose it (often the composition of humble men, otherwise unknown to ecclesiastical literature) are in the highest degree creditable to the modesty, piety, and good sense of the writers. Signally distinguished among them are the “Narratives,” the “Marks of a Work of the True Spirit,” and the “Thoughts” of Jonathan Edwards; a divine distinguished in this department, alike by the remarkable influence he exercised in carrying on the work, and the rigour of the examination to which he subjected it. Some acquaintance with this literature may reasonably be looked for at the hands of intelligent religious people, and especially of the clerical body. Such an acquaintance would prevent many mistakes, into which zealous but rash persons are apt to fall. It would also be extremely desirable, though it is quite hopeless to expect, that

those who oppose all revivals would read a little of what has been said about them by accredited evangelical writers.

We had prepared from these materials a sketch of the revival movements which have taken place during the last three centuries, chiefly with a view to point out the extent and variety of the experience which the Church has acquired in this department. Such a sketch, besides noticing various important movements which have occurred sporadically since the Reformation, ought to embrace in particular the whole early history of the awakening in England under Wesley and Whitefield, the fruits of which are to be found far beyond the borders of Methodism and of England; and also the great series of American revivals, with their singularly interesting and impressive lessons. Want of space makes it necessary to withhold these notices. This is the less to be regretted, inasmuch as some acquaintance with these events, in outline at least, is now pretty general in the community.

At all events, most persons are aware that in America, ever since the year 1791 (when they recommenced after a long interval), revivals have been frequent. They have often been marred by mistakes and abuses, but much oftener they have been guided by the best and soundest heads in the Transatlantic churches, and attended with the happiest effects. It was, therefore, not the existence of a revival, but the character and extent of it, which were felt to be so impressive in 1857-58. The extraordinary commercial excitement of the preceding years, with an attendant increase of luxury and folly, had alarmed many Christians, and led them to endeavour to counteract social influences which threatened to be ruinous. They were thus ready for their work—that is, were impressed with the necessity for prayer and effort—when the commercial crash, unprecedented for its severity, disposed even the most thoughtless to reflection. The revival seems first to have taken palpable form in the extraordinary attendance at midday meetings for business men, which became numerous, crowded, full of life and interest, and were held daily. Without adverting further to the details, which were made known at the time through many channels, it may be enough to say that the special characteristics of this revival seem to have been these: its *extent*, spreading nearly over the whole Union;—its *non-denominational* character, no one body having the lead;—further, its *non-congregational* character; for, while former revivals generally went out, so to speak, from the congregations, this was propagated mainly by prayer-meetings, in which members of different congregations joined;—the manifestation it afforded of the *doctrinal unity* of Protestant Churches in the United States;—the *respect* accorded to the movement by the

whole nation, especially as represented by the secular press;—and, perhaps most characteristic of all, the *reliance placed upon the power of prayer*, and the extent to which that reliance was justified. So much ignorance is still sometimes shown, that it may be necessary to say that there were no “physical phenomena.”¹

The recent Irish Revival may be said to have followed, although its earliest movements somewhat preceded, that in America. The history of this remarkable set of events has been written by Professor Gibson with great judgment and ability. He has happily combined a very cordial and reverent recognition of the Divine agency in the awakening and conversion of sinners, with much candour and fairness in reference to debateable points. It is no blemish to such a work, but, on the contrary, a great enhancement to its value, that he allows so many of his brethren to tell their own story in their own way, and so exhibits the impression which the movement made on a variety of eyewitnesses. Occasionally one may be disposed to differ, on subordinate points, from one or two of those who speak through his pages; so, it may be gathered, he would himself. Generally, however, the impression which this work gives, both of the devotedness and of the judgment of Irish ministers, is very favourable. Naturally, the information is chiefly drawn from Presbyterian sources, although the movement was by no means confined to Presbyterians. The spirit of the book, however, is thoroughly unsectarian. We may instance in proof the remarks on Archdeacon Stopford's pamphlet, in which we thoroughly concur, both as regards the praiseworthy design of that production, and the defects of execution, which, in a great measure, neutralized its good effects.

About the same time with the Irish Revival, a similar movement began in Wales, originated, apparently, so far as causes can be traced, by the tidings of the American Revival. Wales has frequently been the seat of extensive religious movements; and that to which we now refer will probably bear comparison with the most extensive. It appeared more or less in almost every county in the Principality; and is notable for the amount of co-operation on the part of various denominations, Established and non-Established, which it has brought about. Union prayer-meetings of all the evangelical bodies became frequent and frequented.² Less seems to be popularly known of this move-

¹ An unreasonable exception is taken to the genuineness of this revival, on the ground that no revolution is apparent in American life, manners, and policy. But supposing half a million of persons to have become earnest Christians, which is a very liberal allowance, earnest Christians would still be in a great minority.

² At one of these the expression was used—“We thank Thee that the straw walls, which have long divided us, are now on fire.”

ment than of the others; the prevalence of the Welsh language interposing an obstacle to communication. The work of Mr Phillips gives an interesting sketch of it. The excitement at some of the meetings seems to have been occasionally extreme. In Wales, as in Ireland, the moral improvement following on the revival has been most marked.

A number of similar movements have taken place in Scotland, but are more locally circumscribed than those in Ireland and Wales. They have occurred in several districts inhabited by a fishing population, in mining districts, and in sections both of town and rural populations. The interesting little work of Mr Nixon will supply a specimen of one of the most remarkable. In some cases, as at Ferryden, mental emotion produced physical effects more or less analogous to those which occurred in Ireland. In other places, in which the appearance of a revolution in the feelings and character was equally great, effects of this kind scarcely occurred.

We proceed now to examine the principles on which we think these remarkable appearances ought to be criticised and appreciated. Without being sanguine enough to suppose that a universal agreement of opinion about them will soon be reached, we still think it far from difficult to point out the principles which ought to govern any discussions which take place.

A preliminary position may first be laid down. It is freely conceded that some movements, called revivals, have been little else than outbursts of fanaticism: it is further conceded that many revivals, favourably judged of by the evangelical churches, have borne marks of human error and infirmity, sometimes in a serious degree. But it will not do, at this time of day, to rail at revivals from a preconceived opinion, and to ascribe them wholly, *ex cathedra*, to superstition, excitability, nervous contagion, and hysteria. We have got a good way past this. Whether they are to be opposed or to be criticised, the grounds alleged on their behalf must be sifted and discussed. It cannot now be denied, that among those who are the defenders, and indeed among those whose Christian experience is the product, of revivals, are men whose intellectual and moral stature excels that of any of their opponents. It cannot be denied, without effrontery, that nothing has been written with a view to distinguish between true and fanatical religious feeling, so soberly, discriminatingly, and usefully by any, as by those who have taken part in revivals. It cannot be denied that grounds are advanced in behalf of revivals, suitably conducted, which at least deserve to be weighed. In consequence of this, a much greater disposition is now generally shown than was usual in former times, to look fairly at the facts, and to let them weigh for what they are worth. A recent

article in the *Quarterly Review*, very fair and candid in its tone, is an illustration. The line which has been taken in some quarters is a mistake. On the other hand, it is equally imperative that whatever can be made out on grounds of fact, reason, or Scripture, fitted to throw doubt or discredit on any revival proceedings, should be candidly considered. Wholesale defending of revivals, and all their circumstantials, is a great disservice to the Church. All things in which imperfect men take part, need, at least, a great amount of sifting; and revivals among the rest.

The fundamental position bearing on all questions about revivals, is *the possibility and necessity of conversion*, and the obligation lying upon the Church to labour for conversions. By conversion is understood, in the evangelical churches, an intelligent and willing change, under the influence of the truth and Spirit of God, in which a man, heretofore not saved from sin, passes into peace with God, and into godly living, by trust and love towards Christ, who is the embodiment of all grace, and all goodness. Sin is here taken in its scriptural latitude, as including all alienation of heart from God and indifference to His claims. It is admitted, that men may be truly converted, although the precise character of their moral history has not been all along so clear as to enable them to fix the time. But it is maintained that this change is necessary; and that it is a decisive change, which really places the subject of it in a new relation to sin upon the one hand, and to God and Christ upon the other. The change thus effected is attributed to the agency of the Holy Spirit, in connection with the revealed truth of God. It is also maintained that unconverted persons may usually know that they are unconverted, or at least may usually be made to see it by a due use of their Bibles. We regret to have to introduce so much of formal theological statement, but it is really unavoidable; for this is the foundation of the whole matter. It is not implied by this, that all who admit the possibility and necessity of conversion, in the evangelical sense, and the Church's obligation to labour for it, must admit revivals as an inference. It is conceivable that the first may be admitted, and the second denied. But it is meant that it is quite useless to discuss revivals with those who deny conversion in the sense explained. Why discuss the reality of a harvest with him who denies the reality of even one single ear of corn? The quarrel of many with revivals is founded on their quarrel with the whole teaching of the Reformation, and is to be appreciated accordingly. Holding either sacramental salvation with the Church of Rome, or a salvation of good behaviour with the Socinians and Pelagians, they must declare war against revivals as a matter of course. We have no intention, then, of wasting

space in endeavouring to recommend revivals to those who deny the fundamental position referred to.

But we must still further tax the patience of our readers in reference to this matter, by reminding them that men are not left to their own fancies to decide what is and what is not conversion. There is a great body of scriptural principles bearing on the subject; in reference to which the evangelical churches, however they disagree on other subjects, are singularly unanimous. These principles do not enable men to decide who are and who are not converted. But, properly applied, they do enable men to distinguish for themselves between the great change from sin to God through Christ, and those delusive feelings which simulate it. They do enable intelligent Christians so far to understand the case of those who apply to them for advice as to warn them usefully. They do enable such Christians to form a fair judgment as to those instances of spiritual concern which may be regarded as hopeful, inasmuch as the concern is grounded on the very reasons which Scripture assigns as just and proper. They do enable such Christians, further, intelligently to form a probable judgment as to the cases in which they are called upon to exercise a charitable and sympathising hope for persons who profess seriously their faith in Christ. It is usual in evangelical churches to inculcate earnestly the importance of a stringent application of these principles by each one to his own case, and a reasonable and charitable regard to them in reference to others. There is, of course, the usual human shortcoming in making use of them. They are now referred to, however, because there is in some quarters a disposition to represent it, as though no tests of conversion were recognised in revivals but excitement, emotion, expressions of joy and fervour, and so forth. Professing our willingness to admit this charge wherever it is made out, we must take leave to stigmatize it, as a general representation, by the uncivil name of *cant*. Ignorant people do, of course, think and talk nonsense during revivals, because they do so at all times. But the body of principles we speak of is so various, copious, and touches human nature at so many points,—bearing as it does on the views that ought to influence men, their experience under them, and the fruits afterwards,—that it constitutes a thoroughly effective guide in a region confessedly difficult and dark. And probably no men of their respective periods ever made a severer application of those principles to human professions, than those two, so great in revival work, Jonathan Edwards in the last century, and Asahel Nettleton in the present.

Only one other step remains to be taken in order to set forth, positively, the theory of revivals. It is asserted that, occasionally,

the impressions which issue in conversion are made on many minds about the same time, or in connection with one movement of the general mind and feeling of a community: especially in communities where it has become known that some of their number have been impressed, or seem to be converted. This is asserted as matter of experience; and it is further maintained that there is nothing unreasonable or unscriptural in it, but the contrary.

In so far as this is asserted to be matter of experience, the proof cannot be adduced here. Whether or not there have been awakenings and apparent conversions which stand those scriptural tests that ought to direct charitable judgments, must be determined by the recorded evidence. So also must the question, whether the awakenings and apparent conversions which stand that test, have really formed the main characteristic and work of any revivals. We have no doubt about the answer which the evidence supplies. We shall, however, only make one remark upon it; viz., that though the evidence is not of a kind which enables us to judge absolutely in the case of every individual man apparently awakened, it is still evidence of that kind which does not deceive *on the great scale, and in its application to a great number of cases*. It justifies a general conclusion.

In regard to the assertion that there is nothing unreasonable or unscriptural in the idea just presented, one or two remarks may be made. As to the evidence of Scripture, we shall only say that it seems singular, under a dispensation which began at Pentecost, to dispute the possibility or propriety of common movements of mind issuing, under the Divine blessing, in a number of conversions. Probably, however, the more usual prejudice is against the reasonableness of such events. Why should a great number of persons, of various circumstances and ages, be all converted together in the course of a few weeks, instead of separately and successively? Does it not look like one of those transient waves of feeling which pass over communities, rather than a collection of really decisive changes, of which each holds its appropriate place in a separate moral history?

In alleviation of this difficulty it may be observed, that undoubtedly communities under religious instruction, like other communities, have a certain unity. They have a common moral history; they frequently have a common moral and spiritual condition, which operates on the character of every member of the community. They are, besides, united in many providential circumstances which affect them all. While, therefore, there are great individual diversities, there is also a great deal in which all share. They are accordingly liable to common impulses;

and it is impossible to assert that those common impulses may not fall in fitly in the scheme of Providence for affecting decisively the spiritual condition of many of them at once. It is impossible to maintain that the individual diversities which subsist must always preclude the propriety of the simultaneous conversion of a number of persons. Such an assertion, which would be presumptuous in any case, is palpably presumptuous when due regard is had to the common influences which are simultaneously moulding all the minds in question. Moreover, it will be admitted, probably, that as in the case of individuals, so in the case of communities, critical periods arrive ; a time comes when a decision must be taken, and some new form of life assumed : there are growths of knowledge, training, experience, which necessitate a recrystallization, so to say, for good or evil. May not such a crisis arrive in the experience of a community ? If it does, will it not necessarily raise individual questions for individual minds ? And may it not be sometimes entirely fit, reasonable in the highest sense, that then many marked individual decisions should be had ?

Independently, however, of these considerations, and in addition to them, much is due to the legitimate influence of sympathy. When some persons in a congregation, for instance, are known to be awakened, and especially if they cannot help making their feelings manifest by the natural signs, such as weeping, it is quite natural that others should be impressed. It is quite natural, especially, that those should be visited with similar feelings whose consciences tell them that there is ample ground for such feelings in their own case : who have long known that their want of such feelings is highly unreasonable. There is nothing fanatical in this. We do not disclaim sympathy, as a fanatical influence, when men are to be roused to efforts of patriotism or benevolence. We hold it quite reasonable then, that the fire should leap from heart to heart. And why shall it be judged unfit that the grace of God should sometimes make use of this thoroughly reasonable influence to call up at once, in many bystanders, the slumbering convictions of years ?

We have indicated the class of considerations and the kind of evidence by which the scriptural and reasonable character of revivals may be defended. The outline which has been traced, requires of course to be filled up by specific evidence, which cannot be adduced here. On such grounds as have been indicated, we hold it fully made out, that revivals have been, and may yet be expected to be, productive of great good to the Church and to mankind. There is nothing, however, in these considerations which should dispose any intelligent Christian to shut his eyes to the evils that may be connected with ill-conducted revivals. We have kept prominently in view, in our remarks, as a leading

condition of our advocacy of revivals, that they should be carried on by the full declaration of revealed truth, and with a full application of scriptural tests to human experience and professions. We are perfectly aware, that there may be a great failure here, and that if so, the consequences will always be unfortunate. There have been revivals, so called, in which scarcely a trace of scriptural influence was to be seen. There have been revivals (a much more common and more perplexing case), in which, with a good deal that was sound and wholesome, so much of the foolish and misleading mingled, as to raise a question whether the loss did not exceed the gain. The more that any one is convinced that real and beneficial revivals may be expected, the more ready he ought to be to apply Scripture and common sense with a view to eliminate abuses. We have no doubt, therefore, that the Church will gain a great deal from the unsparing criticism of those opponents of revivals, who are also opponents of everything evangelical. Indeed, our only regret in reference to them is, that their criticism is usually characterized by so much ignorance, and avoids so cautiously a real grapple with the strength of the revival case, that much less benefit is to be got from it than one could wish to receive. On the same grounds, if any of those who are not unfavourable to evangelical truth, see or think they see anything to object to in revival proceedings or principles, it is their privilege and their duty to state it frankly: only let it be remembered, that there is a great deal in the nature of the case, and in the lessons of past experience, to show the importance of their doing so with gentleness and forbearance. There is undoubtedly a great deal in this field, in regard to which the Church may profit by experience. We believe she has already done so, more largely perhaps in America than in this country: and there is still room for progress. We shall therefore proceed to say something in regard to those points which may be regarded as more or less difficult, on which the opponents of revivals have usually founded their attacks, and in regard to which the promoters of them have not been always wise—sometimes extremely foolish.

A difficulty is by some persons felt to arise from the rapidity with which, in revivals, conversions seem to be accomplished. People are suddenly awakened, and in a very little while seem to find peace, and to emerge into Christian life. This suddenness raises a doubt as to the depth of the feelings that change so quickly. It has the aspect of something inconsiderate. There is nothing here, it is said, like counting the cost, or weighing well what is renounced and what is embraced.

Probably an exaggerated idea is often entertained of the pro-

portion of very rapid conversions under revivals. Those which take place with obvious rapidity, are the striking incidents of a revival, which are most likely to be reported. Those, usually much the greater number, in which days and weeks of serious reflection precede the consciousness of Christian rest and hopeful Christian activity, are less capable of being picturesquely conceived; and very many of them only become known by the gradual evidence of succeeding months and years. Still, undoubtedly, a rapid decisiveness in the professed conversions is a feature which appears more largely in revivals than at ordinary times: as indeed may be expected, if it is reasonable at any time to look for such conversions.

That it is reasonable, as well as scriptural, must be maintained. It is indeed most true that a change, which, if real, is the greatest event in a man's life, and involves the weightiest decision he can ever make, ought to be eminently rational, considerate, and deliberate. If really defective in these respects, it cannot be genuine. Still, now as in New Testament times, conversions rapidly accomplished, as to the time spent under serious impressions, are to be looked for; and looked for not only as preternatural exceptions, but as a substantial element of the Church's experience. It is to be remembered, that in Christian countries, men, however careless, have usually a large amount of preparative acquaintance with revealed truth, and have arrived, mentally, at a number of practical admissions or concessions about sin, righteousness, and salvation, which slumber in their minds, but may be awakened. Now, whatever may be said about conversion, it is past all question, that the awakening of conscience may take place with singular suddenness. It does not always take place so, indeed, but it often does. Almost at once, the facts and the admitted truths of a lifetime have started into luminous significance, and men have come to the assured conviction and very deep impression of their own ungodliness, as the most important fact about them—a conviction, be it observed, most rational and well grounded, the previous absence of it being the only marvellous and irrational element in the case. If, then, this may be so, may not the counterpart process sometimes be effected with a rapidity equally decisive? Under the agency of the Holy Spirit, may not that which is central and essential in the Gospel (long known in its form) come out to the oppressed mind of the sinner with luminous power—a power corresponding to the certainty and depth of the felt evil? May not the goodness and purity of Christ come out in felt contrast to his own felt debasement—the helpfulness of Christ in connection with his urgent spiritual need? And, *if there be such a thing as conversion at all*, may not the instant effect be a decisive move-

ment of the inner man, in which the bondage of evil is broken, and the man enters, with a conscious certainty which does not deceive him, into a new mind, a quite new moral atmosphere, and a new life, because into the faith and love of Christ? There is nothing in this at all fanatical or enthusiastic. There is always a decisive moral crisis in conversion, though its character is not always instantly apparent to the subject of it. But it may arrive with instant conscious clearness. The immensity of the contrast between evil and good, ungodliness and reconciliation, is such as to justify this position against all exception. And there is every reason to think that a certain appreciable proportion of such rapid conversions is a healthful element in the Church's experience, requisite to the equipoise of her convictions and her activities.

On the other hand, it is equally true, that, especially in times of religious excitement, people are in danger of being deceived about conversions. Without conscious hypocrisy, people may be floated over into what they think conversion, without even the least intelligent apprehension of what conversion is. The danger in this direction is generally under-estimated by active evangelistic persons of one-sided views. It was not under-estimated by such men as Edwards or Nettleton. The Church is therefore under obligations to those who remind the community, even if sometimes a little roughly, of the danger which attends the confident talk about conversions into which good people are apt to slide. It is under still greater obligations to all who endeavour to supply to awakened persons a full ministration of the truth. The various aspects of truth, striking on the various aspects of human nature and human experience, is the proper instrumental precaution against spurious conversions. One-sided preaching, or the mere iteration of one set of truths, may be instrumental in really converting a number of people. But, usually, such conversions will be accompanied with a lamentable number that are spurious; and of those that are really converted many will acquire an unhappy one-sidedness in the cast of their experience, not easily remedied afterwards. No consideration surely can evince more clearly the responsibilities of those who undertake to deal with awakened consciences.

Another topic which usually creates a good deal of doubt in connection with revivals, is that of the kind and degree of emotion felt and manifested. Sometimes revivals are carried through with a singular combination of deep feeling on the one hand, and solemn self-control on the other. At other times there is an amount of passionate sorrow and joy, which to some seems extravagant, and which justifies in the eyes of others the condemnation of the whole affair as a mere whirlwind of fanaticism. It

is not easy to speak wisely on this subject, because the matter itself is so little capable of precise determination. It is to be remembered, also, that a good deal depends on the habits and practice of different denominations. In some denominations it is not unusual, in ordinary worship, for the worshippers to express their feelings by spontaneous ejaculations and responses. This, of course, leads naturally, in times of greater movement, to manifestations of feeling that seem very strange to Episcopalian and Presbyterian eyes and ears. This has to be borne in mind in reading some revival narratives.

Nothing can be more true, than that emotion, when manifested, becomes contagious. It is not wonderful, therefore, that it should be suspected sometimes that emotion is carrying people where their intellect and conscience do not keep them company. There is no doubt at all that this has largely characterized some revivals; and in some the melancholy mistake has been made of trusting to this blind process, as the means of leading sinners to God. It is a danger always to be guarded against with a vigilant sense of the weakness of human nature, and the folly of exposing it to dangers which have proved, ere now, so real and fatal. But here, as in other practical matters, there are two sides to the question. All is not settled, by any means, by pointing out a danger on one side.

In the first place, it is impossible to assign any limit of feeling in reference to Divine truth and the interests of the soul, which ought never to be passed. Any degree of emotion, the deepest of which man is capable, is no more than may be justified by the nature and amount of the interests at stake, and the influences at work, under the Gospel. In the second place, it is natural and reasonable that in a revival—i.e., when many are awakened at the same time—both the consciousness of feeling and the expression of it should be much livelier than we ordinarily see. Ordinarily, the individual who may be awakened is under the controlling influence of finding perhaps every person he knows or meets with, in a state of feeling diverse from his own. The repressive power of this influence is too obvious to need to be stated. At a revival, on the other hand, each individual who is awakened is under the stimulating influence of feeling that the conscious concern of a whole community justifies his own. Thirdly, the contagious influence of emotion may produce effects that are entirely reasonable and justifiable. This is so, when the contagious agitation of the feelings calls up and brings vividly to consciousness facts and truths which justify those feelings,—facts and truths which ought to have excited those feelings before, and which were intentionally and guiltily neglected.

Still the expression of feeling in public assemblies must be sub-

jected to some restraint. It must be so, in order that the proper work of such assemblies may go on. It must be so also in order to guard against dangers. And experience shows, that by duly helping those who are under the influence of deep feeling, they may be enabled to exercise a reasonable self-control. When expressions of feeling interrupt the services, and take the lead in a congregation, obvious dangers are at hand. In the first place, an element of agitation is created of a peculiarly uncontrollable kind, the surges of which may not prove amenable to reason. In the next place, the influence upon individuals (a very strong and peculiar kind of influence) exerted by the contagion of a commotion of this kind, is not at all regulated by truth or reason, but is proportioned to the susceptibility of their nervous system. Intelligent and reflecting persons are aware of this, and instinctively strive to retain their self-control. But many of those who compose every public assembly are not reflecting persons, and are exposed in this way to deceive themselves to a most dangerous degree. Further, frequent exposure to such influences creates in some persons a chronic liability to tumultuous agitation, which, if they are not converted, is fitted to mislead them; and if they are, exposes them to the danger which Edwards has described with so much penetration, under the name of "*Degenerating of Experiences.*" These considerations seem fitted to guide to a general conclusion,—viz., that such expression of emotion in public assemblies as threatens to interrupt the progress of properly spiritual exercises, common to the whole assembly, is usually to be discouraged.

It will be expected that an article on revivals should include a reference to the "*physical phenomena,*" or "*prostrations.*" We yield to the necessity with some regret, believing that our own and our readers' attention might be more usefully occupied.

It is important to observe that a variety of cases, really different, are included under the term prostration. In the first place, there are cases which ought not to be classed under this head at all. Such are those in which persons under extreme distress and concern on account of sin, finding themselves no longer able to suppress their feelings, throw themselves on their knees and cry to God for mercy. It is certainly unusual to see this in any public place; but it may be nothing more than the natural expression of very unusual distress, more or less intelligent, with reference to the soul and eternity. In such cases there may be something spasmodic in the gestures and expressions; this, however, does not justify the search after any recondite cause. All the tokens of emotion tend to be somewhat spasmodic, as we see in the common case of sobbing; and when very deep emotion, after a long effort to master it, bursts forth into expression, it is

nothing more than may be expected, if this characteristic becomes more than ordinarily developed.

Another class of cases, more properly ranked as prostrations, is composed of those which may be best conceived as cases of swooning. It is well known that the presentation of intelligence which intensely interests the mind and moves the feelings, has often caused swooning. It is as if the news presented laid hold of the man so vigorously through his mind and feelings, as to appropriate and enchain all his powers. The sudden and exorbitant demand on the nervous energy, through the intellect and affections, leaves too little to carry on the other functions in their usual vigour; and hence fainting, or perhaps some still more serious nervous crisis. An analogous experience in the case of a man under unusually deep religious concern is perfectly intelligible. Such a man is labouring under the weight of important truths, which have laid hold of a mind previously inattentive to them; he is conscious of a mental conflict of awful interest, in the course of which the extent of his own ungodliness becomes oppressively clear to him. By and by, perhaps, he can scarcely eat or sleep: his whole soul is filled with intense longing for deliverance; and as the moral or spiritual crisis draws nearer, the demand upon his energies becomes excessive, and he swoons away. We know that some of those who have been prostrated in one of the recent Scottish revivals, intelligent and thoughtful persons, though in humble life, considered their own case to be simply one of swooning under some such experience as we have indicated above. A similar explanation will apply to some cases in which there is no previous exhausting process. Some persons, for instance, have been prostrated who were previously sincerely pious, though not very lively in religion; and they have proved afterwards to be remarkably quickened, manifesting a new interest in religion, and a great readiness to every good work. This is probably to be explained by supposing that, under revival influences, such persons had their minds somewhat suddenly occupied with views of Divine things of an order transcending all their former experience. This, combined with a consciousness of something blameworthy in their previous comparative blindness and insensibility, might quite possibly go so far as to lead to swooning. We could cite cases of persons, young, healthy, of intelligent and investigative minds, removed from all revival scenes and influences not by space merely, but many years of time, who, in course of solitary reflection, have had views of the Divine character and majesty impressed on them with a force that nearly bore down the physical energies; and this when there was no special activity of conscience, and when no element of terror mingled with their impressions.

The cases, however, which attracted the greatest attention in Ireland, are not to be referred to either of these classes. They are the cases, tolerably similar in their general character, in which persons seemed to come suddenly under a complex influence, partly mental and partly physical. They fell down in a state of violent and convulsive agitation, accompanied with a most oppressive feeling of distress, which manifested itself in an uncontrollable disposition to pray, often in the very loudest tones. Meanwhile their minds, little conscious of anything going on around them, seemed to be filled with the liveliest apprehensions of sin, of the need of a Saviour, of His presence and power to help, and very often also of the presence and influence of the Enemy of souls. These impressions sometimes assumed the form of a most animated spiritual struggle with the Evil One, in whose power they apprehended themselves to be. Two or three well-marked stages could usually be traced in these attacks. They ended with a sense of extraordinary liberation and relief, the mind being usually impressed with a sense of the Saviour's love and helpfulness. In some places these occurrences were very numerous; in others few or none occurred. Phenomena of this kind had been previously quite unknown in the district, and naturally caused a great commotion. In a community thus taken by surprise, it was natural enough that many should at first regard these affections as having a quasi-supernatural character, particularly when they saw them concurring, as they sometimes did, with the most remarkable moral changes in men's lives and characters. Fortunately the ministers and intelligent Christians generally took safe ground, and, without attempting to explain these affections, kept before the mind of the people objective truth, and the essentials in which conversion consists. In consequence, the affections, instead of becoming chronic, for the most part disappeared, and left the proper spiritual work of a revival disencumbered of this element. There were, however, instances of less intelligent and prudent guidance; and an unhappy stimulus was given to everything eccentric by crowds of visitors from England and Scotland, many of them more pious than enlightened, who beset the more noted cases. Accordingly, a tendency to recurrent prostration became chronic in some, while in others trances, visions, prophesyings, and the like, were developed. These peculiar appearances have been represented as constituting the substance of the whole revival. Nothing can be more false. The cases of prostration undoubtedly exercised a great influence in awakening and sustaining attention throughout the country; but they constituted only a small per centage of those who were awakened, and only some of those who were prostrated were ever regarded as converted. There

was a disposition on the part of many to lay too much stress on the extraordinary feeling of peace and happiness which usually arose at a certain stage of these affections; and this very likely gave rise to mistakes. But the ground always maintained by the great body of ministers and intelligent Christians was, that conversion has its own proper evidences, which can neither be dispensed with, nor supplanted by physical symptoms, however remarkable. On the other hand, it is quite clear that a number of persons who experienced a remarkable change in their convictions, dispositions, and character, and who still live entirely changed lives, experienced this change in connection with prostrations. A great deal has been written about these affections. In the few remarks we have to make, we shall endeavour to avoid the snare of knowing more than is really known, into which some of our predecessors, we fear, have fallen.

The question simply is, whether the non-spiritual element in these cases—*i.e.*, so much as does *not* consist in intelligent views of truth, and corresponding impressions, affections, and resolutions—can be referred to known natural causes, and classified with known phenomena. Further, if it can, can the connection in certain cases between the physical and the spiritual be accounted for? It is to be observed that to the non-spiritual element, which is thus made matter of consideration, some of the mental as well as of the bodily manifestations are to be reckoned. The abnormal mental state common to all these cases, and the peculiar and uncontrollable form which the mental exercises and manifestations took, are to be included in the inquiry.

Now, there is a class of disorders, not very thoroughly understood, and exceedingly mutable and protean in their forms, which are called nervous disorders for want of a better name. They seem, at least, to be connected with a disturbed condition of the nervous system. Of these disturbances, some manifest themselves by fits of agitation of mind and body,—the agitation being more gentle or more severe, more regular or more convulsive in its character. Under such disturbances, long trains of bodily and mental manifestations, homogeneous or heterogeneous in their character, are sometimes produced,—the memory and the imagination being laid largely under contribution to make out the train. And, what is specially pertinent here, sometimes these affections become contagious, and spread to predisposed persons over large districts of country. In this case, the very odd phenomenon is presented, of mental and bodily manifestations, sometimes of a complex kind, including many mental experiences, and processes, and voluntary movements of the body, gone through, as by a kind of destiny, by a great many diverse

people, who can have no common *reason* for doing or feeling any such things. The manner of the contagion is very obscure. It is probably not purely through the mind; yet it depends in a peculiar manner upon seeing or hearing of the symptoms of others,—the knowledge thus acquired seeming to excite a tendency to an elaborately imitative train of similar performances. The circumstances, also, in which such disorders tend to become contagious are very uncertain. Various conditions of race, of climate, possibly of subtle elemental influence, may, for anything that is known, create the tendency. But it appears, from various instances, that one of the conditions which favours it, is the occupation of the mind of a whole community by some one deeply-exciting subject. Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages"—a work translated for a medical society—has been frequently referred to as containing illustrations. It is, in fact, a highly instructive and useful book for those whom it does not cause to be wiser than Hecker himself. It requires, like every book on such a subject, to be used with caution and discretion. It is clear, however, that such disorders as we have imperfectly described have arisen and prevailed at various periods, sometimes taking a long time to work themselves out.

There is, we think, no reason to doubt that the prostrations, with their train of peculiar symptoms, are to be reckoned to this class of disorders. It is no fair objection to this mode of accounting for them, that the symptoms are not precisely the same as those of ordinary hysteria, or *precisely* parallel to those of any established class of nervous disorders. The truth is, these disorders are too mutable in character to be very satisfactorily classified: no one is surprised to find their symptoms varying unexpectedly, in the ordinary experience of medical practice; and when they have spread widely in contagious forms, the form has always been largely determined by the prevalent feelings, opinions, and tendencies of the age. Still there are general characteristics which justify the reference of them all to one category. Medical men seem generally to think that the affinities of the prostration cases are best indicated by some such name as irregular or extraordinary hysteria; and there seems to be no fair reason, on ordinary scientific grounds, for objecting to the nomenclature, or to the classification which it implies. The question, however, which concerns the religious world more nearly is, whether on this hypothesis the apparent connection of the physical with the spiritual, in many of the cases, can be accounted for. We think enough can be done *towards* accounting for it to relieve the mind of any practical perplexity.

It is clear that, in all the earlier cases, deep impressions of the evil of sin, sometimes for a considerable period, preceded the pro-

strations. We have already pointed out how this might lead to swooning. But it is obviously quite conceivable, that the same pressure on the system might in certain cases bring on a nervous crisis, and so a fit of nervous disorder; in which case the two elements—the intelligent and reflective convictions, and the nervous disturbance—might mingle their manifestations, and react upon one another. How precisely this should come about we do not know; for, in spite of all the speculation that is so confidently vented, we very seldom do know *how* such disorders come about. This being assumed, it may be further supposed that the community was in a condition in which the nervous disorder, once generated, would spread to susceptible persons. Accordingly, it did spread to many, who neither before nor after gave any satisfactory evidence of being hopefully impressed; and in them it ran a course tolerably similar to that which it held in the more promising cases. How, then, are we to conceive of the cases of those in whom, we hope, a higher and holier influence was also at work? How shall we account for the apparent connection between the two? As to this, we answer that, as far as we are aware, there is no evidence that, in the case of those who appeared to be really converted, intelligent reflection and well-grounded impressions did not precede the nervous disturbance. If views and impressions, such as may reasonably prepare the way for a change of heart and life, did take precedence, by however short an interval, no real difficulty remains. It was to be expected, that of those who were operated upon by the truth, a certain number should be affected by the contagious influence, at the moment when mental agitation and depression laid them especially open to it; particularly as those conscious emotions would suggest to their minds in the strongest manner the possible approach of the nervous disorder, which was looked upon in the community as mysteriously connected with conviction of sin. We have already said that one peculiarity of the spread of such disorders is, that they often gain entrance by laying their fascination on the mind.

While not aware that it can be proved that, in the cases we have now referred to, the spiritual impressions did not precede, we yet admit that it may not have been so in all cases,—that conversions may in some cases have been brought about by prostrations. In those days in Ireland, almost every member of the community had present to his mind the facts of sin and salvation. Persons who had got no further than this, and had no wish to go further, were undoubtedly prostrated in considerable numbers. In some of these cases, the fact of being laid hold of personally in so agitating a manner, might awake the conviction of a personal interest in long neglected truths: these might be fastened on the mind

and heart during the progress of the symptoms ; and thus the prostration might be the means of conversion, in the same way as any other striking providential event.

Considered as providential events, the prostrations had the effect of making many more persons in Ireland attend to the Divine message, and think of its bearing upon themselves, than would have done so otherwise. This was one of their features that most speedily arrested attention ; and under the influence of this impression, an unwillingness has been felt to admit, that they are to be classed with a set of phenomena which have been often the associates of fanaticism and delusion. On the other hand, the ill repute of hysterical disorders, in this respect, has seemed to many persons who looked at the matter chiefly in this relation, to establish a strong and fair presumption against the whole Irish movement. In their eyes, it is found in bad company, and is therefore justly suspected. Both impressions may be said to be natural, from the respective points of view : both, however, are unfounded. True religion, and true spiritual influence, may be associated with a great many of the manifestations of human infirmity ; how much more with an innocent, and, in the circumstances, irresistible infirmity. There are certain disturbances, it appears, which occasionally befall the human system, especially when the human mind is at work about religion. They have often befallen it under erroneous teaching, and have therefore been associated with fanaticism. They will also occasionally befall it under scriptural teaching, and even simultaneously with the most important Divine influences. True, neither true religion nor Divine influences tend properly to produce them ; but a concurrence of causes may produce them in this connection. So it was here. It was not from Christian religion, but from a startling consciousness of the want of it in the minds of men, that these prostrations generally arose. When Christian truth had been consciously embraced, they generally disappeared, and did not return. But it was not always so : because even the influence of Christian truth will not always guard men against nervous affections, incidental to communities who are strongly moved by religious or other influences. Now, when such occurrences take place in this connection, they may serve important providential purposes, like any other events which fall out in Providence. But this is no reason for taking those events out of the category to which they properly belong. Neither is it a reason for regarding nervous disorders of this kind as desirable. The general rule for our guidance is plain, that we should desire and endeavour to preserve all sorts of people in the fullest and healthiest use of their faculties ; particularly when they are dealing with the weightiest

interests of their being. On this principle, we are to take reasonable means to guard against hysterical affections; while, if they occur notwithstanding, and are overruled to be the occasion of any kind of good, we may thankfully admire the Divine providence in this arrangement. The whole difficulty felt in this matter, both by those who felt bound to advocate prostrations, because they believed a real work of the Spirit to be going on, and by those who could not admit a real work of the Spirit, because they knew prostration to be hysterical, strikingly illustrates the confusion in many minds about the doctrine of spiritual influences. This confusion is carried into other departments of the subject of revivals. We are so strongly impressed with this conviction, that we must endeavour to find space for a few remarks upon the real view entertained by the Church in regard to this matter.

That the Spirit's agency is the cause of every spiritually good thing in man, from conversion onwards, is a part of the Church's faith in the Holy Ghost. That the agency of the Spirit may be discerned in its effects by the subject of it, sometimes with an assurance which never will deceive him,—and that it may be manifest to others, so as to impress upon their minds a very strong conviction that it is indeed present and powerful,—these are positions subordinate to that first stated, and they may be amply justified from Scripture. But yet there may be an erroneous way of ascribing the experience of Christians, at and after their conversion, to the Holy Spirit, which will lead to practical mistakes.

What the believer is *conscious of*, is not, directly and properly, the presence and working of the Spirit, but the effects and results of His working, in experiences and operations of the believer's own mind. In consequence, that which is due to the agency of the Spirit, comes into consciousness, not pure but mixed,—mixed with what is due to the human being's own idiosyncracies. Nay, it comes into consciousness mixed with more or less of infirmity and sin, which every one confesses to attach to all his thoughts. We have no reason to think (setting aside the case of inspiration, with which we have here nothing to do) that there is, or ever was, such a thing since the fall, as an experience of the working of the Spirit of God in the minds of believers, free of this mixture. Hence all experience is subject to the rule of the written word, by which it is to be tested, and its imperfections brought to light. If this is true of the experience of men under the influence of the regenerating Spirit, it is true, of course, *a fortiori*, of every manifestation of that experience which they make by word or deed. To decline to have inward experience, or outward manifestation of it, tried by the rule of

Scripture, and to have its defects exposed in this certain light, is the testing characteristic of fanaticism.

It results from this principle, that along with the influence of the Spirit, however genuine and powerful, other influences of various kinds may concur to give a peculiar character to the striking incidents of a revival. If we can mark the proper evidence, or what in charity should be judged so, of the agency of the Spirit, in such effects of it as Scripture warrants us to expect, a thankful confidence that He is graciously working ought to be entertained upon that evidence. If other influences are also asserted to be present, the question, whether they are or not, is open to decision also, upon appropriate evidence. The fruits of the Spirit stand alone, and cannot be produced by any agency but His own. We may fail to discern them aright, but where they exist they determine the fact of His saving power. But other influences may concur to determine the circumstantial of the experience. They may modify the aspect of it to a very remarkable degree. They may be, some of them, indifferent, some of them undesirable, some of them positively blameworthy, and to be instantly counteracted. Yet they may all concur to determine the aspects of the decisive experience of the moment of conversion. For were the Holy Spirit to withhold His grace until the experience of it should not be marred by human infirmity and sin, He would never grant it at all in this world. If, therefore, some things about the experience of converts be ascribed to imagination, or peculiarities of temperament, or to disease, as hysteria, or even to defective dispositions, such as undue self-esteem,—it is a question for evidence, which is not at all barred by the ascription of a work of grace, in that instance, to the Holy Spirit.

Still further, it is possible, nay, in some circumstances even a likely thing, that dispositions which are the genuine fruits of the Spirit, may accidentally become the occasion of mistake, or even sin, in the subject of them. The Spirit of God does not make men impeccable or infallible, not even in the direct use of His own gifts. Consequently, a truly spiritual disposition, when in its highest fervour, may be ill directed in its particular determinations. The illustration of this by Edwards, in his *Thoughts*, leaves nothing to be added. It was a true and eminent influence of the Spirit which wrought in the prophets of the Corinthian Church; but it was a mistaken following out of that Divine impulse which led them to prophesy tumultuously. It was or might be a true zeal for the Lord's will which actuated those on both sides of the ancient question about meats: to the Lord they ate, or ate not; but it was a mistake and sin that they judged one another in their zeal. Nay, genuine and remarkable spi-

ritual attainments may become the occasion of sin,—as, for instance, of pride; for though the grace of the Spirit tends always to humility, it would be a sadly sweeping position to say, that where human corruption awakens some workings of spiritual pride, the spiritual attainments *must* be condemned, as delusive and apparent only. All this being so, then it follows that there may be a real and remarkable presence of the grace of God in proceedings which are yet unwise and censurable. Thus, for instance, it has happened in a time of excitement, that a female shall begin to exhort or lead in prayer in the public congregation. Usually, when this takes place, the performance is due to hysterical excitement. But possibly it may be otherwise; and in spite of the unusual position she occupies, there may be every token of humility, fear of God, love to men, in the matter and manner of what she utters. Every one who hears her may be irresistibly carried to the conclusion, that it is the utterance of her heart under the influence of uncommon spiritual enlightenment and impression: and the conclusion may be a true one. Yet she ought to be admonished, then or afterwards, to refrain. This is not the way in which she is to make use of what she knows and feels. So, also, a boy under religious impressions may be strongly drawn to go about and preach, or address large companies of people about their souls. Usually this will be due to excitement, combined with the imitativeness of boyhood. But it *may* take place under the influence of real love to God and man, kindled in his heart by the Holy Spirit. In the latter case, what he says may bear remarkable evidence of Divine teaching. Yet the best thing that can be done for himself and for the Church is, that he should be stopped. It is of the Spirit's grace that he loves God and man; but it is not right, nor of the Spirit, that he should go about and preach. In both of these cases, and in others less singular, it may be a new and powerful sense of Divine things which prompts to the irregularity. But the opponents of revivals mistake the matter when they suppose that the defence of the reality and even singular power of Divine influences, is embarrassed with a logical obligation to defend all that appears in close connection with them. On the other hand, those are equally mistaken who allow their calmer judgment to be overborne; and because they cannot resist the impression that a powerful influence of the Spirit of God appears in certain proceedings, infer that these have at least a temporary Divine sanction. Such a conclusion is unsafe and ungrounded. If, however, there is any reason to hope that the parties are under spiritual teaching or impression, that may make it proper to use much brotherly gentleness in restraining their irregularities.

There are various other topics which we should have liked to

indicate as deserving of attention. Among these, the mode of dealing with persons under concern holds an important place. But our space is exhausted.

There are, we believe, not a few persons sincerely desirous of seeing religion promoted and sinners converted, who regard revivals with apprehension and dislike. They associate them with scenes of excitement in large assemblies, often uncontrolled, and they apprehend self-deception and fanaticism as the result. They associate them with the opening of a door to all sorts of persons to lead in prayer and exhortation, and they are sure that often the most forward are the least fit. They associate them with public exhibitions of a coarse and silly kind, and they know that from these the recoil will be certain, and that the Church will suffer deeply by it. They shrink from movements that seem to threaten the Church with disorder; and the statements often recklessly made as to Divine agency in the emotions displayed and the proceedings carried on, shock alike their sense of reverence and of truth. We have not hesitated to admit that there have been scenes and proceedings which countenance such apprehensions. We admit, further, that in all cases a time of revival has its dangers, just as a time of religious immobility is exposed to dangers of a different kind. In ordinary circumstances, whatever defects there may be otherwise, regularity and decorum are easily preserved. Observances, duties, feelings, and so forth, are put quietly, each into what is held to be its proper place. But the altered feelings and the sudden exigencies of a revival call for new adaptations. A sudden strain is thus thrown on the discretion of the guides of the congregation, who must act in circumstances in which precedents fail them. As always happens when general principles have to be applied in a discretionary way, mistakes are made. Moreover, the pressure of custom, which ordinarily lays so useful a restraint on crotchety persons, is to some extent removed. All this being so, it is no wonder that great evils have sometimes arisen. The extent to which they have arisen has been greatly, even ludicrously exaggerated. But, whether more or less extensive, they are not suitably met by frowning down revivals. By all means let foolish and unscriptural proceedings be rebuked; but when, under scriptural teaching, an awakening of consciences and minds takes place, it must not be checked—it must be promoted. If the harvest ripens suddenly, it must be gathered in. A lively sense of the risks and dangers attendant on revivals, such as animates some Christians, is of high importance as an element in the Church's convictions, and may prove inexpressibly useful. But in order that it may be of any use, it must not exist in a merely one-sided and negative form;

it must be accompanied with a cordial and co-operative appreciation of all that is real and valuable in revival work.

To one who thoughtfully considers the spiritual condition of great masses of our population, it will probably appear, that little hope can be entertained of their being gathered into any Christian fold, except in connection with movements of common conviction and feeling, substantially of a revival character. Should such movements take place, as we pray they may, they will be attended with obvious dangers; and it will strain hard the energies of all the churches to supply the enlightenment and instruction without which awakened consciences will probably be led astray into one form or other of fanatical extravagance. But it would chill sadly all one's hopes, were we compelled to believe that these dangers are unavoidable, and that the emotions awakened in revivals, instead of disposing men to entertain the light of truth and goodness, must necessarily have the contrary effect. Those who entertain apprehensions on this head, which we do not share, will perhaps be reassured by the testimony of a witness so generally respected as Bishop M'Ilvaine, one of a "cloud of witnesses" who might be cited to the same effect. In his interesting letter to Dr Sprague, after adverting to the best modes of dealing with revivals, and pointing out some dangers which had not been sufficiently guarded against, he concludes by saying:—

"I owe to it [the spirit of genuine revivals] too much of what I hope for as a Christian, and what I have been blessed with as a minister of the Gospel, not to think most highly of the eminent importance of promoting this spirit, and, consequently, of guarding it against all abuses. Whatever I possess of religion began in a revival. The most precious, stedfast, and vigorous fruits of my ministry, have been the fruits of revivals. I believe that the spirit of revivals, in the true sense, was the simple spirit of the religion of apostolic times, and will be more and more the characteristic of these times as the Lord draws near. May the Lord bless us with it more abundantly and purely."

- ART. IX.—1. *Une Conversation au Vatican.* Par J. B. BIOT, Lu à L'Académie Française dans sa séance particulière du 3 Février 1858. *Journal des Savants*, Mars 1858, pp. 137–142.
2. *La Vérité sur le Procès de Galilée.* Par J. B. BIOT. *Journal des Savants*, Juillet 1858, pp. 397–406 ; Aug. 1858, pp. 461–471 ; Septembre 1858, pp. 543–551 ; Octobre 1858, pp. 607–615.
3. *Galileo e Inquisizione*, da M. MARINO MARINI. Roma, 1850.
4. *Opere Complete di Galileo Galilei.* M. EUGENIO ALBERI, 16 vol., 8^{vo} Firenze 1842–1856.
5. *Vie de Galilée.* Par J. B. BIOT. Biog. Universelle.
6. *Life of Galileo.* By the late Mr DRINKWATER BETHUNE. In the Library of Useful Knowledge.
7. *Martyrs of Science*, containing the Lives of Galileo, Kepler, and Tycho Brahe. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, F.R.S. 4th Edition. London, 1859.
8. *Note sur le Proces de Galilée.* Par JEAN PLANA. Lu dans la Seance de L'Academie de Sciences de Turin du 9 Novembre 1858. Pp. 12. Turin, 1858.
9. *Reflexions sur les Objections soulevées par Arago contre la Priorité de Galilée pour la double decouverte des taches Solaires noires, et de la Rotation uniforme du Globe du Soleil.* Par JEAN PLANA. Turin, 1860.

THE romance of “the Starry Galileo and his Woes” has been so often written by the philosopher, and by the historian of science, that nothing but the discovery of new incidents in his life, or the circulation of fresh calumnies against his name, could justify us in now calling to it the attention of the public. The imprisonment and moral torture of the greatest philosopher of his age, for publishing truths which the Almighty had revealed to human reason, might have excited little notice if inflicted by the civil magistrate, or even by an ecclesiastical tribunal, in the exercise of their ordinary powers ; but when the successor of St Peter—the Infallible Pontiff—God’s Vicar upon earth, who held in his hand the reason and the conscience of the Catholic world,—when he pronounced the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun to be a lie and a heresy, and threatened with the torture the sage who taught it, the attention of the civilised world was riveted on the daring and hazardous decree. Philosophers were struck dumb by the presumptuous verdict, and humanity

wept over the Martyr of Science. Even Catholics of high intellect and generous hearts shuddered at the deed, and contemplated with fear an act of inquisitorial law which threatened with subversion the moral as well as the ecclesiastical power of the Church which they loved.

In spite of the pontifical decree, the earth continued to perform its annual round, and year after year contributed new proofs of the great truths for which Galileo had been condemned. The Jesuits themselves were at length compelled to illustrate them in their writings, and even instil them into their youth; and the story of Galileo, and the controversy of the earth and sun, were topics of painful recollection among the educated supporters of the Catholic faith. The successors of Urban VIII. ceased to defend, and doubtless to believe, the dogmas which he promulgated. The very cardinals, whose predecessors sat in judgment on the philosopher, have renounced the infallible decree, and, as a dogma less amenable to science, and more germane to the Catholic mind, the Immaculate Conception has replaced, in the pontifical creed, the Ptolemaic System of the Universe.

This change of feeling has been nowhere more strongly exhibited than in the city of Florence, when subject to the most Catholic of sovereigns.¹ In a former age Galileo was an exile from its walls—chained to his own roof-tree, and, as a convict, chanting the penitential psalms in his solitary home. He was prohibited from seeking medical advice, and associating with his friends in the city which he honoured. He durst not inhale the salutary breeze on the banks of the lovely Arno, nor bathe his aching limbs in its crystal stream. When those eyes which had descried new worlds in the bosom of space were closed in darkness, he was not allowed to grope his way among the scenes which he had hallowed and immortalized. When his powerful intellect could no longer cope with error, the hatred of the priest pursued him beyond the tomb. His mortal remains were denied Christian burial, and for a century they lay in a dishonoured grave. Even his right to make a will, the last and the holiest privilege of our frail humanity, was denied to him as a prisoner of the Inquisition; and when the friends whom he loved had provided a monument to his memory, the Pope would not allow it to be reared.

Time, however, which changes everything, has changed even

¹ The Tribune of Galileo, in the Museum of Natural History at Florence, is one of the noblest monuments that a sovereign ever raised to a subject. It was erected at great expense by the liberality of the ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is a richly decorated apartment, in which are preserved all the telescopes and other instruments of Galileo, together with the astrolabes of Alphonso, and the instruments which belonged to the celebrated Academy del Cimento.

the faith which professes never to change. The fame of the martyr had achieved a lofty place in the Temple of Science, and the cities of his birth and his labours have striven to do him honour. In Florence, the scene of his deepest sorrow, his memory has been most affectionately cherished. In the very Church of Sta. Croce, where his sentence and abjuration were ignominiously and insultingly published, and in which his bones were denied a place, a magnificent monument now rises over his exhumed remains. The youth of Padua venerate his solitary vertebra, and those of Florence his purloined finger, with a more affectionate admiration than the scented relics of their saints and their sovereigns; while, what would be to him a nobler triumph,—the great truth for which he suffered—the daily revolution of the earth—has been exhibited to the eye by a Catholic philosopher as an indisputable fact which even Cardinals and Pontiffs could hardly venture to gainsay.¹

It would have been well for the Catholic faith, and well also for the interests of truth, had the trial of Galileo ceased to be the subject of controversy, and been permitted to take its destined place in the page of history. But error never dies; and the infallible Church has reappeared in the person of a functionary of the Inquisition, with an eminent philosopher as his interpreter, to give a new aspect to the story of Galileo, and to fix a calumny on his name. As the history of this attempt is little known in this country, and possesses the highest interest in its relation to scientific history, as well as to the character and claims of the Catholic Church, we shall present it to our readers in its fullest details.

When engaged in an astronomical mission in 1824, M. Biot, one of the most distinguished members of the Imperial Institute of France, and known throughout the civilised world by his writings and his discoveries in physical optics, had occasion to visit Rome with his son on their way to Naples. The morning after his arrival, which was in the month of March 1825, M. Biot waited upon the Duke de Laval, the French ambassador, by whom he was received with the distinction due to his character and talents. Modern Rome thronged into the saloons of the ambassador, and through his means ancient Rome became more accessible to M. Biot than it could otherwise have been. After having enjoyed for some days the courtesies of the Embassy, our traveller naturally desired to be presented to the Pope; and the Duke de Laval kindly promised to take the earliest opportunity of introducing him to Leo XII. An ambassador, however, as M. Biot observes, restrained by certain precautions, must follow

¹ We refer to the beautiful experiment of M. Foucault of Paris with a pendulum suspended from a fixed point, which follows the earth in its daily motion.

certain rules in his official relations. The expected opportunity of being presented to his Holiness never arrived; and the most respectful attempts on M. Biot's part to bring it about seemed to place new difficulties in the way. The young attachés of the Embassy gave our philosopher the solution of this "enigma." When he arrived at Rome, he was anxious to write to Colonel Fallon, Director of the Topographical Bureau at Vienna, in order to give him an account of the operations which he proposed to make at Fiume, the eastern terminus of the portion of the 45th parallel of latitude which was measured by the Austrian engineers. In order to do this, he required certain numbers, which could only be obtained from the Observatory of the *Collegio Romano*, kept by the Jesuits, and under the direction of Father Dumouchel, who had been his friend and fellow-student in the *Ecole Polytechnique*. He had therefore to go frequently to the College of the Jesuits; and, his movements having been observed by the authorities, his visits were believed to conceal some mystery which it was necessary to clear up before any further communication was held with him. "In short," he says, "I had become a political character without knowing it. I conceived that it was not necessary for me, a simple savant, to remain any longer enveloped in the toils of diplomacy, and that the sincerity of my humble homage did not require so much arrangement. I resolved, therefore, to open some less embarrassing way out of the official world, of which I could sooner avail myself. But in order to exercise the sagacity of the watchmen of the Embassy, I purposely paid more frequent visits to Father Dumouchel."

M. Biot was acquainted with M. Testa, a prelate of literary tastes, who had published a learned dissertation on the zodiacal representations discovered in Egypt a few years before. Having been himself occupied with the same subject, he had paid a visit to the prelate a few days after his arrival in Rome. As he had been well received, he repeated his visit,—related to him his misadventure, and expressed the regret he should feel were he not admitted to an interview with his Holiness, along with his son, to whom, as well as to himself, such an event would be a source of pleasure during the rest of their lives. He had not known that the good Abbé Testa was, more than any other person, in a position to obtain for him this favour, to which he had attached so great a value. The Abbé held an office of trust in the pontifical court, and his excellent qualities had secured to him the esteem of Pope Leo XII. The favour of a presentation was asked and granted; and the Abbé and his friends repaired to the Vatican a little before the appointed hour. This was after the dinner of the Holy Father, who had just retired into an inner

apartment ; so that they remained in the waiting-room till they were summoned into the presence-chamber. At this time there entered into the salon a priest, who had come for an audience like themselves. He was clothed in a white robe, and was a tall man, with much dignity of manner. The Abbé presented to him M. Biot by his name, which was not unknown to him ; and he immediately entered into conversation on the zodiacs of Egypt, a subject which he knew to be interesting both to the Abbé and his friend, who reviewed with much learning and critical acumen the numerous conjectures by which they had been explained. He then said to M. Biot, without any other transition, "We have read here your article 'Galilée' in the *Biographie Universelle*. You there condemn the judgment pronounced against him by the Holy Office. But, in fact, the tribunal had condemned only his errors, for he had committed very serious ones."

Embarrassed by this opinion, the philosopher could not decide whether he should, in such a locality, disown his scientific faith or oppose so severe a judgment. He determined, therefore, to veer between these two extremes. "It is possible," he said, "that Galileo has committed errors. Every man is fallible. But it required judges in advance of the age to perceive them ; and, after all, they could not charge him with a great crime. The trial which he underwent does not seem to rest on the essence of his discoveries, but on their philosophical consequences. The teachers of the day, who were ecclesiastics, arrayed themselves with a furious unanimity against the reformer, who spared neither their refutations nor their sarcasms. They attacked him from their professorial chairs, and even in their religious services ; being thus made his implacable enemies, they accused him of heresy at Rome, as the Protestants of Holland accused Descartes of atheism—religion becoming everywhere an arm, and a most terrible one when directed by the passions. Moreover, in deploring this trial, and exposing the interested motives which were the pretext for it, you may have noticed that I have not exaggerated the facts. I believe I have made it clear that the physical rigours (the application of torture) indicated by the terms of the sentence were only formal expressions, without any reality of application. Everything concurs to prove this. Galileo had from the first, for his prison, the house of the chief officer of the tribunal, with permission to walk in the palace. He was attended by his own domestic servant ; and afterwards, when he was transferred to the palace of the Archbishop of Sienna, whose superb garden served him for a promenade, he was allowed to write freely every day to his friends ; and he wrote to them very pleasant letters in the report of those who interrogated him.

It is not in this way that an old man of seventy would jest who had been put to the torture. The moral sufferings which his trial had brought upon him, and the privation of his liberty in the latter years of his life, were sufficiently painful to require any aggravation."

"Assuredly not," replied his interlocutor. "In everything your article is written with honesty and sincerity; but, believe me, M. Galileo was very wrong in giving personal offence to the Pope, who had shown him much kindness. He had ridiculed him in his 'Dialogues,' under the character of Simplicio; and in alluding to the passion which had been attributed to him, of composing verses, he did not scruple to say and to write that he had a taste for composing 'an amorous sonnet.' Be assured that these personal injuries contributed powerfully to his fall."

From the moment that it appeared to M. Biot that the enmities inspired by the man had been the decisive motive for the condemnation pronounced against the astronomer, scientific truth seemed to him no longer the cause; and therefore it was not necessary to defend it, which was the only right which he could assume, as it was the only duty which he could not honourably abandon.

Finding his interlocutor so well informed, and agreeing to the only amicable arrangement which he could admit, M. Biot asked permission to see the original documents of the trial. "They are not in our possession," he replied. "They were carried to Paris with the whole of the pontifical archives. Louis XVIII. wishing to see them, they were taken to the Tuilleries; but when he fled from Paris, on the 20th of March, they were not restored to the royal archives, and they disappeared in the succeeding disturbances. Had we possessed them, there would have been no difficulty in communicating them to you."

At this stage of the conversation, M. Biot and his party were summoned to the holy presence; and we believe it will interest our readers if we succeed in translating the lofty and eloquent expressions in which a French philosopher has embalmed his conversation with the Holy Father. "I will not attempt," he says, "to report the words which were addressed to us, nor to convey the impressions which they produced, by the august character, with so many titles, of him who pronounced them. It was like a chain of thoughts marked with an indulgent kindness, with a suavity and a charm which seemed to descend from heaven to earth, and to rise from earth to heaven, where we could not but feel the calm serenity of the soul of an old man, allied to the dignity of a pontiff and a prince, still adorned and heightened by a superior culture of mind, which the princes of this world have seldom an opportunity of acquiring. The marks

of interest which his Holiness showed to myself, my young son, and my absent family, reached to the very depths of my heart."

After quitting the Vatican, M. Biot expressed to the Abbé how grateful he felt for the "adorable goodness" with which the Pope had received him, and proceeded to question him respecting the stranger whom he had introduced to him, and with whose manners, erudition, and profound knowledge he had been so much charmed. "Though you did not know his name," replied the Abbé, "did you not recognise the white habit of St Dominique? He is the Commissary-General of the Holy Office, the person whom you in France call 'the Grand Inquisitor.'" "Ah!" cried M. Biot to himself, "I hardly expected to appear here in his presence, and to find myself in such close conversation with him. I am no longer astonished that he insisted so much on the affair of Galileo. He had the advantage of me. I could not refuse to converse with him on the subject; but I did not go out of my way to choose it."

M. Biot returned to his lodgings quite pensive, as he says, and meditating on the results of this remarkable rencontre. "Thus," said he to himself, "after two centuries had elapsed, in the same Vatican where Galileo was condemned, we have made a pacific revision of his trial; and with what marvellous changes both in the men and in their ideas! On the one hand, one of the inheritors of his genius, charged with teaching and professing publicly his doctrines, is admitted by a special favour into the presence of the Holy Father, who loads him with kindness. On the other hand, the Commissary of the Tribunal, resuming the consideration of the case with as much equity as intelligence, concurs with his disciples in separating from the scientific question all the accessories with which human passions had surrounded it; so that *truth, separated from these fleeting clouds, will henceforth shine with a pure lustre which offends neither science nor religion.*"¹

The extraordinary opinion, that the trial of Galileo, and the sentence by which he was condemned and imprisoned for life, offended neither science nor religion, might have passed unnoticed had it been maintained by some frantic Jesuit, or some underling of the Inquisition, who, in defending the infallibility of their Church, would sacrifice the highest interests of truth and justice; but when we view it as the ripe judgment of one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of the age,—

¹ The priest with whom M. Biot carried on this remarkable conversation was Father Benedetto Maurizio Olivieri, Commissary-General of the Inquisition, who passed for a very learned man, and who became General of the Dominican Order in 1834.

the father too of the French Academy of Sciences, who had published the opposite opinion,—we are equally confounded by the boldness of its assertion and the imbecility of its argument. The air of the Vatican, and the adorable goodness of the Holy Father, had doubtless some influence in effecting this conversion. A Dominican monk, clad in white raiment, and with imposing mien, encounters the biographer of Galileo in the Vatican, compliments him on the rectitude and sincerity of his article, assures him that Galileo had personally affronted Pope Urban VIII. by ridiculing him under the name of Simplicio, and dogmatically asserts that these personal wrongs *contributed powerfully* to his fall! The philosopher of the Institute becomes the Simplicio of the Vatican; and without even asking for any proof of these assertions, he adopts them implicitly, retracts the judgment he had pronounced against the Inquisition, rejoices over the reconciliation of religion and science; and in this desirable result, finds “a striking application of the fine maxim of Cicero, ‘*Opinionum commenta delet Dies; Naturæ judicia confirmat.*’”

This remarkable conversion of M. Biot took place in March 1825. A new light had burst upon him on one of the most interesting points of scientific history, in which the characters of Galileo and of Pope Urban and his cardinals were seriously compromised, and in which the Catholic Church itself was on its trial. M. Biot had taken the wrong side in the controversy; but, though the “pure light of truth had dispelled the clouds which human passions had raised,” he quietly placed the light under a bushel. He neither retracted his errors, nor enabled others whom he had misled to retract them. He concealed for *thirty-three long years* that blessed light which reconciled science and religion; and in place of shedding it upon his colleagues in the Academy of Sciences, who had doubtless taken the part of Galileo, he dazzles with it the French Academy,—the branch of the Institute which is charged with the language and literature of France, and which is honoured with the names of Guizot, Thiers, Villemain, Cousin, Remusat, and others, who had never taken a deep interest either in the fate of Galileo or the infallibility of the Church.

Having thus given publicity to his “Conversation in the Vatican,” and rested his conversion on *the simple and unsupported opinion of the Grand Inquisitor*, a partisan whom no court of justice in Europe would receive as a witness in such a cause, he found it necessary to study the proceedings in the trial of Galileo, and to obtain some colourable pretext for the views he had promulgated. The results of this inquiry he has published in four articles in the *Journal des Savants*, which no

Catholic can read with satisfaction, and no Protestant with patience. Were we to admit all his facts, and adopt all his reasonings, we should strike a blow against the Catholic Church which the most daring of Galileo's friends never ventured to aim. To assert that one of the high priests of science had been imprisoned for life—we will not say put to the torture—from the personal vindictiveness of Pope Urban VIII., a kind and benevolent Pontiff;—that his College of Cardinals, men of high character and position, placed their reason and conscience in the hands of their Holy Father; and that they did not regard the Copernican doctrines as contrary and injurious to Scripture, is a calumny against the Church of Rome which no Protestant would dare to circulate, and no Catholic could believe. The best and the only apology for the condemnation of Galileo is, that in the 16th century astronomical truth was equally unknown to the clergy and the laity;—that the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun were doctrines apparently inconsistent with Scripture; and that in those days the truths of religion were guarded by a sternness of discipline and a severity of punishment which have disappeared in more enlightened times. Even we Protestants cannot look back to that period of the Church's history without shedding burning tears over the unholy zeal of our ancestors.

A correct account, therefore, of the trial and condemnation of Galileo has now become as necessary to the character of Pope Urban VIII. as it is to that of Galileo; and we are fortunately able, from the new documents recently given to the public, to make it one of the most interesting portions of scientific and ecclesiastical history. Truth alone is the object at which we aim; and though we cannot reconcile Science and Religion by the strange process adopted by M. Biot, we hope to satisfy the most zealous Catholic that, though apparent antagonists in the trial of Galileo, they may embrace each other in the arms of Christian charity without sacrificing the good names of a virtuous Pope and an honest philosopher.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of this case, that the original documents of the trial have never been given to the world. They were carried to Paris in 1812 and 1813, along with the treasure conquered from the Roman archives, after a list of them had been taken by M. Daunou, who went to Paris in 1811 for that purpose. When the treasure was restored in 1814, the documents were not to be found; but the pontifical court never ceased to reclaim them. When M. Rossi went on a diplomatic mission to Rome in 1845, they were again demanded; and when he promised to search for them in the *dépôt* of the Foreign Office, and return them if found, he made it an express

condition that they should be given to the public, as the Imperial Government had even begun to translate them for publication. The papers having been found, the originals of the text of the trial were taken to Rome in 1846 by Rossi, and were immediately returned to Pope Pius IX., who, during the Revolution of 1848, entrusted them to M. Marino Marini, the Keeper of the Secret Archives of the Holy See. When tranquillity was restored they were again delivered to the Pope, who made them a present to the Library of the Vatican ; but, strange to relate—and M. Biot has related it without any expression of surprise, or any conjecture respecting its motive—they were afterwards restored to the Secret Archives. Had the promise to print them been honestly fulfilled, it was of no consequence where the originals were deposited ; but as that promise has been broken, and garbled extracts only given to the world, their retention in the Library of the Vatican was of high importance. The biographer and the historian could have there tested the completeness and fidelity of the extracts ; but, buried in the tomb of the Secret Archives, we can attach to them no other value than what is due to the opinions and honesty of M. Marino Marini. What confidence is to be placed in this functionary of the Pontificate, M. Biot shall himself tell us. “The promise made to Rossi has been fulfilled, very incompletely indeed, by M. Marini in 1850, in a printed dissertation addressed to the Archæological Academy of Rome, with the title of *Galileo e Inquisizione*. A friend procured me this work. It is a pleading in favour of the tribunal of the Inquisition, rather than a book of history. We do not find in it the entire text of the trial, but only a *small number of extracts*, which by themselves have always a great value.” The importance of the “textual publication of the Process,” as M. Biot calls it, is admitted by himself. Such a publication, he says, “would promote the well-understood interests of the pontifical authority, being the most sure, *if not the only means, of refuting the supposition that corporeal torture had been inflicted upon Galileo*,—a supposition which we might be induced to believe from certain formal expressions contained in the sentence passed upon him, and promulgated by the Holy Office.” The extracts, he afterwards adds, “are far from sufficient to throw a complete light on the important question of the tortures.” Notwithstanding this *suppressio veri*, M. Biot thinks he can supply the defect from the series of official letters addressed by the Tuscan ambassador to his court, from the commencement of Galileo’s trial to the day when he returned from it after his condemnation. By combining the details in this correspondence with those furnished by the work of M. Marini, M. Biot believes that we “can now reproduce, in all their truth, and review in our presence, the acts,

and the scenes, and the personages in this philosophical drama, in which a man of genius, who created other eyes than those which Nature has given us, was the first to direct his view into the depths of space, and having thus seen revealed the mysteries which are there accomplished, is punished for his audacity like another Prometheus." "Such," he adds, "is the subject of the moral and scientific studies with which we are about to entertain our readers."

In order to form a correct judgment respecting the causes which led to the trial and condemnation of Galileo, we must turn to that period of his life when he first submitted his opinions to the public. The philosophy of Aristotle was then prevalent throughout Europe. It was taught in its universities by professors lay and clerical; and every attempt to refute their doctrines exposed its author to every variety of persecution. Even in his eighteenth year Galileo had displayed a great antipathy to the Aristotelians; and, in the discharge of his duty as Professor of Mathematics at Pisa, he had attacked their mechanical doctrines with unnecessary asperity. He had refuted their theory of falling bodies by experiments made from the falling tower of Pisa; and so strong were the feelings which they had roused against him, that he found it convenient to quit that city in 1592, and accept of the mathematical chair in the University of Padua. Having acquired a high reputation by his writings, the Grand Duke of Tuscany invited him to return to his former situation in Pisa. Galileo accepted the offer; but, before quitting Padua, he paid a visit to Venice, where he heard of the discovery of the telescope. On his return to Padua he constructed one of these instruments, which magnified *three* times; and soon afterwards two larger ones, with magnifying powers, the one of *eight* and the other of *thirty* times. During the years 1610, 1611, and 1612, he applied these instruments to the heavens, and made those great discoveries which exposed him to the hostility of the Peripatetic philosophers, and subsequently to the persecution of the Catholic Church. His discovery of the four satellites of Jupiter, of the oblong figure of Saturn, of the mountains and cavities of the Moon, of the round disc of the planets, of the crescent of Venus, of the spots and rotation of the Sun, and the speculations to which they led, excited the admiration of his friends, and the jealousy of his enemies. In 1611 he had exhibited his principal discoveries, in the Quirinal gardens at Rome, to princes, cardinals, and prelates. The solar spots, and the changes which they underwent, gave ocular demonstration of the rotation of the Sun, and overturned the Aristotelian dogma of the immutability of the heavens. In a letter to Prince Cesi at Rome, written in May 1612, he describes the phenomena of the changes in the solar

spots as a deathblow to the pseudo-philosophy of the Peripatetics, and wonders how they will evade it, seeing that the changes are manifest to their own eyes. The supporters of the ancient philosophy had no difficulty in finding a reply. They denied the accuracy of his observations; and when they found this of no avail, they were driven to the last refuge of error, by denouncing the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun as contrary to Scripture, and a heresy against the Catholic faith.

Thus challenged to the discussion, Galileo wrote letters to several of his friends at Rome in 1613, 1614, and 1615, in order to prove that the Scriptures were not intended to teach us natural science; and he addressed an elaborate dissertation to Christina of Lorraine, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and the mother of the reigning Duke, in which he endeavoured to show that texts in the Bible ought not to be quoted in questions which observation and experience alone can decide. Upwards of a year before this, in 1613, he had written a letter to Father Castelli, one of his liberal friends, in which he supported the Copernican system with a force of argument which alarmed the priesthood.¹ The first of these productions seems to have been addressed to the mother of Cosmo, in order to give the impress of royal authority to the Copernican system; and in this imposing form it seems to have excited a warmer interest, as if it had expressed the opinion of the Grand Ducal family. This apparently high recommendation was sustained by facts and arguments which were felt to be irresistible. Galileo states boldly to the Grand Duchess that the Scriptures were given to instruct us respecting our salvation, and our reasoning faculties for investigating the phenomena of Nature. He regards Scripture and Nature as proceeding from the same Divine Author, and incapable of speaking a different language; and he ridicules the idea that astronomers will shut their eyes to the celestial phenomena which they discover, or reject those deductions of reason which appeal to their faith with all the force of demonstration. These views, so just in themselves, he supports with passages from the writings of the Fathers; and he quotes the dedication of Copernicus's work to Pope Paul III. to prove that the Holy Father himself did not regard the new astronomy as hostile to the sacred writings.

It was in vain to meet such arguments by any other weapon than the sword; and the priesthood had now to determine either to yield to the reckless heresy, or crush it by the arm of power. Father Lorini, a Dominican monk, had already denounced to

¹ In his first article, p. 400, M. Biot says this letter was printed; but in a subsequent one, p. 620, he substitutes for the word *imprimée*, the phrase, "of which he took copies."

the Inquisition Galileo's letter to Father Castelli. Caccini, another priest of the same Order, attacked the philosopher in a sermon preached at Florence, from a text in the Acts, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"¹ He attacked Galileo personally; denounced mathematics "as a diabolical art; and declared that mathematicians, as the authors of every heresy, should be banished from every Christian land." Luigi Maraffi, the General of the Order to which these monks belonged, and to whom Galileo had sent a formal complaint against Caccini, had the candour to make an apology to the astronomer, and expressed the regret with which he found himself implicated in "the brutal conduct of thirty or forty thousand monks."

Thus countenanced on one hand by sovereign authority, and even by some of the dignitaries of the Church, and assailed on the other by the great body of the priesthood, Galileo found himself in a position from which he must either advance or recede.

"The current of his life," as Sir David Brewster remarks,² "had hitherto flowed in a smooth and unobstructed channel. He had attained the highest objects of earthly ambition. His discoveries had placed him at the head of the great men of the age; he possessed a professional income far beyond his wants; and, what is still dearer to a philosopher, he enjoyed the most ample leisure for carrying on and completing his discoveries. The opposition which these discoveries had encountered was to him more a subject for triumph than for sorrow. Ignorance and prejudice were his only enemies; and if they succeeded for a while in harassing him on his march, it was only to conduct him to fresh achievements. He who contends for truths which he has himself been permitted to discover, may well sustain the conflict in which presumption and error are destined to fall. The public tribunal may neither be sufficiently pure nor enlightened to decide upon the issue; but he can appeal to posterity, and reckon upon its 'sure decree.'

"The ardour of Galileo's mind, the keenness of his temper, his clear perception of truth, and his inextinguishable love of it, combined to exasperate and prolong the hostility of his enemies. When argument failed to enlighten their judgment, and reason to dispel their prejudices, he wielded against them the powerful weapons of ridicule and sarcasm; and, in this unrelenting warfare, he seems to have forgotten that Providence had withheld from his enemies the intellectual gifts which he had so liberally received. He who is allowed to take the start of his species, and to penetrate the veil which conceals from common minds the mysteries of Nature, must not expect that the world will be patiently dragged at the chariot wheels of his philosophy. Mind has its inertia as well as matter; and its progress to truth can only be ensured by the gradual and patient removal of the difficulties which embarrass it.

¹ Acts i. 11.

² *Martyrs of Science*, p. 45.

"The boldness—may we not say the recklessness?—with which Galileo insisted upon making proselytes of his enemies, served but to alienate them from the truth. Errors thus assailed speedily entrench themselves in general feeling, and become embalmed in the virulence of the passions. The various classes of his opponents marshalled themselves for their mutual defence. The Aristotelian professors, the temporizing Jesuits, the political churchmen, and that timid but respectable body who at all times dread innovation, whether it be in legislation or in science, entered into an alliance against the philosophical tyrant, who threatened them with the penalties of knowledge.

"The party of Galileo, though weak in number, was not without power and influence. He had trained around him a devoted band who cherished his doctrines and idolized his genius. His pupils had been appointed to several of the principal professorships in Italy. The enemies of religion were, on this occasion, united with the Christian philosopher; and there were, even in those days, many princes and nobles who had felt the inconvenience of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and who secretly abetted Galileo in his crusade against established errors.

"Although these two parties had been long dreading each other's power, and reconnoitring each other's position, yet we cannot exactly determine which of them first hoisted the signal for war. The Christian party, particularly its highest dignitaries, were certainly disposed to rest on the defensive. Flanked on one side by the logic of the schools, and on the other by the popular interpretation of Scripture, and backed by the strong arm of the civil power, they were not disposed to interfere with the prosecution of science, however much they may have dreaded its influence. The philosophers, on the contrary, united the zeal of innovators with that firmness of purpose which truth alone can inspire. Victorious in every contest, they were flushed with success, and they panted for a struggle in which they knew they must triumph."

Such was the state of parties after the two Dominican monks had entered the field, the one with the weapon of personal scurrility, and the other by a direct appeal to the Inquisition. The army of monks, however, described by Maraffi, were not satisfied with these measures of defence and attack. Caccini, bribed by the Mastership of the Convent of St Mary of Minerva, leagued himself with a multitude of monks of all orders, and went to Rome to embody the evidence against Galileo, and to denounce to the Inquisition the great work of Copernicus, "*On the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies*." Although these machinations had been carried on in secret, Galileo's suspicions were roused, and he obtained leave from the Grand Duke Cosmo to go to Rome in December 1615, in order to frustrate the designs of his enemies. All his attempts, however, proved fruitless. The monks had obtained the ear of the Pope and the cardinals; and the Inquisition assembled on the 25th February 1616, to consider the grave questions which had been formally

submitted to their judgment. The Congregation of Prohibited Books issued their decree on the 4th March. They declared that "the false Pythagoric doctrine of the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun was contrary to the text of Scripture." They ordered the correction in Copernicus's work of certain expressions and passages where this doctrine is maintained, not as a mathematical hypothesis, but as a physical truth; and, among these, a passage in which the earth is called a *star*. They prohibited the pamphlet published by Paul Anthony Foscarini, a learned Carmelite monk, in which he illustrates and defends the doctrine of the mobility of the earth, and reconciles it with the texts in Scripture which had been adduced to overturn it; and the same prohibition was extended to every work in which the new doctrine was taught. Although Galileo was never named in this decree, his enemies circulated the report that he had been cited before the Inquisition; that he had abjured his opinions; and that the Congregation of the Index had condemned him. In refutation of these calumnies, Cardinal Bellarmine gave him a certificate, dated 16th March 1616, that these imputations were false, and that he had merely intimated to him the opinions of the Pope, published by the Congregation of the Index, "that the doctrine attributed to Copernicus, that the earth moved round the sun, and that the sun remained immovable in the centre of the world, without moving from east to west, is contrary to Scripture, and cannot be professed or defended."

Disappointed and chagrined at the result of this appeal to the Inquisition, Galileo did not accommodate himself to the circumstances in which he was placed. Although he had visited Pope Paul V. soon after the issuing of the congregational decree, and was assured by his Holiness that while he occupied the papal chair he would not listen to the calumnies of his enemies, yet he continued to maintain his opinion in every house which he visited, and thus to annoy his ecclesiastical friends, and afford new grounds of persecution to his enemies.¹

This pertinacious obtrusion of his opinions, after they had been denounced as heretical and unscriptural by authorities which he was bound to respect and obey, was no doubt encouraged by the mild proceedings of the court itself, and by the continued friendship of persons high in authority. In the

¹ The conduct and temper of Galileo at this crisis are well described in a letter from Querenghi to Cardinal D'Este, and in another, given fully by Biot, from Pietro Guicciardini to Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose ambassador he was at the Court of Rome. Galileo's own vexations and disappointments will be found in a series of letters addressed to his intimate friend Curzio Picchena, secretary to the Grand Duke, and published in the last edition of Galileo's Works.

decree which so much offended him, neither his name nor his writings were mentioned. He was simply informed of the decision of the Congregation, and that in the most respectful manner, by his friend Cardinal Bellarmine.¹ The Grand Duke of Tuscany and his minister still remained attached to their great astronomer; and among the cardinals themselves he had a staunch friend in the person of Cardinal Orsino, to whom he had been introduced by the Grand Duke, and who took such a warm part in his favour as to ruffle the temper of the Pope himself.²

In this account of the proceedings of the Congregation, and of the decree which they issued, we have followed M. Biot, because it is possible that the decree itself may have been given by M. Marini, or in some other work which we cannot procure. If it has been published, we have no doubt that M. Biot has given a correct account of its contents; but it is remarkable that a totally different account of the proceedings and of the decree has been given by Sir David Brewster in his *Life of Galileo*.³

"Galileo was lodged," he says, "in the palace of the Grand Duke's ambassador, and kept up a constant correspondence with the family of his patron at Florence; but in the midst of this external splendour he was summoned before the Inquisition to answer for the heretical doctrine which he had published. He was charged with maintaining the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun,—with teaching this doctrine to his pupils,—with corresponding on the subject with several German mathematicians,—and with having published it, and attempted to reconcile it to Scripture, in his letters to Mark Velsar in 1612. The Inquisition assembled to consider these charges on the 25th of February 1615; and it was decreed that Galileo should be enjoined by Cardinal Bellarmine to renounce the obnoxious doctrines, and to pledge himself that he would neither teach, defend, nor publish them in future. In the event of his refusing to acquiesce in this sentence, it was decreed that he should be thrown into prison. Galileo did not hesitate to yield to this injunction. On the following day, the 26th of February, he appeared before Cardinal Bellarmine, to renounce his heretical opinions; and having declared that he abandoned the

¹ This is the account given by Biot:—"Galilée ne fut pas nommé . . . on lui a seulement annoncé la Déclaration faite par le Pape, et publiée par la Congregation de l'Index."

² "Par suite de quoi (the Grand Duke's letter) mercredi dernier dans le consistoire, ce Cardinal, ayant parlé au Pape en faveur de Galilée, je ne sai si avec assez d'a propos et de prudence, le Pape lui a dit que Galilée ferait bien d'abandonner cette opinion. Sur quoi Orsino ayant répondu quelque chose trop pressant, le Pape coupa court a ses representations, en lui declarant avoir renvoyé cette affaire aux cardinaux du Sainte Office. Orsino partit, le Pape fit appeler le Cardinal Bellarmine, et apres avoir discouru avec lui, tous deux s'accorderent a conclure que cette opinion de Galilée est fausse et heretique. J'apprends qu'avant hier ils ont assemblés a ce sujet une congregation des Cardinaux pour la declarer telle."—*Letter of Guicciardini to the Grand Duke*, quoted by Biot, p. 402.

³ *Martyrs of Science*, p. 51, 52.

doctrine of the earth's motion, and would neither defend nor teach it, in his conversation or in his writings, he was dismissed from the court."

Sir David Brewster does not mention the authority upon which he has made this statement, so opposite to that given by M. Biot, but we find that it is almost a translation of the introductory portion of the sentence of condemnation and imprisonment passed upon Galileo in 1633; and therefore, unless we suppose, which we cannot do, that the Pope and the Cardinals have knowingly given a false account of their own decree of 1615, for the purpose of aggravating the conduct of Galileo, and justifying the severity of his sentence, we must hold the statement of M. Biot to be wholly erroneous. And this is the more remarkable, as he has himself published, in his fourth article¹ on the subject, the original text of the Trial of 1633, in which the following correct account is given of the proceedings and decree of 1615:—

"Since you, Galileo, the son of Vincent Galileo, a Florentine, and 70 years of age, was denounced in this Holy Office, because you hold as true the false doctrine maintained by many, namely, that the sun was in the centre of the world and immoveable, and that the earth moved even with a diurnal motion;—that you had certain disciples to whom you taught the same doctrine;—that you kept up a correspondence with several German mathematicians;—that you published certain letters entitled, *On the Solar Spots* (his letters to Mark Velsar in May and December 1612²), in which you explained the same doctrine as true;—that you replied to certain objections against you, taken from Sacred Scripture, by glossing the same Scripture according to your own interpretation of it," etc.

After announcing in the most formal manner the two great Catholic dogmas to be adopted by all qualified theologians, the document thus proceeds:—

"But when it pleased us, in the meantime to proceed kindly against you, it was decreed in the Holy Congregation, held in the presence of D. N. (Domino Nostro), on the 25th February 1616, that Cardinal Bellarmine should enjoin you to retract altogether the foresaid false doctrine, and that, in the event of your refusing, the Commissary of the Holy Office should order you to abandon the said doctrine, and that you should neither teach it to others, nor defend it, nor treat of it; and that if you did not acquiesce in this command, you should be thrown into prison; and in execution of this decree, on the following day, in the above-mentioned place, in the presence of Cardinal Bellarmine, you were kindly admonished by him, and commanded by the Commissary of the Holy Office, before a notary and witnesses, that

¹ *Journ. des Savants*, p. 616.

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² See *Martyrs of Science*, p. 39, 40.

you would wholly abandon the said false opinion, and that in future you would not be allowed to defend it, or in any way teach it, either orally or in your writings;—and when you promised obedience you were discharged.”

Here, then, we have what we must regard as the true account of the proceedings and decree of 1615, as signed by the seven Cardinals in 1633, and to a certain extent confirmed by Galileo himself in the abjuration which accompanies the decree of that year. The decree of 1615 exhibits the admitted policy of the Court of Rome—the denunciation as false and heretical of great astronomical truths, and the punishment by imprisonment of the philosopher who should dare to teach or in any way maintain them. The policy of 1615, enjoined by Pope Paul III., was carried out in 1633 in all its integrity and sternness by Pope Urban VIII., as it would have been by any other Pope; and to maintain, as M. Biot has done, that the condemnation of astronomical truth, and the punishment of Galileo in 1633, was owing solely to the personal insults which the astronomer had offered to the Holy Father, is one of the most extraordinary paralogisms that is to be found in the history of science. Admitting for the present, which is not true, and what we shall presently show is not true, that Galileo did insult the Pope, and that the Pope was actuated by a spirit of revenge, it is as clear as noon-day that Pope Urban VIII. could not be impelled by any personal affront to sanction the decree of 1633. He was bound to follow the policy of his predecessors. The Inquisition had laid down the law, and, unjust as it was, he was bound to follow it. Galileo was warned before all Christendom, that if he in any way maintained his opinions, he would be thrown into prison; and seeing that he did maintain his opinions, he could expect no other result than the fulfilment of a threat sanctioned by the highest authorities both in Church and State. The law was promulgated with all the solemnity of a Christian court, and Pope Urban VIII. would have exposed himself to the contempt of his Church, and the ridicule of the friends of Galileo—the band of sceptics that hounded him on to his ruin.

But we go much further. The decree of 1633 inflicted no greater punishment than was threatened in the decree of 1615, and we do not scruple to ascribe this lenity to the affection which Urban is known to have entertained for Galileo. The threat of imprisonment was directed against the simple teaching of the heretical truths; but Galileo did much more. He broke a solemn promise, made before witnesses, that he would not in any way teach them; and he taught them in every possible way, and under circumstances which, as we shall presently see, greatly exaggerated the offence, and involved his friends in the same

condemnation. We must exonerate, therefore, Pope Urban VIII. from the heavy crime with which M. Biot has accused him, of having been influenced by the most unchristian of all motives in procuring the condemnation and imprisonment of his friend. At this stage of our history, consequently, we may assert that M. Biot has signally failed in giving even a show of probability to the strange thesis which he learned in the Vatican. There is not one fact to support it, excepting his incorrect account of the proceedings and decree of 1615, which, had it been given by any other person than M. Biot, we should have regarded as a weak invention of the enemies both of Urban and Galileo.

During the rest of the Pontificate of Paul V., and that of his successor Gregory XV., a period of eight years, Galileo continued to carry on his studies, unmolested by the Church, because restrained by its decision from obtruding his opinions on the public. His health had given way in 1618, that interesting year in which three comets visited our system; and though he was not able to observe them with his telescope, he yet contrived to involve himself in the controversies to which they gave rise. In 1623 he published his celebrated work, entitled *Il Saggiatore*, or *The Assayer*, in reply to *The Astronomical and Philosophical Balance*, a book in which a learned Jesuit, Oratio Grassi, under the name of Lotario Sarsi, attacked Guiducci's Discourse on Comets, which was supposed to be written by Galileo, in which the author maintained the erroneous doctrine, that comets are nothing more than meteoric bodies, like halos and rainbows.

In the same year, 1623, Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, the particular friend of Galileo, succeeded to the Pontificate under the name of Urban VIII. This event was hailed by Galileo and his friends as favourable to the advancement of science, and Galileo himself regarded it with joy, and even exultation. Maffeo was one of the few Cardinals who had opposed the inquisitorial decree of 1615. He had shown to Galileo the warmest affection. He had received him at his table, and, on the 28th August 1620, had even addressed to him a flattering letter, accompanied with a set of verses in honour of his astronomical discoveries.¹ The

¹ Two stanzas of this poem have been given by Biot from Venturi's *Memorie e Lettere credite de Galileo Galilei*, Vol. ii., pp. 81 and 89:—

Non semper extra quod radiat Jabar
Splendescit intra; respicimus nigras
In sole (quis credat?) detectas
Arte tua Galilæi labes.

Seu Scorpii cor, sive canis facem
Miratur altar, vel Jovis assecclas,
Patrisve Saturni repertos
Docte tuo Galilæe vitro.

Nuper autem dilectus filius Galileus, æthereas plagas ingressus, ignota sidera

friends of Galileo, too, as well as himself, shared in the esteem and affection of the Cardinal. He was on intimate terms with Prince Cesi, the founder of the Lyncæan Academy, and had been connected with that celebrated and liberal body. It was, therefore, of vast importance to secure to Galileo the patronage of the new Pope; and seeing that Paul III. had a century before patronised Copernicus, and accepted of the dedication of his great work, it was not unreasonable to expect, in a more enlightened age, that another Pontiff might display the same love of science.

Although Galileo had not been able for some years to travel, excepting in a litter, yet he was urged by Prince Cesi and his other friends to repair to Rome to congratulate the Pope on his elevation to the throne. Galileo accordingly set out upon his journey, and, after visiting Prince Cesi at Acqua Sparta, he arrived in Rome in the spring of 1624. The reception he experienced from the Pope was of the most flattering description. In a letter, dated June 8, 1624, he tells his friend that Urban received him with every mark of kindness. "I have had six audiences," he says, "with the Pope, in each of which I have had long discussions with him. He has presented me with a fine painting, two medals, one of silver, and the other of gold, with a large quantity of *Agnus Dei*." These discussions, no doubt, related to the denunciation of the Copernican system, and Galileo's prohibition to teach it; but he soon perceived that the Court of Rome was not disposed to reconsider its decision, and that men of moderate views were of opinion that the facts of astronomy ought not to be placed even in apparent opposition to the expressions of Scripture. "With regard to deciding," he adds, "on what side the truth lies, Father *Mostro* (le Pere *Prodige*, Father Riccardi, so called, from his prodigious eloquence, about whom we shall hear farther) adheres neither to the Copernican nor the Ptolemaic system, but satisfies himself with a system of his own, which is a very convenient one. It is, that angels, who trouble nobody, move the stars as they like, and that we have nothing further to see in them."

In addition to this generous reception, the Pope promised Galileo a pension for his son Vincenzo; and in order to promote his interests in Tuscany, he wrote a letter to Ferdinand, the new Grand Duke, recommending him to his special patronage. "For we find in him," he says, "not only literary distinction, but the love of piety; and he is strong in those qualities by which Pontifical good-will is easily obtained. . . . We have lovingly em-

illuminavit, et planetarum penetralia recludit. Quare dum beneficium Jovis astrum micabat in cœlo quatuor novis asseclis comitatum, comitem avi sui laudem Galilæi trahet. Nos tamen tantum virum, cujus fama in cœlo lucet, et errus peragrat, jamdiu paternæ charitate complectimur.

braced him, nor can we suffer him to return to the country whither your liberality recalls him, without an ample provision of Pontifical love. And that you may know how dear he is to us, we have willed to give him this honourable testimonial of piety and virtue. And we further signify, that every benefit which you shall confer upon him, imitating or even surpassing your father's liberality, will conduce to our gratification."

To these acts of kindness the Pope added others no less gratifying to Galileo. A few years after his visit to Rome, he received from his Holiness a pension of an hundred crowns; and, what was peculiarly acceptable to Galileo and his friends, the Abbé Castelli, to whom he had addressed the letter that was pronounced heretical by the Inquisition, was appointed mathematician to the Pope.

Thus generously treated by Urban, Galileo might have spent the rest of his days in the calm pursuit of science, in the enjoyment of his high reputation, and in the free communication of his discoveries to the world. He was prohibited only from teaching a doctrine which he had already amply taught. His views were committed to imperishable records, and there was no risk that the true system of the universe would be superseded by an astronomy that was false. He might have allowed the priest to denounce what was true, as long as he could not establish what was erroneous. Galileo, however, did not thus reason.

"Although," as Sir David Brewster remarks,¹ "he made a narrow escape from the grasp of the Inquisition, he was never sufficiently sensible of the lenity which he experienced. When he left Rome in 1616, under the solemn pledge of never teaching the obnoxious doctrine, it was with an hostility against the Church, suppressed but deeply cherished; and his resolution to propagate the heresy seems to have been coeval with the vow by which he renounced it. In the year 1618, when he communicated his theory of the tides to the Archduke Leopold, he alludes in the most sarcastic manner to the conduct of the Church. The same hostile tone more or less pervaded all his writings, and, while he laboured to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavoured to guard himself against its effects by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology. Had Galileo stood alone, his devotion to science might have withdrawn him from so hopeless a contest; but he was spurred on by the violence of a party. The Lyncean Academy never scrupled to summon him from his researches. They placed him in the forlorn hope of their combat, and he at last fell a victim to the rashness of his adventure.

"But, whatever allowance we may make for the ardour of Galileo's temper, and the peculiarity of his position, and however we may justify and even applaud his past conduct, his visit to Urban VIII. in 1620 placed him in a new relation to the Church, which demanded,

¹ *Martyrs of Science*, p. 62.

on his part, a new and corresponding demeanour. The noble and generous reception which he met with from Urban, and the liberal declaration of Cardinal Hohinzollern on the subject of the Copernican system, should have been regarded as expressions of regret for the past, and offers of conciliation for the future. Thus honoured by the head of the Church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries, provided he avoided that dogma of the Church, which even in the present day it has not ventured to revoke.¹ But Galileo was bound to the Roman hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the Church, and, having accepted of its alms, they owed to it at least a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The Sovereign of the Papal States owed him no obligation, and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman Pontiff to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world, that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the Church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies."

Notwithstanding these acts of kindness on the one hand, and on the other the obvious danger of exposing himself to the terrible power of the Inquisition, he resolved to publish a work in order to demonstrate the truths of the Copernican system; but in place of doing this openly and boldly, he discussed the subject in a dialogue between three speakers, in the hope of thus eluding the vigilance of the Church. The work was completed in 1630, with the title of "*The System of the World of Galileo Galilei*, etc., etc., in which, in four dialogues concerning the two principal systems of the world—the Ptolemaic and the Copernican—he discusses indeterminately and firmly the argument on both sides." It is dedicated to his patron, Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and is prefaced by an "Address to the Prudent Reader," which is itself anything but prudent. He refers to the decree of the Inquisition in the most insulting and ironical language. By insinuations ascribed to others, he attributes the decree to ignorance and to passion; and he pretends to demonstrate the Copernican system purely as a mathematical hypothesis, and not as an opinion absolutely more sound than that of Ptolemy. Of the three persons by whom the dialogue is carried on, Salviati is the true philosopher, and principal speaker in the dialogue. Sagredo, the name of another friend of the author, proposes doubts, suggests difficulties, and enlivens with his wit the gravity of the dialogue. Simplicio, a staunch

¹ Though this dogma was never really revoked, yet, about a century later, Benedict XIV. erased it from the Registers of the Congregation of the Index.

Peripatetic, and follower of Ptolemy, modestly pleads the cause of the Ptolemaic system, but is baffled on every point by the philosophy and wit of his friends.

When this remarkable work was finished, Galileo experienced much difficulty in obtaining a license to print it. Fortunately, however, for its author, the Master of the Sacred Palace, Father Nicolo Riccardi, a Dominican, and censor of new publications, had been his pupil. Galileo, therefore, applied to him for the requisite license; but learning that attempts had been made to frustrate his wishes, he set off for Rome, and submitted his manuscript to the scrutiny of the censor, who was, from many causes, anxious to oblige him. Riccardi suggested several alterations, and returned the manuscript with a written approbation to print it, provided the alterations were made. The imprimatur thus obtained being good only for Rome, Galileo intended to have had it printed there, under the care of Prince Cesi. The death, however, of this eminent individual in August 1630, prevented this from being done, and compelled Galileo to have it printed at Florence. On applying to Riccardi for permission, he demanded another sight of the manuscript, and after inspecting the beginning and end of it, he authorized it to be printed wherever Galileo chose, on the condition that it bore the license of the Inquisitor-General of Florence, and some others. With these licenses, the work was published at Florence in the first week of January 1633. Copies of it were immediately presented to the Grand Duke, and various persons at Florence, and to the author's distinguished friends both in Italy and elsewhere. From mathematicians and astronomers it received the highest praise; but at Rome, to which thirty copies had been sent, it raised an ecclesiastical hurricane which nothing could assuage. The Inquisition prohibited the circulation of the copies; and it was generally believed that the sale of the work would be prohibited, and its author punished. Alarmed at this unexpected storm, Galileo implored the protection of Ferdinand, who, through his secretary, Cioli, and Niccolini, the Tuscan ambassador at Rome, exerted himself in favour of his mathematician. The letters which passed on this occasion from Rome to Florence, thirty-four in number,¹ contain the private history of this remarkable negotiation, and it is from them chiefly that M. Biot finds arguments in favour of his speculation.

On the 27th August 1632, Niccolini applied to Cardinal Barberino, the Pope's nephew, for permission to publish the *Dialogues*, as they had been already printed with the approbation of the authorities; but the only answer was, that he would

¹ These letters occupy the appendix to the ninth volume of the works of Galileo, already referred to.

communicate the request to the Holy Father. On the 5th September the Pope entered during the conference. "He was," says Niccolini, "in a great rage, and said to me in an off-hand manner, 'Your Galileo has again entered where he ought not, into questions the most grave and perilous that can be raised in these days.'" After complaining that he had been deceived by Galileo and Ciampoli, in obtaining the imprimatur of the authorities, Niccolini asked for permission to Galileo to justify himself before the Holy Office. The Pope replied that the Holy Office in these matters only censured, and demanded a retraction. Niccolini answered that it would be proper to acquaint Galileo with the difficulties in the way, and to mention the points that displeased the Holy Office. "The Holy Office," replied the Pope violently, "I have already told you, never proceeds in this manner, and never gives advice. It is not its practice, and, besides, *Galileo knows very well in what these difficulties consist, if he wishes to know them; because we have often discussed them with him, and he has learned them from our own mouth.*" In continuing the discussion, the Pope is led to say, "that he had treated Galileo better than Galileo treated him;" and after another interview, Niccolini says that the Pope "obstinately declares that the affair is without remedy, especially when he is contradicted or threatened, in which case he is carried away to say hard things, without respect for anybody."

That the Pope showed much violence during the interview cannot be denied; but it is sufficiently accounted for by the cruel necessity which Galileo had now laid upon him, to punish one who had been his friend, and thus to appear to the world as the enemy of astronomical truth. There is no proof whatever, that the resolution to bring the matter before the Inquisition was prompted by any vindictive feeling, and that Galileo had given him any other grounds of offence than one not easily forgotten, and another not easily forgiven,—that he had become insensible of his obligation to him, and had broken the solemn pledge which he had made to the Commissary of the Holy Office.

In order to convict the Pope of being influenced by personal feelings, M. Biot proceeds to investigate the charge against Galileo, and one which no friend of the philosopher could have rashly made,—that in the person of Simplicio he had ridiculed and refuted the very arguments in favour of the Ptolemaic system, which Urban had used in their private discussion of the subject. "Strictly speaking," says Biot, "the reproduction of these might have been interpreted and excused as necessary to the subject; but Galileo had the misfortune, or the malice, to attach to it a trait which too clearly revealed its origin. We find at the end of the fourth day of the Dialogues, in the last

argument used against the speakers, to dispense with accepting their conclusions as true, though they might seem to him probable, the following remarks:—"This argument, after which we may take matters quietly, *I learned, said Simplicio, from a person very learned and very eminent.* It is, that God, in His omnipotence and infinite wisdom, may confer on the element of water the motion of the tides which you see, in an infinite number of ways incomprehensible to our intelligence, as you will no doubt grant. And, this being the case, I immediately conclude from it, that it would be the height of audacity in any one to limit and restrict the Divine power and wisdom to any particular fantasy of his own invention.' *The person very learned and very eminent,*" continues Biot, "from whom the good Simplicio says that he learned this decisive argument, could not be much flattered by the citation. Though Galileo was naturally averse to connect the Pope with the personage of Simplicio, yet the striking evidence of its application is confirmed by his contemporaries, who were in a position to know the events of their day; and we shall presently find *the manifest proof* of this too direct allusion."

After Niccolini had attempted in vain to soothe the Pope and the Cardinals, the Inquisitor of Florence, on the 30th September 1633, cited Galileo, in the presence of witnesses, to repair immediately to Rome, and present himself to the Commissary of the Holy Office. Terrified by this summary command, Galileo used every means he could devise to have the journey delayed. He pleaded his threescore and ten years, and his ill health. He produced, too, a medical certificate; but all his efforts were in vain, and it was only through the affectionate importunities of Niccolini that some delay was conceded to him.

"I have represented," says Niccolini, "his age of seventy years, his ill health, the danger to his life of quitting his small chamber, and the painful quarantine he must perform (on account of the plague at Florence); but as these personages (the Cardinals) listen and give no answer (having their tongue tied by the Holy Office), I have discussed the matter this morning with the Pope, and, after having assured him that Galileo was ready to obey, and do everything that he was commanded, I explained to him, at great length, all the circumstances of the case, in order to excite his compassion for this poor old man, for whom I entertain so much affection and respect. I asked his Holiness if he had seen the suppliant letter which he had addressed to his nephew, the Cardinal Barberino. He told me he had read it, but that he could not dispense with his coming to Rome. I replied that, considering his age, his Holiness would run the risk of not trying him either at Rome or Florence; because that, after suffering so much fatigue and anguish of mind, I believe I might

assure him that he would die on the road. 'Very well,' said he, 'let him come slowly, *pian piano*, in a litter, and quite at his ease. But it is absolutely necessary that he be examined in person, and may God forgive him for having got into such difficulties, after I, when Cardinal, had on a former occasion extricated him.'

After new attempts to mollify the Papal authorities, Niccolini, on the 4th December, informs the Tuscan Court that Galileo must decide upon coming to Rome, and remain in quarantine in some part of the territory of Sienna at least twenty days; because this ready obedience will be of great use to him. As the Congregation of the Holy Office were proceeding with much secrecy, and threatening with the severest censures every person that opened his mouth, Niccolini could not say where Galileo was to reside, but he must in the first instance come to him. Galileo having still remained at Arcetri, Niccolini wrote again on the 26th December and again on the 15th January 1633, to hasten his departure, lest the Inquisition should take some step against him of extreme violence. With this summary invitation Galileo instantly complied, and on the 13th February 1633 he arrived at the house of the ambassador. On the following day he was presented to the Assessor, and to the Father Commissary of the Holy Office; and Cardinal Barberino granted the request of Niccolini, that Galileo should remain in his house, without quitting it or seeing any of his friends. Monsignore Serristori, one of the counsel of the Inquisition, visited him twice, in order, probably, to ascertain what would be the line of his defence, and in what way they ought to proceed against him. Under these circumstances, Niccolini recommended entire obedience and submission, as the only way of *subduing the irritation of the person who was so violently excited, and who treated the offence as if it were his own concern*.

In replying to Niccolini's letter of the 27th February, announcing the arrival of Galileo, and his entire submission to the ecclesiastical authorities, the Pope remarks, "that (out of respect to the Grand Duke) he has treated Galileo with unusual gentleness and clemency, in permitting him to remain at the embassy instead of transferring him to the Inquisition, as an exemption was not granted even to princes, one of whom, of the house of Gonzaga, was brought to Rome by a guard of the Inquisition, and taken to the Chateau, where he was long detained, till his trial was over."

On the 13th March Niccolini visited the Pope, under the pretence of thanking him for his kindness, but in reality to hasten the trial of Galileo. The Pope repeated his former declaration, that he could not do less than examine him at the Inquisition, and begged "that God would forgive him (Galileo)

for entering upon a subject where new doctrine and Holy Scripture were concerned, as it was always better to follow the common doctrine. May God also aid Ciampoli for those new opinions; because he has a taste for them, and shows an inclination for the new philosophy. Signor Galileo has been my friend. We have several times conversed familiarly together, and ate at the same table. I am sorry to give him pain; but it is a matter of faith and religion." Niccolini protested that Galileo would give every satisfaction, with the respect which was due to the Holy Office. "To what!" replied Urban. "He will be examined at his time. But there is an argument which he and his adherents have never been able to answer. *It is, that God is omnipotent; and if He is omnipotent, why should we impose upon Him necessities?*"

"Now," says M. Biot, "this is precisely the peremptory and irrefutable argument which the Simplicio of the Dialogues pretends to have learnt from a *very learned and very eminent person*, which could be no other than Urban VIII." Niccolini, without identifying these two personages, tried to excuse Galileo; upon which the Pope, getting warm, replied, "*We must not impose necessities upon God.*" Seeing that he was irritated, Niccolini solicited his permission that Galileo should not leave the embassy. To which the Pope made answer, *that he would make them assign him certain special apartments, which were the best and the most commodious in the Holy Office.*

When the Grand Duke had learnt the names of ten of the Cardinals who were to try Galileo, he wrote to each of them and recommended Galileo to their indulgence; but the answers which he received were, as might have been expected, vague and unsatisfactory. The day of the trial at last approached, and, in spite of Niccolini's intercession, it was resolved that Galileo should remain in the apartments assigned to him till the conclusion of his trial, but that he should have a servant to attend him, and every necessary convenience.

On the morning of the 12th April, Galileo was taken to the Commissary of the Holy Office, by whom he was received in the kindest manner. It had always been the practice to place the accused, whether bishops, prelates, or titled persons, in the Chateau, or in the Palace of the Inquisition, and to keep them locked up with the greatest rigour; but Galileo was permitted to have three apartments in the house of the Fiscal. His servant was allowed to sleep in the palace; he had full liberty to walk within its precincts, and his food was carried to him from the house of the ambassador. At this time Galileo enjoyed good health, but on the 28d of April he was attacked with severe pains in his thigh, and was confined to bed, when he was visited both by

the Fiscal and Commissary of the Holy Office, who encouraged him to be of good cheer, and promised to liberate him as soon as he was able to quit his bed. He was accordingly sent back to the embassy on the 30th April, in better health than before. From these details M. Biot justly concludes, that during his first detention, which lasted nineteen days, from the 12th to the 30th April 1633, he could not have been put to the torture.¹

In consequence of these delays, Andrea Cioli, the administrator of the Grand Duke's finances, reminds Niccolini that when he authorized him to receive Galileo at the embassy, he had mentioned a month as the limit of the term, as also that his expenses should be paid by himself. To this Niccolini replied, that he could not speak on such a subject to Galileo while he was his guest, and that he would rather keep him at his own charge. "His expenses, and that of his servant," he adds, "do not exceed fourteen or fifteen crowns a month; and even if he should remain six months, the whole sum would not exceed ninety or a hundred crowns."

During the second period of Galileo's residence in the palace of the ambassador, where he remained in a state of exile seven weeks, from the 1st May to the 20th June 1633, Niccolini treated him with his usual kindness. On the 21st of May, at an interview with Urban and his nephew, it was intimated to Niccolini that Galileo's Dialogues would be prohibited, and himself condemned to some *salutary penitence* for having disobeyed the prohibition to teach the mobility of the earth.² At another interview with the Pope, his Holiness assured Niccolini that, out of love for the accused, he had granted all possible facilities to Galileo—that he could not do less than prohibit his doctrine, as it was erroneous and contrary to Scripture, which was dictated *ore Dei*; that, according to the usual practice, he must remain in prison for some time, on account of having contravened the orders given him in 1616. But he added, When the sentence is published, I will revisit you, and we will examine together what will be the least afflicting to him, because he cannot be discharged without some demonstration relative to his person.

¹ The idea that Galileo was put to the torture in his examination by the Inquisitors, was founded on the expression *Esame rigorosa*, or *Rigorous examination*, which is employed in the sentence published by Riccioli. In his History of the Council of Trent, Pallavicini, who was a cardinal, and considered a great writer, uses the phrase *Esame rigorosa* to express examination under torture. Libri, and other Italians, have adopted this meaning; but Lord Brougham considers the supposition as completely disproved by Galileo's own account of the lenity with which he was treated. See Lord Brougham's *Analytical View of the Principia*, Tiraboschi, *Lett. Ital.*, Tom. VIII., Lib. 2, p. 1107; and Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*, 4th Edit., pp. 75, 76.

² As Galileo suffered from want of exercise, Niccolini was permitted to send him in a close carriage into the gardens of the Villa Medici to enjoy a solitary promenade.

Upon Niccolini continuing to intercede for his friend, the Pope said that he could not do less than banish him for a while to some convent, because the Congregation was unanimous in imposing upon him a *penitence*.

On the 20th June, two days after this interview, Galileo was cited to the Holy Office; and he went there on the 21st, where he was kept till the following day, when he was taken to the Church of Minerva in a penitential dress, and in presence of the cardinals and prelates of the Congregation, his sentence was read to him, and he was compelled to make a solemn abjuration of those great truths which he had demonstrated and believed.¹

The sentence and the abjuration of Galileo were immediately published, and have been the subject of severe comment in almost all the Lives of the Philosopher. They were ordered to be read publicly at several universities. At Florence they were read in the Church of Sta. Croce, to which the friends of Galileo were summoned to witness the degradation of their master. The Inquisitor of Florence, who had licensed the printing of the Dialogues, was reprimanded for his conduct; and Riccardi, the Master of the Sacred Palace, and Ciampoli, the secretary to the Pope, were both dismissed from their situations.

The sentence upon Galileo was no sooner passed, than the Pope commuted the imprisonment into a detention in the Villa Medici, the garden of the Trinita del Monte. Niccolini took him there on the evening of the 24th June, and, after a few days' residence in that charming spot, the Pope gave him leave to reside in the palace of Ascanio Piccolomini, Archbishop of Sienna, whose friendship he had long enjoyed. He accordingly quitted Rome on the 6th July 1633, in excellent health; and he wrote to Niccolini from Viterbo, that he had been able to walk four miles on foot without any inconvenience. After remaining five months with the archbishop, he obtained leave to go to his own house at Arcetri, near Florence, where he arrived about the middle of December 1633, and where he remained, in limited confinement, till his death, which took place on the 8th January 1642, in the 78th year of his age.

Before we return to the discussion of Biot's theory of Galileo's trial, to which we have already adverted, we must give our readers some account of the examination itself—one of the most interesting though painful portions of history. It forms the subject of Biot's fourth article, and we regret that no other

¹ It has been said, but not upon any authority, that after Galileo had abjured on his knees the doctrine of the earth's motion, he said in a whisper to one of his friends, *E pur si muove*, "It does move though." We are glad to find that M. Biot discredits this story, as Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster had previously done. What friend could he have among his judges, who were unanimous in their verdict, to whom he could address such a sentiment?

account of it is to be found but in the garbled extracts from the originals which have been published by Marini.

The examination of Galileo took place at four different times. It was conducted in the usual form, so that the prisoner should be self-convicted. The questions were put in Latin, and the answers given in Italian. M. Marini, most improperly, as M. Biot says, translates the questions into Italian, so that we are not able to form the same judgment of their import as if they had been given in the original.

At the first examination, which took place on the 12th April 1633, Galileo was asked if he knew why he was cited to Rome. To this he replied, "I suppose it is to give an account of the book which I lately published. I think so, because a few days before I was ordered to come to Rome, both the bookseller and myself were enjoined not to sell the book; and, besides, he was ordered to send the original to Rome, to the Holy Office."

Being asked what the book was, he replied, "That it was a book in dialogues, which treated of the constitution of the world, of the two great systems, the arrangements of the heavens and the elements." Having been shown a book entitled *Dialogo di Galilei Linceo*, and printed at Florence in 1632, he recognised it as his own, which he had commenced ten or twelve years before, and which took him seven or eight years to write. He speaks next of the intimation he received from Cardinal Bellarmine in 1616, which he did not think it necessary to mention to the Master of the Sacred Palace when he asked his authority to print the book, "not having," he says, "in this book either maintained or refuted the mobility of the earth and the stability of the sun, and having even demonstrated the opposite opinion, and that the opinions of Copernicus are without force and inconclusive."

This *first* interrogatory, copied word for word, says M. Biot, is thus signed by Galileo:

"I, Galileo Galilei, have deposed as above."

As this is only an extract from the text of the interrogatory, Biot justly blames Marini for suppressing what may be of high importance, and thus raising prejudices against the truth which it was the interest of the Court of Rome to make public. "The whole of the book," he continues, "is marked with a feeling of malevolence so constant and severe against the unfortunate Galileo, that it seems as if it had been written not to give a sincere exposition of the facts of his trial, as to exaggerate his conduct; so that the ardour of Marini's passion makes him a suspicious witness, and we might even believe that he had concealed the fact of the torture if it had been applied."

The *second* examination took place on the 30th April, and it

would appear from Marini's statement that it led to a long discourse by Galileo, in which he confessed that he had not been strictly consistent in describing the manner in which he had taught the condemned doctrines. He refers to the natural tendency which a writer of dialogues has to make each speaker argue for his opinion with all the ingenuity in his power. "For instance," says he, "in now reviewing my book, I find that I have sometimes allowed myself to be carried away by a sentiment of vainglory, to put into the mouth of the adversary (the partisan of Copernicus), whom I wished to refute, arguments so powerful that an ordinary reader might not consider them so weak and easily refuted as I believed and still believe them to be; and if I had again to write the same arguments, I am confident that I would weaken them in such a manner that, I am sure, they would not appear to have the force of which they are essentially destitute." At the close of the examination, he made the humiliating statement, "that if he were allowed an opportunity and time to show that he had never held, and does not now hold as true, the mobility of the earth, etc., he could easily add to his Dialogues two more, in which *he promises that he would revise the argument in favour of that false and damnable opinion, in order to refute it with all the force which God might give him!*"

The *third* examination took place on the 10th May, when he was asked to prepare his defence in eight days, if he wished or intended to make any. To this Galileo answered, "I have heard what your reverence has said, and in reply, for my defence—that is, to show the sincerity and purity of my intentions—I submit this writing, accompanied with a certificate signed by Cardinal Bellarmine; and I throw myself wholly upon the kindness and clemency of this tribunal."

The *fourth* and last interrogation of Galileo took place on the 21st June 1633. By a special decree, dated 16th June, the Pope ordered that Galileo should be examined on his intention—*Sanctissimus mandavit ipsum interrogandum esse super intentione*. Marini is very silent upon this important interrogatory, and does not tell us what took place between the Congregation of Cardinals and the qualified theologians, or *commissaires instructeurs*. In another part of his work, however, he gives us more particulars of this examination, in which, when *threatened with the torture*,¹ Galileo replies, "I do not hold, and I never held, the

¹ This threat of torture is expressed in two different ways by Marini, and given in Latin, as from the original text. Galileo was told that, if he did not confess the truth, *devenietur contra ipsum ad remedia juris et facti opportuna*; and according to another version, *alias devenietur ad torturam*. M. Biot considers these two different statements, when given as transcribed from the original text, as compromising the veracity of Marini.

opinion of Copernicus since I was ordered to abandon it. Besides, I am in your hands, do with me what you please. I am here to make my submission. I have not held this opinion since it was condemned." "Here," says Marini, "ended the fourth and last act of the trial, after which the commissaries add that he was carried to his residence (place), *et cum nihil aliud posset haberi, remissus fuit ad locum suum*,—that is to say," says Marini, "to the palace of the Tuscan ambassador," an interpretation which, as Biot has shown, is altogether false, as he was detained in his apartments in the Inquisition, and which he accounts for on the supposition "that Marini had given this slight turn to the truth with the *good intention* of obtaining a decisive argument that Galileo had not been put to the torture !

This striking proof of the falsehood of Marini's narrative throws a doubt upon all his statements, and would justify us in questioning the correctness even of his garbled extracts. As the special and professional advocate of the Inquisition, and the virulent enemy of Galileo, no confidence can be placed in his work ; and we would indulge the hope that the pledge made by the Pope to the Government of France to publish all the documents of Galileo's trial may yet be fulfilled. The present Emperor owes it to France and to Christendom, to demand this act of justice from the Pontiff whom he sustains ; and were M. Biot, the father of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, to urge that body to make the request, we have no doubt that the secret archives would yet surrender the precious deposit.

"In our day," says M. Biot, "in the nineteenth century, the Pontifical Court ought deeply to regret that it confided the publication of the trial of Galileo to Mgr. Marini. His book is a compilation without order or method, written in an ardent polemical spirit, which, in place of persuading and convincing us, by a faithful exposition of facts and their causes, engages us imprudently in hazardous recriminations, in which the ignorant partiality of the writer throws a suspicion over the fidelity of his narrative. His caution in giving only extracts of the interrogatories is an imprudence ; for if we had not otherwise the certainty that Galileo was not put to physical torture, we might reasonably have believed that proofs of this atrocious act existed in facts which he has concealed from us ; and the more so as the argument which he adduces as decisive proof that no torture was applied, rests on the allegation of a fact which we know to be substantially false."

Having thus submitted to our readers as full an account of the proceedings at Galileo's trial as our limits will permit, and given due prominence to the facts upon which M. Biot has rested his case against Galileo, the Pope, and the Inquisition, we must now

inquire into the correctness of the inferences which he has drawn from them. We have already shown, that if all the allegations of M. Biot were true—that Galileo willingly insulted the Pope by ridiculing him in the character of Simplicio, and that the Pope knew of the insult and was deeply offended by it, there is not a shadow of proof that he was influenced by it in insisting upon the trial of Galileo, and still less that his nephew, Cardinal Barberino, and others of the cardinals who were favourably inclined to him, could have been induced either to pass a sentence prompted by personal revenge, or deliberately to denounce as false the great truths of astronomy.

The letters of Niccolini show that the Pope was irritated with Galileo; and no wonder, when we recollect the affection and liberality which he showed him. But Niccolini, we think, may have exaggerated the feelings of his Holiness. His object was to show the Archduke how well he succeeded in calming the Pope, and what great privileges he obtained from him for the prisoner of the Inquisition. But whatever truth there may be in his account of the Pope's expressions, the same letters prove that his Holiness treated Galileo with unexpected and even excessive lenity, except that of declining to try him,—yielded to every application in his favour, and converted his imprisonment into a delightful residence in the palace of his friend the Archbishop of Sienna,¹ and a peaceful detention under his own roof and in the bosom of his family.

If it is necessary to seek for any other cause of the Pope's displeasure, we shall certainly not find it, as M. Biot has tried to do, by identifying the Pope with the Simplicio in the Dialogues. The allegation, that *the very learned and very eminent person* was Urban VIII., is not supported by a single fact. Biot asserts that he has found a *clear proof* of their identity in the circumstance that both of them used the same argument in the same words in opposing the Copernican system. Simplicio says that if God is all-powerful, why should we impose necessities upon Him, and the Pope observed to Niccolini that *we must not impose necessities upon God*. That the two Peripatetics should use the same expression is not surprising, and is no proof whatever that the Pope was the *very eminent and learned person* from whom Sim-

¹ The following is the letter, dated 12th June, with which the good Archbishop welcomed his friend:—"The experience I have of the habitual slowness of the court consoles me for the delay in having the honour of receiving you in my house. But, as the last arrangements of his Holiness procured you a prompt and favourable journey, if by a litter or any other conveyance, you know so well my good disposition to serve you, that you may freely avail yourself of it, for I am not ambitious of any other title than that of a true and sincere friend without any ceremony whatever."

plicio got the argument. If the Pope was really meant, and had used the very argument which Galileo put into the mouth of Simplicio, there was nothing in the least offensive in refuting it; and if the Pope really did believe that Galileo had him in his eye, we think that he must have been pleased rather than offended. After the publication of the Dialogues in 1632, the Pope had read Simplicio's speech, and the answer to it by Salviati and Sagredi; but, in place of being ashamed of it, or taking offence at the replies to it, he actually tells Niccolini, on the 13th March 1633, *that Galileo and his adherents had never been able, and never would be able, to answer his argument!*

In defending his countryman against the charge, that "he had *the misfortune or the malice* of doing a great wrong to the Pope, who had been his friend," Baron Plana, the Newton of Italy, and recently elected one of the eight Foreign Associates of the French Academy of Sciences, has entered fully into the subject, and adduced strong arguments in refutation of the calumny against Galileo. "The argumentation," he says, "of M. Biot only proves that Pope Urban VIII. acted towards Galileo *as if* he had personally insulted him; but it cannot prove that, in writing his Dialogues, Galileo availed himself of the fictitious name, Simplicio, to make offensive allusions to the arguments which the Pope used when conversing with him in 1624." The Baron has supported this view of the case by referring to the publication, in 1638, of Galileo's *New Dialogues on Local Motion*, in which the three interlocutors are Salviati, Sagredi, and Simplicio, as in his former work. These Dialogues were written during his seclusion at Arcetri, which the Pope granted to him as a signal favour at the intercession of the Grand Duke; and he certainly would not have used the name of Simplicio had it recalled to the Pope and the Church the personal offence with which it is supposed to have been associated. Baron Plana regards "the reproduction of Simplicio in 1638 as a protestation of his innocence on the part of Galileo."

It is very probable that the Jesuits and Galileo's other enemies may have tried to persuade the Pope that he was ridiculed in the person of Simplicio; but it is evident, as Baron Plana has shown, from the letter of Father Castelli to Galileo, dated 12th July 1636, and from a letter from Galileo himself to his friend, Fulgenzio Micanzio, that after the condemnation of Galileo the Pope did not believe that he was the *very eminent and learned person* referred to by Simplicio, and that Galileo himself disavowed the imputation as a wicked device of his enemies. Venturi, the editor of the unpublished letters of Galileo, believes that the name Simplicio was applied to the body of the Peripatetics, and not to any individual; and Baron Plana has adopted his

opinion. When the French ambassador, in 1636, represented to the Pope that Galileo had been in this matter traduced by his enemies, his Holiness exclaimed, *Lo crediamo, lo crediamo!* "I believe it, I believe it." On the same occasion, as Castelli tells Galileo, the Pope spoke of him with much benignity, and said, "I have always loved him, and had even given him a pension."

The celebrated conversation in the Vatican, to which M. Biot has attached so much importance, and which revealed to him such new and important information, turns out to be a mere repetition of an old story which Olivieri had read in Venturi's work, where it is even more fully detailed. "I am surprised," says Baron Plana, "that M. Biot should have been ignorant of the particulars which he heard from Father Olivieri, for Venturi had published them more fully at Modena in 1821. Even in the 18th century, Nelli, in his *Life of Galileo*, mentions the same story, and, long before Biot published it, Mr Drinkwater Bethune¹ referred to it in his life of Galileo, and Sir David Brewster² treats it as an incredible imputation."³

If we have succeeded in conveying to our readers the impression made upon ourselves by "The Conversation in the Vatican," and the elaborate commentaries upon it by the French Academician, himself a Catholic, we shall have done some service to truth and to science. We shall have absolved Galileo from the odious charge of having ridiculed and insulted Pope Urban VIII., who had treated him with the most affectionate kindness, and the most unbounded generosity, and who had, in 1616, rescued him from the grasp of the Inquisition. We shall have defended the Holy Father from the still heavier charge of having, under the influence of personal revenge, compassed the ruin of his friend. And we shall have defended the congregation of the Index, who tried Galileo and unanimously condemned him, from having been influenced in the discharge of so solemn a duty by the ignoble motive of gratifying, in the person of their chief, the basest of the passions.

In thus repudiating the speculations of M. Biot, we have not defended the great astronomer in his ingratitude to Maffeo Barberini, his friend and benefactor, nor the Holy Father and his Inquisitors in their condemnation of demonstrated truth, and their imprisonment of him who taught it; and still less have we

¹ *Library of Useful Knowledge*—*Life of Galileo*, chap. viii.

² *Martyrs of Science*, pp. 67, 68.

³ In the passage in Venturi, which contains the whole story told by Olivieri, he refers to a particular page (146) which is expressly quoted by Biot. Baron Plana, therefore, cannot understand, and we cannot help him to explain, the silence of Biot respecting the passage in Venturi, vol. ii., p. 193, in which Olivieri's story is fully given.

found that, in the new aspect so painfully given to the trial of Galileo, "scientific truth has been separated from the accessories of human passion which had envenomed it," and that science and religion have rushed into each other's arms. Religion is never less divine than when virulent passion has been the impulse, and human ends the achievement; and science can never be honoured when its representative abjures the truths with which God has inspired him, and casts away the crown of martyrdom in his grasp.

It is a grievous fact in the history of the Catholic Church, that two of its functionaries—the Grand Inquisitor of Rome and the Keeper of its Secret Archives—should have appeared in the middle of the 19th century to defend the Inquisition of the 17th by at once slandering the high priest of science and the High Priest of Rome; and, strange to relate, that this defence should consist in the plea that it condemned truth and threatened torture to its apostle in order to gratify private revenge! The Commissary-General Olivieri must have been amused at the success with which he served up as new to "a simple savant," as M. Biot calls himself, the old slander from the pages of Venturi; and Monsignore Marino-Marini, the keeper and garbler of the sacred archives—may yet have to answer to united Italy for the falsification of the documents of his Church, and his venomous slander of Galileo. From the metropolis of Italian Sardinia, Baron Plana has anticipated the feelings of his countrymen; and the child of Pisa, the stripling of Padua, the ornament of Florence, and the prisoner of Rome, will doubtless stand before his liberated country as the dauntless assertor of physical truth, the morning star of Italian science, and the type of Italy stretching her dungeoned limbs and girding herself for victory.

We would willingly leave M. Biot to the judgment of others—his "Conversation in the Vatican," etc., to be appreciated by his colleagues in the Institute—and his heartless commentaries to the dissection of Baron Plana and the philosophers of Italy. Great men are not the worshippers of the greatest. He who is highest in the lists of fame may be lowered to our own level, and the slanderer may rejoice in his work; but posterity, ever just to genius, will continue to assert its rights and avenge the victim. He who has not spared the sacred memory of Newton, with his "white soul" and lofty intellect, might have been silent over the errors of Galileo, and wept over his many woes.

ART. X.—*The Sicilian Game.*

THE Sicilian method of opening the game of chess is extremely irregular, and very little practised. But the chess authorities tell us that, in the hands of a good player, it is the most brilliant and successful of all the openings. On the political chess-board of Europe, a great game has now been commenced with the Sicilian move. As nothing can be more irregular than the method of attack, so we hope that the final checkmate will be rapid and brilliant, that those who deserve to win will win gloriously, and that those who deserve to lose will lose unmistakeably. To understand this great game, however, we must remember that it is not confined to the Sicilies alone, nor even to Italy. Sicily is but a distant square upon the board. The game is European. France is one of the prime movers in it; Austria has large interests at stake; and what sincere Catholic does not feel concerned in whatever may happen to the chair of St Peter? Moreover, as Lord John Russell pointed out in a late despatch to our ambassador at Turin, Great Britain is to some extent implicated in the struggle, for we hold in the Adriatic the rebellious Ionian Islands by a tenure precisely the same as that which Austria can show for Venetia. Nor can Germany be indifferent, when she sees that the same rule of thumb which has annexed Savoy to France, and has all but succeeded in subjecting the whole of Italy to the sceptre of Sardinia, may, with scarcely less reason, be applied to the rectification of the Rhenish frontier, and made to prove the advantages of uniting the petty German states under a single ruler. What is more, the events now occurring in Syria are an unpleasant diversion which, having thus far established the principle of a French intervention, may lead to we know not what results. Our hands may be tied in the East, or they may be tied in the West, so as to give to France or to Russia the power of accomplishing, without check, the worst designs. The forces engaged are tremendous. The issues at stake are of incalculable importance. It is for Italy, for Naples, for Garibaldi, and for Victor Emmanuel, that we feel the more immediate interest. But no one who examines the situation thoroughly will permit himself to be blinded by the actual position of the game to the larger possibilities which it involves. It may be that the fires now running along the Italian valleys will burn out; but fires are not easily extinguished, and especially if the firemen feed the flames with oil. Last year we had a mighty conflagration in Northern Italy, which filled the coolest heads in Europe with alarm. This year we have a smaller blaze in Southern Italy, which is scarcely less

dangerous. On the Continent they are far more alarmed about it than we are in England; and there is some reason to hope that the precautions dictated by this alarm will be the means of ensuring peace for Europe and safety for Italy. A few months will show; a few weeks may decide. Meanwhile we invite our readers to a rapid survey of the Italian struggle as far as it has gone, and to a calm analysis of the results to which that struggle is tending.

It would be very pleasant if we could enter upon this investigation with a firm grasp of principles. Unhappily, at the present moment, the British Government, herein representing the British nation, has no definite principles of foreign policy. Broadly it may be stated, that we are so well satisfied with the actual results, as to be willing to shut our eyes to the means by which the results have been attained. We sympathize with the aspirations of Italians, rejoice in their freedom, and fondly trust that the creation of a strong Italian kingdom is something more tangible than a dream. England is eager to accept what has been achieved in Italy as accomplished facts. And yet, at every step of the process by which these facts have been accomplished, she is obliged to turn her head away in shame, to hide her blushes in a pocket-handkerchief, and to pronounce the timid, feminine No, when she loves nothing better than Yes. The position is not a dignified one, and is the result of a compromise between our theories and our practical instincts. The foreign policy of this country, in so far as it is capable of definition, resolves itself into one word—Non-intervention. But we have really never been able to determine what the word means. “Non-intervention!” said Talleyrand—“non-intervention! I do not know what it means. It is a political word—a diplomatic word, which is very nearly equivalent to intervention.” Recognising the great principle of non-interference as the corner-stone of international law, the question arises, whether the law is of any value unless it be enforced. What is the nature of that man’s virtue which prevents him from robbing his neighbour’s cash-box, but permits him to see the robbery effected by somebody else without raising an alarm? What are the professions of that man worth, who, incapable of committing murder himself, allows his friend to be murdered before his eyes? What is the meaning of non-intervention, if it is a principle binding upon ourselves, so that while we religiously refuse to interfere, we allow anybody else to do so? We saw France interfering in Italy. We murmured at what we were powerless to prevent; and when victory crowned the French arms, we presented our congratulations to the Emperor, and the right hand of fellowship to King Victor Emmanuel. So

with regard to various other acts, such as the absorption of Tuscany and the *Æmilia*,—we shook our heads and smiled. It was but the other day that our Foreign Secretary wrote to Turin, expressing an earnest hope that Sardinia did not mean to attack Naples, and menacing Count Cavour with the displeasure of England if he did not give up all idea of assailing Austria in her Venetian province. Yet, if Lord John Russell studies the popular feeling, he must know that nothing gives greater pleasure to the people of this country than to hear of Victor Emmanuel's advance upon Naples—that nothing would be more applauded than a successful assault on Venetia. So we, who three years ago found it hard enough to defend ourselves for permitting Italian refugees to conspire in our island against the life of Napoleon, although neither the Government nor the people of Great Britain had the slightest cognizance of their plots, should find it difficult to characterize the conduct of Victor Emmanuel in not only permitting an expedition to be organized in his dominions against a neighbouring state, with which he was on friendly terms, but in himself invading that state at the head of his army. However difficult it may be to characterize such a breach of international usage, the position of our people with reference to it is so illogical, that they are all in favour of Garibaldi's filibustering and Victor Emmanuel's invasion. Britain, on great occasions, has often been illogical, and in the present emergency we are reminded of the manner in which the British Parliament treated Clive. The readers of Macaulay's brilliant memoir will remember how the House of Commons first of all laid down the major proposition, that it is illegal for the servants of the State to appropriate to themselves what the arms of the State have acquired, and what belongs therefore alone to the governing power. It next laid down the minor proposition, that the English functionaries in Bengal had systematically appropriated the monies of the State, and that Clive had, as commander of the British forces, obtained large sums which of right belonged to the Government he served. In the next resolution it appeared to be inevitable that the House of Commons would pronounce the logical conclusion of these two propositions. On the contrary, the third decision at which it arrived was, that Clive had at the same time rendered great and meritorious services to his country. Spite of all delinquencies, and much that is ambiguous, we could not condemn the hero for whom, in our heart of hearts, we nursed admiration and gratitude. And it is with similar inconsistency, that, in the face of doubts and difficulties which rudely jostle with our sense of moral right and international propriety, we refuse to condemn him who, by anticipation, may be styled the King of Italy, and we heartily

wish him good speed. We cannot pretend to give our approval to all the doublings and windings of the Cavour policy, to the interference of France, and to the settlement of Sardinian claims at the point of the sword. But, on the other hand, how is it possible to have any sympathy with Austria, with the Papal Government, with Bomba or Bombino? There is the same wild justice in the Italian campaigns which the philosopher tells us is the characteristic of revenge. It is well to recognise that Judge Lynch, with all his faults, may be a public benefactor; and our jealousy of French activity need not urge us to a denial of the good which it has effected in Italy.

At last we have the prospect of seeing the entire Peninsula, with the exception of Rome and of Venetia, united under one head. If the Italian kingdom can be consolidated without Rome and Venetia, then we may rest assured that the Eternal City and the famous Quadrilateral will soon follow. But that is precisely the question which has to be solved; and as yet we can only count upon an Italian kingdom deprived of its metropolitan city, and with its most formidable fastnesses in the hands of the enemy. Quicker than we can write, the telegraph brings us the news of success after success attending the patriot arms; and in all probability before these pages come before the reader, some of the events to which they refer will be stale and unprofitable. We shall, therefore, leaving mere narrative to the correspondents of the daily papers, confine ourselves here to general remarks.

That which must first of all strike any one who candidly examines the state of affairs in Italy, is the unanimity of sentiment and the moderation of conduct which the Italian people have displayed. Talk of the great leaders as we may, admire Garibaldi, criticise Cavour, and toast Victor Emmanuel—still the great fact to which we must revert is the ripeness of the Italians for the present movement. We might have seen the pear plucked without being ripe, and might have applauded the dash of the filibuster, the astuteness of the statesman, and the courage of the ardent king, as we applaud ability and courage wherever it is to be found. It is the maturity of the Italian mind that chiefly excites our astonishment, awakens our interest, and satisfies our moral sense. Here lies the vindication of all that has taken place. From the people comes Victor Emmanuel's indemnity. We have nothing to say in favour of the farce of universal suffrage, such as we have seen it in Savoy and Nice; nor could we, in full recollection of the Ionian Islands, of India, and of Ireland some years ago, easily maintain that the government of a country ought always to depend upon the popular voice. But with regard to Italy the doubt has never been expressed that the sentiment in favour of unity and Victor Emmanuel is

real, spontaneous, and all but unanimous; and wherever such a sentiment is real, we suspect that the rule of right is the very rough one of success. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow. If they can acquire their freedom, they deserve it, and we will not look too curiously into the process by which they dispose of their tyrants. Without approving of regicide, we may venerate Cromwell and Milton. Without admiring filial impiety, we may be permitted to rejoice in the rebellion which led William and Mary to occupy the throne of James the Second. Without loving diplomatic deceit, or any breach of faith between allied governments and monarchs that, like those of Sardinia and Naples, were not only friends, but relatives, we recognise in the wishes of the Italian people, and in the wisdom of their conduct, a voice that raises rebellion into virtue, and a public necessity that effectually supercedes the influence of private ties and family affection. The unanimity which we have witnessed is almost startling. The most prominent illustration of it is the acquiescence of Mazzini. He who has all his life dreamed of a republic, consents to abandon his dream in order to see Italy united under a king of her own choice. The apostle of revolution and conspiracy, who has gone through Europe preaching a republic as the grand political ultimatum, and assassination as a justifiable political process, solemnly announces his adhesion to the principle of monarchy as represented in the person of Victor Emmanuel. The differences that exist among Italians will appear by-and-bye, when they feel so sure of their ground that they can afford to discuss minor points. At the present moment every feeling is absorbed in the hope of Italian unity and strength, and in devotion to Victor Emmanuel as the personation of that hope. At the same time, we have seen the moderation of the people, their capacity of self-government, and the elasticity with which the Sardinian constitution adapts itself to the exigencies of sudden war and enlarged dominions. We cannot be wrong in the belief that, if a people thus fit have but fair play, we ought to see a sixth great power arise in Europe, to dominate as Italy did in the olden time on the shores of that Midland Sea which it has long been the ambition of our Gallic neighbours to regard as a little French lake.

But this great Italian nation would be nothing without leaders; and they have been magnificently led. Latterly Garibaldi has been the hero of the day, and he has indeed accomplished wonders. We must not overrate his achievements, however. People have been too apt to attribute the success which attended his movements to the extraordinary skill of the general. His skill we do not deny. In the battle of the Volturno he proved his military qualities to be—what no one ever

seriously doubted—of the very highest quality. His genius is as noble as his character. He has a great faculty of organization, and his power over all who have anything to do with him is extraordinary. But, admitting all this, it must be observed, that those who attribute Garibaldi's success to his genius detract not a little from the justice of his cause. For years it has been known in this country, that the days of Neapolitan misrule were numbered. The atrocious tyranny of Bomba could not last for ever. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed," cried Jonah, and he was astonished that his prophecy was unfulfilled. "Yet a few short months, and Naples must rise against her tyrant," was the prophecy of every enlightened Englishman, and we were astonished when the prediction was accomplished. We do not wrong Garibaldi in saying that it was the justice of the cause, even more than the genius of the man, that triumphed in the Sicilian insurrection. There ought to be nothing to excite our surprise in his success. The only extraordinary thing is, that the Neapolitans endured the Bourbons so long. Thanks to Garibaldi's brilliant defence of his position on the Volturno, there is some reason to believe that we have now seen the last of this infatuated race. Had the Bourbon troops been successful on that occasion, they would not indeed have averted the inevitable catastrophe which is the due of King Francis, but they might have postponed for some little time the triumph of Italian liberty, and given the agents of Victor Emmanuel a good deal of trouble. Garibaldi has made short work of them; but his chief glory is, that, being a ringleader of rebels, he is the servant of order. He has a simplicity of character which makes him the very man for the time and for the place. Many a general would have skill enough to do what he has done in organizing revolt, and leading on the rebels till they succeeded in the expulsion of their oppressors; but how many would combine with that ability, perfect unselfishness, devotion to a great idea, and loyalty to the prince whom nominally he was defying? Extreme moderation, gentle treatment, and love of order, are not usually considered the attributes of guerilla chiefs and filibustering captains; and Garibaldi's noble simplicity of character has lent a dignity to the Italian struggle which no other leader could have given. Future generations of his countrymen may be surprised to discover that, much as they are indebted to his genius, they owe still more to his good and honest heart. It has been said that the Italians are apt to deify intellect apart from conscience; and that, for example, in the tragedy of *Othello*, whereas an English audience abhors Iago and sympathizes entirely with the deluded Moor, an Italian audience would have no patience for the blindness of the latter, and would give all its

admiration to the craft of the former. We dare say that this is an exaggeration ; and when we can point to such men as Garibaldi, who stands in the front rank of national heroes, it must never be said that, in the Italian cast of mind, intellect is, of necessity, divorced from heart or conscience. The great hero is frank to a fault, as both Count Cavour and the Emperor Napoleon know. A Nizzard by birth, he has seen his native country appropriated by France, as the result of a discreditable intrigue with Count Cavour. What will he say, if, having thus seen his birth-place transferred to France, he should ere long see his little islet home in the Straits of Bonifacio made over by the same process, along with the islands of Sardinia and Elba, to the Emperor Napoleon ? It is in this isle, with his sheep, and goats, and donkeys, that Garibaldi aspires to spend his days when his work is done—another Cincinnatus. He is described by those who know him as delighted beyond measure with his rock, glorying in his artichokes and cabbages, dallying fondly with his donkeys, and enjoying nothing so much as the simple cares of a farmer. How would such a man feel, if, as the reward of his efforts for Italian liberty, his home as well as his birth-place were lost to the Italy which he has done so much to create ?

Garibaldi has but reaped what others before him have sowed. Cavour is the sower. If Garibaldi is the strong hand, Cavour is the informing mind of Italy. He is at the head of this great movement. He conceived it ; he prepared the way for it in long years of silent work ; he rendered it possible, and then forced it into existence. To use a phrase of the leading journal which has almost passed into a proverb—he was the Peel before he became the Palmerston of Italy. From a very early age the Count Camillo di Cavour rendered himself obnoxious to the Austrian Government ; and it was only the other day that, in the archives of the Austrian police at Milan, documents were discovered, which contained an order of the Government to prevent this doubtful Cavalier from entering the Lombardo-Venetian territory in 1836. Cavour spent some of his earlier years in England, and at the time when the mind is most open to permanent impressions became well-nigh an Englishman. Here he studied and learned to admire our constitutional government ; he saw the sources of our greatness ; he felt the pleasure of freedom ; and he returned to Piedmont imbued with a new life, which he speedily imparted to the people around him. Rightly appreciating the force of public opinion and the value of discussion, he started the principal daily paper in Turin, which has exerted immense influence over the Italian middle classes. Keenly alive to the importance of other organisms, he set on foot the Royal Agricultural Society of Sardinia, and showed his countrymen the

advantages of high farming. He introduced guano into Piedmont, which now annually imports about a million tons of that rich manure. He created the cork plantations of the island of Sardinia. He was the principal agent in procuring for the Piedmontese a constitution from Charles Albert in 1848. Gradually he rose to power, and worked with might and main for the material prosperity of his country, looking forward to the time when, with the credit engendered by free institutions and good administration, the Sardinian state might take rank as an European power, and aspire to dominion over entire Italy. By doubling the silk manufacture, and quadrupling the cotton traffic of Piedmont, as well as by concluding commercial treaties with the great trading communities of Europe, he gave elasticity to the finances of the little subalpine kingdom, and enabled it to assume an honourable position among the Great Powers in the first war of importance with which Europe was troubled after forty years of peace. The Italians, ever scheming for their liberty, soon saw that in the constitutional government of Victor Emmanuel, and in the statesmanship of Cavour, they had surer grounds of hope than in the republican dreams of Mazzini and in the secret plots of Carbonari. They rallied round the Sardinian Parliament. Turin speedily became the hotbed of sedition, and the great centre from which all free Italian thought emanated. What followed we need not minutely describe. The storm which was gathering burst. The seed which had been silently sown and sedulously irrigated became ripe. Count Cavour so raised the Piedmontese Government from insignificance, and so formed a public opinion in its favour, that every town and every village in Italy looked to Turin for deliverance. He is in a fair way to achieve a complete deliverance for Italy. He is not less bent than Garibaldi himself to secure even Rome and Venetia for his sovereign, though the process by which he thinks of attaining his end may somewhat differ from that contemplated by the victorious general when he talked of proclaiming the Italian kingdom from the summit of the Quirinal. "We desire that the Eternal City should become the capital of Italy," observed the shrewd tactician in the speech in which he announced to the Sardinian Parliament the chief lines of his future policy; "but as regards the means to that end, we shall be better able to say in what condition we shall be six months hence." As for Venetia, one cannot help admiring the boldness of the announcement, that although Europe does not wish Sardinia to provoke a war with Austria, and though for a time it may be necessary to respect this wish, still in the end Venetia must be liberated, Austria must be attacked; and the only question which the Great Powers ought seriously to entertain is, whether the new kingdom

of Italy is able to acquire the Austrian province, and brave the celebrated Quadrilateral unaided. "Europe believes us incapable of delivering Venetia alone. We must bring about a change in this opinion. Let us show ourselves united, and that opinion will change." Such a bold speech is nearly equivalent to a declaration of war, and it is extremely difficult to calculate the consequences to which it may lead. It may be the igniting spark of a universal conflagration. We shall examine directly the real position of Cavour, and exhibit the cards that are in his hands, content here only to remark, that, whereas but a very short time ago there was supposed to be, and there really was, antagonism between his views and those of Garibaldi, the wily statesman has put an end to the difference, at least as far as words can do it, by knuckling down to the Dictator, by vowing to preserve the integrity of Italy, and by openly proclaiming his designs upon the Eternal City and the Bride of the Adriatic.

We now await without anxiety the news of Victor Emmanuel's success in the south. He is a remarkable illustration of the authority which can be exerted by a sovereign who, without any pretensions to great ability, is possessed of a generous nature, respects the wishes of his subjects, and frankly accepts the limitation of his power implied in the forms of a constitutional government. The Italians admire his free, impulsive nature. They are devoted to a sovereign who has kept faith with his subjects. If a doubt arises as to the generosity of a prince who could part as he did with the cradle of his race, it is remembered that he was driven into a corner, it is known that he can never think of that transaction without shame and indignation, and it is felt that Italy may forgive a loss which for her sake he endured. Casuists will rigidly canvass his present move in the direction of Naples, and the French official journals, with some reason, proclaim that it does not belong to any foreign state, any more to Sardinia than to Austria, to interfere in the internal affairs of a neighbouring people. Had Garibaldi suffered a reverse, indeed, on the Volturno—and having lost 4500 men, he was near enough to disaster—Victor Emmanuel would have found himself in a very awkward position, as the invader of a state which had not been abandoned by its king, and which had some prospect of seeing that king reassert his authority. In following the Sardinian army to the Neapolitan frontier, we refrain from comment on the defeat of Lamoricière and the fall of Ancona. In the dispersion of the Papal mercenaries, and in the success of the Sardinian arms, we indeed heartily rejoice; but we do not yet know the history of these affairs, and there is reason to believe that Lamoricière succumbed to treachery as much as to a real superiority. He ought to have made a

better stand; and his defeat is accounted for by the fact of his receiving a despatch which informed him, "by command of the Emperor," that the Piedmontese would not enter the Roman States, that 20,000 French troops would occupy the strong places in these states, and that he ought to hasten his preparations against Garibaldi. Lamoricière made his dispositions in conformity with these instructions; and before he had time to look about him he discovered that his information was false. The Sardinians were down upon him in force. If the report of this incident be correct, the only criticism which we need make upon it is, that the manœuvre thus fatal to the great African General is quite in keeping with other manœuvres with which, in the progress of Italian events, we have been made familiar. It is one of many indications of a real complicity, in spite of an assumed antagonism, between the Sardinian and French Governments. The Court of the Tuileries pretends that it can have nothing to say to such unprincipled, treaty-breaking, aggressive statesmen as those of Turin; but probably the pretence is kept up only so long as the statesmen of Turin solemnly swear that they will not part with another inch of Italian territory, since united Italy can afford to refuse such a sacrifice to whoever ventures to ask it, and so long as Victor Emmanuel, in his rough, irreverent fashion, declares—"The French have had my daughter and the cradle of my house; but if the Eternal Father were to demand Sardinia of me, he should not have it." This is all very fine. We have heard something like it before; and we have only to consult the inexorable logic of facts, in order to see the true bearing of France to the Government of Turin.

We may assume that in a very short time Naples will be rid of the Bourbon, and Victor Emmanuel, who has already received the almost unanimous suffrages of the people, will enter into peaceful possession of the abdicated sovereignty. He will then rule over the two Sicilies, the Pontifical states, with the exception of Rome, the duchies of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, the whole of Lombardy, together with the present kingdom of Piedmont and Sardinia. Very good; and what next? The Count Cavour suggests that Rome will drop into his lap by a sort of moral influence. It will be discovered that liberty is favourable to religion, and in the interest of religion Victor Emmanuel will be invited to Rome to be embraced by the Pope. In slyly suggesting this very pretty programme, Count Cavour forgot to mention that there is a French army 40,000 strong in Rome, which is not likely to be induced by moral considerations to give up the Eternal City to anybody on earth. If the Piedmontese statesmen mean to wait for Rome till moral

convictions, and, above all, the conviction that liberty is favourable to religion, have accomplished their triumph, they will wait long enough; and while they are waiting, we turn to look into that part of Cavour's programme which points to Venetia. What he says on this head is more to the purpose. He evidently does not anticipate that Austria will voluntarily cede Venetia for a sum of money. The fact is, that Austria hopes to retrieve her finances, rotten as they are, by developing her commerce; that the development of her commerce depends upon her seaboard; and that in consenting to sell Venetia, which people in this country recommend as the wisest thing for her to do, she would sell the best part of her seaboard, weaken to the last degree her connection with the great highway of trade, and become almost entirely an inland empire. Therefore she is not likely to forego her Italian possessions unless upon compulsion. Neither moral force nor hard cash will do here. Count Cavour distinctly sees that if ever he is to offer up a *Te Deum* in St Mark's, he must have a stand-up fight with Austria. Not only so, he must fight Austria single-handed. He cannot again invoke the French arms. The French have done quite enough; they have also cost him enough; and the very utmost which the Emperor Napoleon could undertake, would be to stand by and see that Victor Emmanuel had a fair field, none of the other powers venturing to interfere. Count Cavour, in that audacious speech from which we have already quoted, distinctly sees this before him, and accepts the responsibility of it. He will have to storm the Quadrilateral, before which the Emperor Napoleon, with his well-appointed army, quailed; and he expects to prevail upon the Great Powers to change their present opinions, and to permit him to measure swords with Austria, provided he goes into the arena single-handed. For this end he says the first object of the Italian Government must be to make itself, and show itself, strong enough. Consolidation is to be the order of the day. Italy must present a solid front, must make the most of her resources, must exhibit all the advantages of that unity which has just been attained. In one word, the new Italian kingdom must be organized.

Now, here comes the rub. Any one who carefully examines the resources and the position of the various petty states which in the lump are supposed to form the strong Italian kingdom, will see that the keystone of the arch—the one condition upon which the organization of Italy depends—is the possession of a metropolis, and that no metropolitan city is possible except that which is now in the hands of the French army. The first Napoleon hazarded the opinion, that Italy is too long for its breadth, and that, on account of its peculiar shape, it would be

extremely difficult to organize it into a single homogeneous state. That opinion, however, was hazarded before railways, steamboats, and the electric telegraph had overturned all our ideas of relative distance. It is not, therefore, from Napoleon's point of view that we speak of Rome as the natural and only possible centre of Italy; it is in view of the fact that Italy has never yet been united, has always been broken up into a number of separate states, each glorying in its traditions, jealous of its rights, developing its own institutions, and guarding anxiously its independence and its landmarks. The laws of Piedmont are quite distinct from the Neapolitan code, and are indeed on the whole inferior to it; for we must remember, that till within a very recent period Piedmont was perhaps the worst governed and most priestridden country in Europe (always excepting the States of the Church), and that, as we know in this country too well, legal reform is not the work of a day. Is Piedmont to absorb Naples, or is Naples to absorb Piedmont? We turn to Tuscany. Tuscany voted the sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel, but clearly not mere annexation to Sardinia; and up to this moment the independence of the duchy has been of necessity respected; so that its position is very much what that of Ireland was before the Union. It has a Lord-Lieutenant in the person of Baron Ricasoli, whose designation is that of Governor-General. It has a Senate of its own, which is as independent of the Piedmontese Parliament as the Irish Parliament used to be of the British. It has its independent ministers under Ricasoli, who, however, hold office in subordination to the superior authorities at Turin. It must be evident that this organization is only provisional. A cluster of petty states, each with its separate parliament and array of ministerial functionaries, would not present a very solid front to Europe, and could not be anything but a clumsy make-shift. But how, then, is Italy to be organized into unity, even if it be nothing more than federal unity? and where is to be the visible centre of that union? Is the government to remain at Turin? Milan, with all its venerable traditions, might complain of the choice of such an out of the way city, whose only claim to be the capital of the new kingdom is the fact of its having been hitherto the residence of the Sardinian Court. Florence might equally complain of Milan, if the capital of Lombardy were made the Italian metropolis, and Naples would soon evince its discontent if its pretensions were despised. The siren of Naples would scoff at the lilies of the Tuscan capital, as the lion of Venice would roar at the bull of Turin. Between the great cities of Italy there has always been extreme jealousy, and the moment one were selected as pre-eminent over the other, sedition and reaction would commence

their work. There is but one city which would be regarded by all Italy as entitled to pre-eminence, and that is the city of the seven hills. Count Cavour knows quite well that Italian unity and strength depend on the possession of Rome, and that, if Victor Emmanuel is to set his eyes on Venice, he must take his stand on the summit of the Quirinal. Rome is the key of the position, and Rome is in the hands of the French Emperor. Even if it were possible to organize Italy without Rome, still, so long as the French army is there, the Eternal City may become the centre of reaction and disaffection.

What does Napoleon mean to do with the Eternal City is the question of questions in this crisis. Why this collection of troops fast rising to the appointed number of 60,000? Is Napoleon such a devoted son of the Church that he is willing to incur the prodigious expense of maintaining an army of 60,000 in Rome merely for the sake of doing honour to the Holy Father? The French Emperor values the sacred head of the Church not half so much as one of his cigarettes. His first appearance in life was in the character of a Carbonaro at Bologna, in deadly hostility to the Papal government; and in his personal feeling to the present Pope, it is probably not forgotten that Pio Nono, although he owed his preservation in Rome to the presence of French bayonets, refused to pay a visit to Paris in order to perform the little ceremony of crowning the Eldest Son of the Church. Louis Napoleon has repeatedly, although unofficially, expressed the opinion, that the Pope should be deprived of secular power, and his dominion confined to a garden. He is of the same opinion as his uncle, who observed, in a private letter to Eugene Beauharnais, that priests are not made to govern, and that the rights of the tiara consist only in humiliation and prayer. The first Napoleon, indeed, wished to remove the Pope from Rome, and give him a residence in Paris, the centre, as he esteemed it, of the civilised world; and recently there has come to light other designs, which were never promulgated, and which seem to be more in accordance with the views of the nephew. In the second edition of an exceedingly interesting and very able work on Italy, by an author who has taken a high place in our literature,¹ we find some documents that, now published for the first time in this country, prove to be singularly opportune. We refer to certain drafts of decrees from the archives of the first Napoleon, which have been lately given to the world by the Cavaliere Gennarelli,

¹ *Italy in Transition: Public Scenes and Private Opinions in 1860.* By William Arthur, A.M., author of "A Mission to the Mysore," "The Successful Merchant," etc., etc.

who was directed by Farini, the Dictator of *Æmilia*, to edit such documents as might illustrate the sort of government under which the Pontifical States have groaned for many years. As of some collateral value, Gennarelli published, in a kindred work, certain documents relating to the French designs upon the Papacy, which now see the light for the first time. They are drafts of decrees, in which Napoleon, by the grace of God and by the constitution, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Kingdom, ordained that the Pope should possess no territory but the Church and Square of St Peter's, and the two palaces of the Vatican and the Inquisition; that the second Papal residence, the Quirinal, should become an Imperial palace; that the city, with a small strip of barren territory around it, and a few mountain towns, should be placed under a government independent of the Pope; and that the Pope's revenue should be a million of Italian lire, or about L.30,000 a-year. Circumstances arose which urged the French Emperor to still more stringent measures, insomuch that he removed the Pope altogether; and we need not doubt that the nephew, who takes a pride in following the footsteps of his uncle, would have the slightest scruple about confining the Holy Father to the precincts of the Vatican, or sending him either to Jerusalem or to Jericho.

Why, then, does the Emperor affect an anxiety, which cannot be real, that the Pope should remain supreme in the Eternal City? and why does he send brigade after brigade to strengthen the Roman garrison? We have given reason enough, in pointing out that Rome is the key of the position. He who commands Rome is master of the situation. Whether Napoleon can long retain such a mastery is another question. We are concerned here only with the fact that, for the moment, he "has his knee upon the throat of Italy," and that his game is pretty evident. That he is determined to hold the Eternal City until it suits his purpose to retire, is almost certain. Considering the magnitude of his preparations, it is probable also that he would find a pretext for remaining there, even should the Pope carry out the intention which is ascribed to him, of refusing to be made a prisoner in Rome, and of wiping from his feet the dust of a country which has not learned to appreciate him. The French Emperor will either keep the Holy Father in Rome, or pretend to keep Rome for the Holy Father. In either case, there he is, a tremendous force in the Italian territory,—we may say, an insuperable force; for, with all the resources of the French Empire to fall back upon, it is impossible that the Italians should have a chance of dislodging him, even if the ministers of Victor Emmanuel were willing to incur, by doing so, the

imputation of ingratitude. But if the great French army stationed in Rome can neither be dislodged by physical force, nor be induced to retire by the force of those moral convictions upon which the simple-hearted Count Cavour professes to rely, what follows? Either Napoleon must be bought out of Rome, or, remaining there, he means to look after his own interests. Either with or without the consent of the Sardinian Government, he must have guarantees for the security of French power in the Mediterranean. If he can come to terms with Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour, why, then, Victor Emmanuel shall be King of Italy from north to south, and, as a counterpoise, the Emperor Napoleon will take possession of the island of Sardinia, together with, it may be, the great maritime province of Liguria. If, on the other hand, he has not and cannot come to terms with the Piedmontese statesmen, then, holding his ground at Rome, he has the power of preventing the organization of a strong Italian kingdom: he has always in his hands the means of exciting reaction at Naples; and he can work either for the return of the Bourbons, or for the benefit of Prince Murat.

It is firmly believed by many close observers, that Count Cavour and the Emperor Napoleon understand each other, and are bent on seeing accomplished the first of these alternatives. The French Emperor is, we have no doubt, perfectly sincere in fearing the Frankenstein which he has helped to create. A strong Italian kingdom may be too much for him; and especially he perceives that, by the creation of this power, the relative superiority of France in the Mediterranean will be prodigiously affected. He knows that our English statesmen feel a great solicitude for the success of Victor Emmanuel, because of this, among other reasons, that, apart altogether from any question of liberty, which is the chief point of interest to the people of this country, it will sensibly affect the balance of power in the Mediterranean, where, what with massacres in Syria, a canal at Suez, and the probable extension of Algeria, the Napoleonic policy is peculiarly active. It is not likely that he will calmly submit to such a diminution of French influence in the great Midland Sea. He cannot count upon the gratitude of Italy. Gratitude belongs to individuals: it is seldom exhibited by nations. We, in this country, know the gratitude of the Spanish people, and the Spaniards are in this respect not worse than others. The Emperor, therefore, is only reasonable in regarding with distrust the organization of a strong Italian kingdom upon the shores of the Mediterranean, and in providing as best he can for the preponderance of French power. Give him Genoa and the island of Sardinia, and the balance will be restored. Here we are

stopt in our inquiries by the denials and protestations of Count Cavour, who declares that no one can presume to ask a nation of 22,000,000 for a further cession of territory, especially as any such cession would be opposed to the principle of nationality—a contradiction, therefore, of the whole Italian policy. He forgot to explain how the surrender of Sardinia to France is one whit more opposed to the principle of nationality than the retention of Corsica by the same power; and he admitted that the proposition of a surrender had actually been mooted. But whatever may be the worth of Count Cavour's denial, and whatever be his understanding with the Emperor, it so happens that, in spite of himself, the transfer of Sardinia and Liguria to France may be an impossibility. Present appearances indicate that it is an impossibility. A strong party in Italy, headed by Garibaldi, would vehemently oppose such a cession, and might effectually prevent it; or, if they were unsuccessful, there can be little doubt that the Great Powers, and none more forcibly than Great Britain, would exercise, in a form which it would be hazardous to resist, the right of veto. It is, therefore, extremely improbable that any further extension of French territory will take place to the detriment of Italy. But, in that case, the Emperor Napoleon knows perfectly well what he is about. He has two strings to his bow, and by the presence of his army at Rome, which he is continually strengthening, he intimates plainly enough that he means if he can to prevent the consolidation of Italy.

When he first set out upon his Italian campaign, and undertook to set Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic, we do not suppose that he contemplated the freedom and union of Italy from the Alps to the Maltese channel. On the contrary, it is well known that he was greatly disappointed in not obtaining Tuscany for his cousin, Prince Napoleon. The only unity for which he was anxious, was such a federal unity as might consist with much opposition and practical disunion between the separate states, leaving him free to play off one party against the other, so as, at the very worst, to produce a neutral power, and to make Italy still but a geographical expression. But the Italian movement has been too strong for him. He has not been able to secure the fulfilment of the stipulations of Villafranca, calmly ratified as they were at Zurich. He has not been able to secure the return of the Dukes. He has not been able to obtain Tuscany for his cousin. He has not been able to prevent the absorption of the States of the Church by the insatiable Government of Turin. As the revolution proceeded southwards, the Emperor affected to be so shocked that he removed his ambassador from Turin, and this removal is the expression partly

of a real, partly of an affected disapprobation. Could he count upon obtaining Sardinia and Liguria, we should hear very little of his scruples. As that event is extremely doubtful, his righteous feelings are offended by the invasion of Naples. The expedition of Garibaldi was bad enough, but for the King of Sardinia to head his regular army into the Abruzzi and march upon Naples, the king of which had not yet withdrawn from his territory, and still accredited an ambassador at the Court of Turin—the thing was detestable, it was a shameless violation of international law, it was an act of piracy which the public opinion of Europe must condemn, and against which France must protest in the strongest terms. Accordingly, the official journals of Paris received the cue, and wrote denunciatory articles in the most approved style. France would not be a party to such an act of spoliation. These protests were published in the nick of time, not only to assure the coalition of sovereigns, meeting at Warsaw on the 20th of October, of the extreme sensibility of Napoleon's moral nature, and his irrepressible abhorrence of unjust acquisitions, but also to inform Victor Emmanuel that he must not count upon the possession of Naples, for reasons that are quite irrespective of justice or morality. Victor Emmanuel, as he read the denunciations of his unprincipled conduct which appeared in the French official journals, would remember that but a few months back Prince Murat made a bid for the sovereignty of Naples, and that, in spite of a disavowal from the French Government, his proposition obtained complete publicity, and was likely to work all the more favourably in consequence of the French Government, with ostentatious disinterestedness, refusing to enforce his claims. The Neapolitans are a fickle race. The enervating influence of Campania is an historic fact. Capua is famous as the scene of a terrible defeat which signalized a terrible reaction. If Victor Emmanuel pitches his tent in Naples, he, too, may have his Capua. The French, 60,000 strong, upon the Tiber, can exercise some little influence upon Naples. Many are the resources of a conspirator, and great is the power of intrigue. While the French are at Rome, they are, as we have said, masters of the situation. Victor Emmanuel cannot count upon retaining his Sicilian acquisitions. So far from being able to wrest Venetia from the Austrian, he may find himself compelled, after all that he has ventured, to forego Naples.

Napoleon has so thoroughly aroused the apprehensions of Europe, that he may find it impossible to carry out his policy in the Mediterranean. But the attitude which he has assumed towards Italy is a suggestive comment on the plausible letter addressed in July last to Count Persigny. "It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the

subject of Central Italy," said the Emperor, "because I was bound by the Peace of Villafranca. As to Southern Italy, I am free from engagements, and I ask no better than a concert with England on this point, as on others; but in Heaven's name let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English Government, lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts." Strange to say, mistrust was not allayed in England by all the assurances of either the Emperor or his ambassador at our Court. The Emperor at Marseilles renewed, in the most earnest manner, the statement which he made at Bordeaux in 1852, that the Empire meant peace, and his faithful friend, Persigny, ventured to assure all the world that this time Napoleon meant what he said—there was no reservation—there really was about to commence the golden age of peace. Some people in this country began to think that the Emperor had been very much calumniated, while by far the greater number were quite unmoved by it. The Volunteers recruited and drilled as vigorously as ever, and Lord Palmerston, to whom the Emperor had referred everybody for his character, could only say that the conduct of France was very suspicious, and that he recommended his countrymen to fortify their coasts as speedily as possible. The fact is, that Napoleon found himself checked in his designs, and he took the check as gracefully as he could, by giving up for a time the particular designs which he then cherished, and protesting that he never entertained them. He may also find that, in his designs upon Southern Italy, Europe is too much for him, and that it will be better for him to save his character by beating a retreat, than to insist upon carrying his point at all hazards. He has raised such a hornet's nest about his ears, that his doing so is quite within the bounds of probability. But even if he did give this proof of moderation to Europe, it does not follow that his power is less dangerous, and that he ought to be regarded with less suspicion. It is characteristic of the man, that all his enterprises are of the nature of a *coup*—short and quick. He has been described as a conspirator, but there is something offensive in the word, and we do not choose to adopt it. In so far as it signifies merely that he prepares his plans carefully in secret, that he obtains success by a surprise, and that he avoids a long contest, it does him no wrong. Other men are apt to announce their designs from the moment of conceiving them; make elaborate preparations which show them to be in earnest; buckle on their armour to fight a losing game through long years of doubt and peril; and finally conquer by the greatness of their resolution and a tenacity openly displayed. The Emperor of the French conceals his tenacity of purpose as much as possible, and seldom stirs except in the prospect of an imme-

diate result. If aught occurs to prevent the fulfilment of his designs, he smiles benignly, as if nothing had happened, and everything is exactly to his wish. If he makes an attempt and the attempt fails, he retires into his shell with a good grace, baffled but not disheartened, certain that another opportunity will arise, and that success will attend his banner. Many years ago he made a little attempt upon the astonished inhabitants of Strasbourg with a live eagle, and failed. He retired to bide his time, and ere long repeated the attempt at Boulogne. Again he failed, but he was not discouraged. One morning he offered himself to France as President of its Republic, and he was elected triumphantly. He was successful at last. He works and attains success in precisely the same way, now that he is monarch of France. He has a number of designs on hand—an infinity of irons in the fire. If one is not hot enough, he tries another. If he cannot play his pawn, then he will play his rook or his bishop, and if it would be dangerous to move any of his pieces, he will quietly strengthen his position at home by castling. It is on account of a policy thus restless, thus full of resources, thus never at fault, that Europe has at last become thoroughly alarmed, and the Great Powers have seen the necessity of joining in what is essentially a new coalition against the sovereign of France. In this view the Sicilian affair is but a momentary diversion in a much more extensive game; and it may be worth while to run our eye over the map of Europe, in order to see the precise import of much that is now occurring in Southern Italy.

The first suspicious act committed by the Emperor Napoleon in his foreign policy, was his making a merit with Russia of having compelled England to close the Crimean war abruptly. Perhaps in thus courting the alliance of Russia at the expense of England, he had no very definite notions of what was to follow. He saw that Russia might be of use to him; and as France and Russia had before coalesced against England, they might coalesce again. It soon appeared that France was developing her military resources with great vigour, and the people of this country began to get alarmed. They imagined that as France had attacked the great military Colossus, and took her revenge in the fall of Sebastopol for the burning of Moscow, so now she meant to attack the great naval Colossus, and, by the occupation of London, atone for the doom of Trafalgar and Waterloo. They feared this all the more, when, early in 1858, the French Foreign Office demanded in too peremptory terms that we should alter our laws for the protection of the Emperor; and Lord Derby's Government instantly set about the improvement of our defences. We were wrong, however. It was not upon

England, but upon Austria, that the Emperor had his eye; and whatever preparations he had made against this country, were less for the purpose of attack than to keep us in check. The Italian war followed, in which, at least after the Milan proclamation, that announced moral, not material, influence to be the ambition of Napoleon, we had the utmost desire to judge the Emperor fairly. The hasty Peace of Villafranca was patched up, and instead of that treaty being accepted as a proof of Imperial moderation, it gave the alarm to Europe. What was it that thus alarmed every European Cabinet? If the enormous power displayed at Solferino might excite fear, surely the modesty displayed in the stipulations of Villafranca, for which the Emperor had indeed to apologise to his people, might allay any doubts as to the manner in which such power would be employed. The moderation of the Emperor was more alarming than the display of his power at Magenta and Solferino (battles, by the way, which were won by a hair's-breadth), because it indicated a further design. Why should he thus curtail his programme of rendering Italy free to the Adriatic, bitterly disappoint the hopes of Italians, and curry favour with his and their enemy, except he had ulterior designs, which time would speedily bring to light? It is stated that he actually proposed to Francis Joseph to cede Lombardy, provided the Austrian Emperor would favour his views upon the Rhine, and that the offer was indignantly declined. Be this as it may, Napoleon had his views upon the Rhine; and the Peace of Villafranca, instead of enabling Frenchmen to turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, was the signal for greater activity than ever in all the French dockyards and arsenals, an activity to which we in this country replied by multiplying our Volunteers, by building ship after ship, and by looking to our fortifications. Then came rumours of a proposed cession of Savoy and Nice to France. It was denied, asserted, denied again, reasserted, and at last accomplished. In the midst of these counter-assertions came the Commercial Treaty with France, which lulled a good many people in this country to sleep, led some to suppose that peace between England and France would be eternal, and induced the Government to postpone for several months the proposal of a loan to extend our fortifications. The ink was scarcely dry which ratified the Commercial Treaty, when the annexation of Savoy and Nice was announced to the world. The deed was ugly in itself, for it proved that, in spite of the Milan proclamation, and subsequent state papers equally explicit, the Emperor had interfered in the affairs of Italy for something better than an idea, and something more tangible than moral influence; but it was still worse,

as establishing a precedent for a similar transfer of territory on the Rhine; and by the use of certain unhappy phrases in the official announcement of the annexation, it was indicated that France claimed as a right the old frontiers of which she was deprived in 1814. Minute observers even discovered in the Commercial Treaty, which had stilled England into passive acceptance of the annexation of Savoy, provisions which would materially help to produce further annexation on the northern frontier of France. The Treaty showed great favour to English iron and coal. Hitherto the Belgian coal and iron had been greatly favoured in the French tariff. These were now to endure the competition of the English minerals, which had previously been all but excluded from the French market; and the consequence of this competition would be to depress the Belgian articles, and to produce not a little distress in the mining districts—a distress that might go far to create a public opinion in favour of annexation to France. Over and above this, the Parisian journals began to assert—in their usual way, now asserting, and now contradicting, but always keeping the statement before the public, and so attempting to develop that species of prophecy which works its own fulfilment—that the Rhenish provinces and Belgium were anxious for union to France. French emissaries in Belgian newspapers and Belgian workshops strove hard to familiarize the mind of the people with the same idea. And for the means of accomplishing the scheme? The means were not far to seek. Napoleon cultivated the intimacy of all the discontented spirits belonging to every European sovereignty, and of none more than of the Hungarians. He had sought the assistance of Kossuth in the late war, and a Hungarian insurrection was one of the most formidable weapons with which he menaced Austria. He had that weapon still in his hands, and he might easily strike with it, while at the same time giving his friend Cavour permission to slip the dogs of war upon Venice. Austria thus attacked in flank and rear, would be very helpless and would call aloud for aid from Prussia. If Prussia lent her aid, Napoleon would have an excuse for a campaign upon the Rhine, and out of that campaign would take care to obtain the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, the Palatinate, and Belgium,—England being kept out of the embroglio by fear of an invasion.

Thus, then, stood the game, when, presto! in a moment everything was changed; the question of the Rhine lost its interest, and we found ourselves intent upon other designs. Never was change more sudden, and in this change we signalize three great events. In the first place, Napoleon raised so much opposition, that he discovered his Rhenish designs to be for the moment

impracticable. We had in this country rendered our Volunteer force so strong as to defy invasion, and to be almost able to dispense with the regular troops if they should be called to the Continent. The German sovereigns felt the necessity of union, and approximated to each other at the Baden conference, where Napoleon got nothing for his pains. Besides this, the coolness and jealousy which existed between the Courts of Berlin and Vienna, and upon which the French Emperor to a large extent reckoned, gave way to more friendly feelings, and Europe had the satisfaction of seeing Francis Joseph and the Prince Regent embrace each other at Tüplitz. To crown all, the Belgians made a grand demonstration in favour of their nationality and their independence, which fairly gave the lie to all the boasts of the Parisian journals. The situation was too much for Napoleon. He must evidently wait for a more favourable opportunity. Precisely at the moment when affairs begin to look brighter on the Rhine, a mine is sprung in the East, the Christians are massacred, and the French Emperor, as the eldest son of the Church, is so transported with indignation, that he orders an army to Syria. It is like the flank march that won the battle of Magenta. The French legions are massed in the south, as if meditating an attack upon Piacenza, and, thoroughly deceived, the Austrian army is concentrated upon this point. Before the Austrians have time to think, the French army is whirled off by means of the railway a hundred miles to the north, and crosses the Ticino by the bridge of Buffalora, where the Austrians are weakest. So here, all interest is concentrated upon the Rhine. We are certain it is the Rhine that is threatened. Europe makes its dispositions for the defence of the German river, and congratulates itself on its success, when in a moment the enemy is off on a flank march to the East, to the famous tune of *Partant pour la Syrie*. We have not yet got to the bottom of the Syrian affair, but, from all that can be ascertained, it is daily more and more evident that French intrigue and French assistance have had not a little to do with it. Certainly nothing could be more opportune, and the Great Powers, only too delighted to feel reassured as to the safety of the Rhine, gave their consent to a French occupation of Syria, which will one day prove as great an embarrassment in the East, as the French occupation of Rome has proved in the West. It is a grand resource in Napoleon's hands, which he will take care to employ with a full remembrance of all that England has done at Acre and elsewhere throughout the East in the teeth of France. Checkmated on the Rhine, Napoleon, we have said, opened a new game in the East—a game, however, which might require some little time for its development. Meanwhile, a third great event had taken place, which led him effectually to turn

from all thought of conquest upon the Rhenish frontier, to objects of more immediate interest. Garibaldi had made the Sicilian move, and it proved to be a success. Property in the south of Europe was about to change hands. One thing at a time. Napoleon was content to let the Rhine flow bloodless to the Low Countries, and to let his army in the East smoke all the tobacco in Latakia, while he had the chance of doing a good stroke of business in the Italian peninsula. Belgium is a nice morsel for another day. But, in the meantime, what a triumph of skill if the Emperor could secure Genoa and Sardinia, in which his emissaries are at work stirring up the inhabitants to cry for annexation! How glorious for France if she could thus be made mistress of the Mediterranean! Or should the Emperor fail of this design—how necessary is it to put a drag upon Victor Emmanuel! How important it is for the sake of international morality, that he should not obtain the kingdom of Naples! And should it be advisable at last for the Holy Father and the French eagles to quit Rome together, how very convenient it would be, if, by carrying out the much mooted design of transporting the Pope to Jerusalem, an excuse would be found for the eldest son of the Church sending additional French bayonets and rifled cannon to Syria!

This it is that perplexes European diplomacy. Strange events are occurring in the south of Italy, which are of themselves perplexing enough; and how much more so when they inevitably lead the way or clear the ground for further events of still greater moment! It would be hazardous to say that Napoleon will succeed in increasing French power in the Mediterranean to the extent he wishes, although it is not impossible that Europe may find itself powerless to stop him in his career of acquisition. Of this we may be certain, however, that French influence will suffer no diminution on the great Midland Sea; and we will suppose that France comes out of the present entanglement, if no better, yet not worse than she was before. She may win, and she cannot lose. For, at the very worst, if Italy should become too strong and troublesome, or should affect the right of meeting on equal terms with the Great Powers, it is possible for France to play off Spain against her; Spain, which has latterly been awaking to a sense of her responsibilities, and which has indeed seriously contemplated admission to any conference of the European powers. This being the case, we stand front to front with two probable complications.

That which is more obvious and more immediate begins in Venice. Count Cavour has announced in unmistakeable terms that Italy must have Venetia, and that Italy is able to obtain it by wrestling with Austria in single combat. There appears at

first sight to be nothing very dangerous in this programme. We may doubt whether Victor Emmanuel will be able to conquer unaided; but if he can only convince us that he is equal to the contest, we should be glad to hear of his going forth to the fight and entering the palace of the Doges in triumph. But when we look more narrowly into the means at Count Cavour's disposal, we discover that, in talking of an attack upon Austria single-handed, he is not perfectly sincere. Single-handed, it would be utterly impossible for him to effect his purpose against the Austrian legions; and it is manifest that he calculates on a Hungarian insurrection, just as the Hungarians who are now fighting his battle in the Sicilies assuredly calculate on him. "As for our brave Hungarian comrades," said Garibaldi the other day, "we owe them a large debt of gratitude. Their cause is ours, and to help them in their turn is our most sacred duty, which we will accomplish." Cavour, therefore, in announcing his intention of attacking Austria single-handed, keeps the word of promise to the ear, but breaks it to the sense. It is the knowledge of the fact that Victor Emmanuel cannot attack Austria without either the assistance of France or the co-operation of the Hungarians, that makes Lord John Russell so anxious to dissuade Count Cavour from all attempts upon Venetia; for the object of the attempt is not merely the liberation of Venice, but nothing less than the disruption of the Austrian Empire. "I will not speak of Austria and of the Ottoman Empire," says Garibaldi, in a curious document on the state of Europe. "They are doomed to perish for the welfare of the unfortunate populations which they have oppressed for centuries." Whether, after the large concessions of Francis Joseph, Hungary would rise, may now be regarded as more than doubtful; but if the policy of the Italian chiefs has a chance of being successful, we must point out the difficulty of the situation, as far as England is concerned. England would be placed in a fearful dilemma. She can neither keep the peace nor go to war without a dereliction of principle and a loss of prestige. A Hungarian insurrection stimulated from Turin implies a European war. Not certainly, but most probably, both Russia and Prussia will defend Austria. They may regard the Hungarian rebellion as likely to be the precedent of a Polish one; and at all events—however they may allow changes in the South of Italy to pass—they are unwilling to sanction for a moment any change in Central Europe, and they insist upon preserving the balance of power as it exists. But if Prussia flies to the assistance of Austria, Napoleon has at once an excuse for interfering on the Rhine, and demanding territorial compensation for the fatigues and expenses of the campaign. What, in these circumstances,

can Great Britain do? Can she venture to throw her weight into the scale of the European despots? Can she venture to range her forces against the Italian and Hungarian patriots? Would the people of this country permit such a thing? and, if they did permit it, what position would Great Britain henceforth occupy in the eyes of European Liberals, who have looked to us as the guardians of popular rights and of the sacred flame of freedom? On the other hand, how can we refuse assistance to those powers who, in the cause of order, stand forth to resent the insidious encroachments of France? Can we tamely witness an extension of the French frontier to the Rhine? Can we suffer the absorption of Belgium? Have we nothing but idle words to offer in order to prevent that design? Shall we cast to the winds all our alliances, in order to make common cause with France? Are we willing to become the scorn and the mockery of every Court in Europe, which, when our time comes, as come it may, will laugh at our calamity, and refuse us not only aid, but even sympathy? This horn of the dilemma is as little to our liking as the other, and we seem ready to be fixed between two impossibilities. Where is the Minister that can contemplate undismayed the necessity of steering the vessel of the State between such a Scylla and such a Charybdis?

The other complication to which we referred is to be found in the East. And here France reckons upon the co-operation of the Muscovite—reckons upon that co-operation, indeed, so safely, that the hope is entertained of being able to detach Russia from any European coalition for the defence of the Rhine by meeting her views in the East. Many things may intervene in the next twelve months to break up the coalition which now threatens to stop Napoleon upon his career; but the card upon which he chiefly relies is that king of clubs, the Grand Turk. The Eastern question is one of immense difficulty to England. Russia could very quickly solve it according to her ideas; so could France; but Great Britain is almost helpless in presence of a dilemma from which she sees no escape. On the one hand, there can be little doubt that the Emperor Nicholas truly described Turkey as the sick man. Turkey is doomed. We have done all we could to secure the integrity of the Sultan's dominions; we have striven hard to prop up Turkish credit in the money market; we have exerted all our influence to procure reforms in the Turkish laws and administration. But to no purpose. The whole Turkish system is so rickety, owing to years of misrule and the spread of corruption, that foreign states have in numberless underhand ways the power of sadly interfering with the action of the machine. It is the interest of France and of Russia to interfere, and they do not give the sick man fair play.

One or the other is continually creating disturbances ; and the result of the disturbances which have been fomented in Syria, and of the heavy expense which their repression has entailed upon the Porte, is, that at the present moment the Government is on the brink of a new financial crisis, and the State is threatened with bankruptcy. This, of course, will furnish a very good excuse for leaving the defence of order in Syria entirely to the French ; but the point to be observed is, that disturbance after disturbance, loan after loan, and crash after crash,—all lead the way to dismemberment. England cannot alone maintain the integrity and the credit of Turkey. Sooner or later the system must collapse. But while England seems powerless to avert the threatened doom, neither is she able to acquiesce in it. She desires no further increase of territory anywhere. Already the empire is overgrown, and we find it extremely difficult to provide for the defence of our numerous and much-scattered dependencies. It was only the other day that the King of the Feejee Islands offered to place his dominions under the British crown ; and although they form an important station in the Pacific Sea, we thought it proper to decline a proposition the effect of which would almost have been to render our gracious sovereign the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. Additional territory in the Mediterranean would be peculiarly burdensome to us. All that we are particularly anxious for in the Mediterranean is a safe conduct for our enormous passenger and goods traffic by the overland route to India ; and we prefer that the land through which we pass should be in the possession of such a neutral power as Turkey, than that it should belong to ourselves, to Russia, or to France. These latter powers, unfortunately, have not yet our sense of satiety in the matter of territorial acquisition, and they have set covetous eyes on various portions of the Turkish Empire. Their solution of the Eastern question is a very simple one, for they have no objection to dismemberment ; and the only difficulty which they have to encounter is jealousy of each other in the division of the spoil. England, as we have said, is placed in the dilemma of being unable to sustain the Turkish Empire in its integrity, and equally unable to consent to a dismemberment ; so that her only policy is that of procrastination. She puts off the evil day ; hopes against hope ; bolsters up a rotten system ; and would fain shut her eyes to the consequences. The consequences may at any time be precipitated ; and the financial crisis which threatens to overtake the Turkish Government is of such vast import, that the Grand Vizier talks of a visit to London, in order to see what can be done to avert it. The Prime Minister of Turkey to leave the country which he governs, to travel across Europe, and to throw

himself at the feet of the English Ministry! So it has been reported in all seriousness; and whether the report prove to be well-founded or not, yet the fact that it has been made sufficiently indicates the gravity of the occasion.

That the Emperor Napoleon, who, for his own glory and the advantage of France, has seen fit to precipitate more than one crisis, should, by the restlessness of his grasping policy, have awakened the terror of his neighbours, cannot be wonderful. First, we heard Lord John Russell announce, after the annexation of Savoy, that it would be necessary for this country no longer to trust in the French alliance, but to cultivate old friendships in other courts. Then we saw the German sovereigns meet in amity at Baden-Baden, and conspire to tell Napoleon that he had better not count upon their disunion. Next we saw the Prince Regent of Prussia go forth to meet the Emperor of Austria, and effectually disperse any misunderstanding that might have arisen out of the Italian war in a frank and cordial interchange of ideas. Soon the news reached us that the Emperors of Austria and Russia had been reconciled, and that we might expect to hear of Russian and Austrian policy going hand in hand. Lastly, the rulers of Prussia, Austria, and Russia have met at Warsaw, for the purpose of more thoroughly understanding one another, and concerting measures for the general safety in the event of war. At that interview, England also was present, if not officially, yet really. Her Majesty and her Foreign Minister have but just returned from a visit to Berlin; and there can be no doubt that the father-in-law of the Princess-Royal was made fully acquainted with the views of the English Court and Government, was entrusted with messages to his brother potentates, and was informed of all that the Queen, as a constitutional sovereign dependent on the support of her Parliament, could undertake. Some fears were entertained that the meeting of the monarchs thus assembled at Warsaw might degenerate into another Holy Alliance; but they were illusory. The days of the Holy Alliance are past. The object of the sovereigns at Warsaw was simply what we have represented it to be—a coalition in the interests of Central Europe. Probably Russia has ulterior views, and in return for any assistance rendered to Austria in the present emergency, counts upon Viennese influence being exerted in her favour to procure a revision of the Treaty of Paris, or even a settlement of the whole Eastern question in conformity with Muscovite ideas. The assistance, however, which Russia would be inclined to render cannot involve active interference in Italy, and would be evoked only in case of a disturbance in Hungary, or any attempt to re-arrange the map of Central Europe. It is Central

Europe, also, that Prussia regards. She is anxious for her Rhenish provinces; and jealous as she has always been of Austria, she could not in her own interest consent to see her rival deprived of the Hungarian crown. Austria herself has done that which is most likely, without the assistance of any coalition, to preserve Hungary, and to promote peace in Central Europe. On the eve of his visit to Warsaw, the Emperor restored—not wholly, but very nearly—the ancient constitution of Hungary. How it will be accepted, and what will be the effect of it, we cannot know for some time. The concession may be too late, and we may hear next spring of a Hungarian insurrection concerted with the attack on Venice. It is doubtful whether such an insurrection would be successful. It is doubtful, also, whether, supposing it to be successful, the independence of Hungary would be confirmed, or would be a benefit to the Continent; and at present the probabilities are that the geography of Central Europe will remain as it is. We believe that the great mass of our countrymen wish nothing better, and that the anxiety which Lord John Russell has expressed for the preservation of the Austrian Empire, however it may incur the invective of some of our liberals, is worthy of his position as Foreign Minister. Count Cavour said not long ago that Lord John is the most liberal statesman in Europe; and we are convinced that if he and Lord Palmerston are averse to a Hungarian revolution, they have reasons for it which the Liberal party in this country will find it impossible to impugn.

With regard to Italy, the cry for unity has become so strong as to be almost irresistible; and here, also, the question will probable be solved in accordance with the wishes of British statesmen. Napoleon would gladly work his will if he could; but both Italy and Europe promise to be too much for him. Every day clears away a difficulty, makes the rough places smooth and the crooked paths straight. The game is fast drawing to a close. There is a checkmate on the board, and we back Italy for the winner. The despots in Europe may fly to Warsaw and try the Varsovienne dance as much as they please; but, sooner or later, Italy must be free, and shall be one, even as her poet—her Dante—dreamed. It is only a question of time. France cannot always hold Rome and dominate in the Peninsula. Austria cannot always hold Venetia. Events indicate that before long France will find herself helpless against the popular voice of united Italy, and will be compelled to accept a settlement which she would not promote. Let us hope, also, that united Italy will be as strong as Count Cavour anticipates, and able, single-handed, like a young Lochinvar, to snatch the fair Bride of the Adriatic from the arms of the Hapsburg.

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END OF VOLUME THIRTY-THREE.



